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AMERICAN COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE
1135 Broadway, New York

—OR TO—
H. W. Hoffnagle,

R. F. D. ROUTE 2,
NEW OXFORD, PA.,
Manager for York and Adams Counties.

Court Items.

Edward A. Weaver, attorney for Marshall Richardson and Frank Cumberland, the two men found guilty in the train breaking case, made a motion for a new trial and the men were held in default of one thousand bail each.

Inquisition in the estate of Catharine Baker, deceased, filed and approved. Notice to be given returnable October 21st, 1907.

Bond of William S. McCreary, administrator of Jacob A. Smith, deceased, filed and security approved.

Inquisition to determine the lunacy of Amanda Kauffman approved and John L. Kauffman appointed committee. Surety in the sum of \$1,000 to be approved by the Court.

Lula W. Mehrling vs J. Harry Mehrling, libel in divorce. Decree granted by the Court.

Petition of John W. Gelbach, committee, of his wife, Amelia C. Gelbach, an insane person, for authority to sell certain real estate of said person granted by the Court.

Preston Harrigan, who plead guilty to the charge of assault, preferred by Rebecca Viner, was sentenced to serve eight more months.

Sentence was suspended upon payment of the costs in the case of Emeline Feister, who plead guilty to the charge brought against her.

Sentence was suspended until September 16 in the three cases brought against Charles Stover who plead guilty to all three of them. The offenses were larceny and horse stealing, there being two cases of the former and one of the latter.

John Cool was sentenced to serve a month's sentence in each of the cases to which he plead guilty, the sentences to run concurrently. The charges were wantonly pointing a pistol and carrying concealed weapons.

Sentence was continued to September 16 in the case of Frank Lott who plead guilty to furnishing liquor on Sunday.

The case of Edward A. Francis was held under advisement. The charge to which Mr. Francis plead guilty is that of defrauding a hotel keeper.

In the railroad train breaking case reasons for a new trial filed are to be argued on September 16.

Return of sale of J. C. Oyler, administrator of Zachariah Oyler, deceased, confirmed nisi.

Joseph B. Brame allowed to invest guardian fund of Paul A. Bream at 5 per cent and bond of same approved.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock Tuesday morning a head-on collision occurred on the W. M. Railroad a short distance west of Thomasville. Both trains had carried excursionists to Baltimore from York.

The first section, drawn by engine No. 51, after unloading the passengers at York, was returning with empty coaches.

Thomasville was the passing point for sections 1 and 2. Section No. 2, loaded with passengers, had already slackened up for Thomasville when, engine 51 crashed into section 2, having run by the red signal. Nobody was injured, but both engines were badly damaged.

Peter Barry, formerly of Schaeffers town, but who now lives at Montello, Berks county, and who is 100 years old, walked two miles to Fritztown to get a good shave at the barber's. He is still hale and hearty.

Miss Elizabeth Durkin, aged 28 years, a domestic at the home of Mrs. Margaret Collins at Pottsville, met an awful death Friday afternoon. She was burning waste paper in the back yard when her clothing ignited. In her fright she ran around and around the yard until she was enveloped in flames from head to foot.

Mummasburg, Sept. 3.—While chasing a pigeon in the barn at his home this morning Earl Strasbaugh fell to the floor some distance below and cut his chin badly also breaking his left arm at the wrist.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of New Oxford, Pa., held Saturday, Aug. 31, 1907, the following resolutions in memory of Mr. Wm. A. Himes, who has served as president of this institution since its organization, were ordered drafted:

Resolved, That we as a board of directors bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That while our hearts are bowed with sadness, we bear this testimonial to his high character and worth as an individual and citizen, and also as a financier and head of this institution.

Resolved, That we extend to the members of the family of the deceased this expression of our deepest sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon our minutes, published in the New Oxford Item and a copy sent to the family.

JNO. N. HERSH,
Z. H. CASHMAN,
GEO. MECKLEY, Committee

A very pleasant reunion took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lingg at the New Oxford Flouring Mills, near New Oxford, on Sunday, Sept. 1. Four sons and two daughters with their families were present. 27 in number, children and grand children. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lingg, George Lingg, wife and three children of Pikeville, Md., Harry Lingg, wife and son of Baltimore, Francis Lingg, wife and five children of Bonneville, James Lingg, wife and adopted daughter of Midway, Mrs. Sarah Martin, husband and four children and Mrs. Gertrude Staubb husband and son of Hamilton township.

Look for the large ad. of Wentz Bros. & Frey, Hanover, in next week's issue.

Camp 60, S. of V. will hold a picnic in Pfeiffer's grove on Saturday, Sept. 14, full particulars next week.

Samuel Kahlbaugh, an employee of Hull's lumber yards at Hanover, was seriously injured Monday by being crushed under several cords of wood.

Mrs. G. H. Auker and two children of Midfintown, are visiting at the home of Dr. Ed. T. Auker, West High street.

Miss Elsa F. Auker of West High street, spent last week with her sister at Lancaster.

Misses Beula and Elsie and Mr. Guy Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Hahn, of Two Taverns; Miss Aggie Eckert of Hanover, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby of Berwick township, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Geesey, Berlin Ave., Saturday and Sunday.

Saved From Mob By Two Girls.
Steubenville, O., Sept. 3.—A Labor Day riot that bid fair to end in a tragedy, had it not been for the bravery of two young women employed in the telephone exchange, occurred here.

The victims of the crowd's rage were Joseph Harbison, who received a fractured skull, and John Hatton, who was cut and bruised, while in shielding the men Miss Mary Magee and Miss Eula Rooke received cuts and bruises about the head and body and are in a serious condition.

Harbison and Hatton came here from St. Louis to work in a mine where a strike is in progress. As they left the telephone office they were set upon by a crowd and were being badly beaten, when the two girls rushed into the thick of the trouble and, frantically pushing and shoving their way through about 50 men, reached the two victims, to whom the young women were entire strangers.

The girls threw themselves on the prostrate men, protecting their heads and receiving on their own bodies the kicks and blows from the mob. One of the men, who was wielding a piece of iron, struck Miss Magee on the head. Another piece of iron almost broke Miss Rooke's arm.

Shot By His "Dearest Friend."
Scranton, Pa., Aug. 31.—Edward Adams, 26 years of age, a telegraph operator, unemployed, who came here two weeks ago from Brooklyn, N. Y., where he lived, at 39 Prospect street, was shot in the head by Edward Flint, a stranger in this city. He was taken to a hospital in a dying condition. Mrs. Adams could give no motive for the crime, saying her husband had spoken of Flint as "his dearest friend." Flint escaped.

His Life Saved By a Linen Collar.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Aug. 31.—A linen collar saved the life of Edward B. Connerly, near here. He fell as a Lehigh Valley locomotive was about to run him down, and as his head approached the track his collar caught on a projecting cylinder bolt. He was choked into a faint, but when the locomotive was stopped, after dragging him 300 yards, he was little hurt.

Died While Bathing.
Beach Haven, N. J., Sept. 2.—Charles S. Oesterle, aged 40 years, of Philadelphia, was overcome while bathing in the surf here and was dead when removed from the water. Death was caused by heart failure. He was a member of the Avis Publishing company, of Philadelphia.

Spider's Deadly Bite.
Evansville, Ind., Sept. 2.—While he was asleep at his home near this city, Maurice Silverman was bitten on the lips by a large spider and it is feared he will die. The face of Silverman is so badly swollen that it is almost impossible to recognize him.

SEVENTY-NINE ARE MISSING

Quebec, Aug. 31.—Although 36 hours have elapsed since the Quebec bridge crashed into the St. Lawrence, the three score of dead bridge workers are still held in the meshwork of debris at the bottom of the river. A roll call confirmed the early estimates of the losses of life. Seventy-nine men failed to answer to their names and were not among the injured at the Levis hospital. Fifteen bodies lie at the morgue awaiting the result of the coroner's inquest. Of the total of 79 dead or missing, 16 were skilled American mechanics, brought here by the Phoenix Bridge company, of Phoenixville, Pa., to work on the structural steel parts of the bridge.

The following is a list of the missing Americans: B. A. Yenser, general foreman, of Lehigh, Pa.; John L. Worley, assistant foreman, of Mauch Chunk, Pa.; A. H. Birks, chief engineer, of Phoenixville, Pa.; J. W. Atterholt, chief inspector, Phoenixville, Pa.

Bridge workers, whose names and addresses are unknown: P. C. Reynolds, George Cook, Phil Bayant, Thomas Callahan, Carl Stevenson, James Bowen, Ira Fast William Briggs, J. L. Johnson, A. C. Smith, R. F. Smith, E. A. Brind.

The bridge was about a mile and a half in length, and half of it crumpled up and dropped into the water. Ninety men were at work on this section of the structure, and the whistle had just blown for the men to quit work for the day when there came a grinding sound from the bridge mid-stream. The men turned to see what had happened, and an instant later the cry went up "the bridge is falling."

The men made a rush shoreward, but the distance was too great for them to escape. The fallen section of the bridge dragged others after it, the snapping girders and cables booming like a crash of artillery. Terror lent fleetness to the feet of the frightened workmen as they sped shoreward, but only a few of them reached safety before the last piece of ironwork on the south shore was dragged into the river.

The steamer Glenmont had just cleared the bridge when the first section fell. The water thrown up by the debris came clear over the bridge of the steamer. The captain at once lowered boats. The small boats plied backward and forward over the sunken wreckage for half an hour, but there was no sign of life. The twisted iron and steel had its victims in a terrible death grip. A few floating timbers and the broken strands of the bridge toward the north shore were the only signs that anything unusual had happened. There was not a ripple on the smooth surface of the St. Lawrence as it swept along toward the gulf.

Among those who had a most miraculous escape was J. J. Nance, or Ness, of Harrisburg, Pa., who was in charge of an electric engine at the end of the bridge. Nance went down with his engine into the river, but floated out and was picked up about 300 feet further down the river.

The Quebec bridge was begun about seven years ago, and it was to be finished in 1909. Subsidies had been granted by the federal and provincial governments and the city of Quebec, and the estimated cost of the work was \$10,000,000.

The Phoenixville Bridge company, of Pennsylvania, had the contract for the construction of the bridge, and were working from both sides of the river.

Spanish War Hero to Hang.
Norfolk, Va., Aug. 31.—It developed that William McIntosh, the negro, who is to be hanged here September 5 for the murder of Charles W. Parks in April, was a member of the 10th United States cavalry, troop I, which distinguished itself under fire at the battle of San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American war. McIntosh served a six-year enlistment in the army.

WILD SCENE ON BOARDWALK
Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 3.—By the collapse of a boardwalk amusement known as the circular swings three persons were painfully injured and about a dozen others were bruised. The injured, who were taken to a hospital, are:

Vesta Abbott, aged 10 years, Matewan, N. Y., head badly cut.
J. Boz, Atlantic City, injured internally.

Harry P. Kettle, 3132 Ridge avenue Philadelphia, bruised.

The wife of the latter, who was a passenger in the swing, had a narrow escape, only suffering a few bruises as the car fell.

Being Labor Day, a great crowd visited this city, and the swings were taxed to their capacity. The swings revolved in the air in a circle similar to the revolutions of a Ferris wheel. During one of the trips the cars collapsed and fell sideways to the ground. As soon as the accident became known wild scenes of excitement ensued.

A rumor that a dozen persons had been killed added to the excitement, which was soon calmed by the police when

the extent of the accident became known. The injured were quickly removed and the three seriously hurt were taken to the hospital. Boys and Mr. and Mrs. Kettle were thrown from the swings as they were about to leap from the car in which they were passengers. The other passengers in the cars disappeared in the crowd which was attracted to the scene. Miss Abbott was not a passenger, but was hit by the fall.

The accident was due to the breaking of an axle of one of the revolving cars.

LEAPED TO DEATH FROM TRAIN
Old Soldier Ends Life of Suffering Near Sunbury, Pa.

Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 31.—Joshua Kay, an aged inmate of the Soldiers and Sailors' home at Erie, committed suicide by jumping from a fast express train on the Northern Central railway at Fisher's ferry, near Sunbury.

Kay was a sufferer from cancer, and, with three other inmates of the home, he was being taken to Philadelphia by Dr. W. B. Washbaugh, resident physician of the institution, for treatment. Kay left the car at Fisher's ferry while his companions were sleeping and threw himself off the train, receiving injuries which caused almost instant death.

He was apparently in good spirits before he took his life, and his comrades are unable to account for his act, unless he was afraid he would die of cancer.

MONUMENT FOR HIS HORSE
Provides \$50,000 Memorial to Ike Cook, a Famous Trotter.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—A \$50,000 monument for his horse is a feature that has been incorporated in the will of Henry Graves, the oldest settler of Chicago, who now lies near death's door, at his home. He came to the little settlement about Fort Dearborn in 1831.

A pioneer racing man and lover of horses, Mr. Graves has provided that the costliest monument ever erected for a horse will be placed in Washington Park. It will memorialize Ike Cook, a famous trotter, which he owned 50 years ago.

Ike Cook had a record of 2.30, which in those early days was remarkable time. In fact, Ike Cook was the first horse to make that mark on a mile track in the state of Illinois. The animal was famous throughout the country, and with Mr. Graves driving, won many great victories.

SEWED ON SEVERED TONGUE
Inch Bitten Off When Lad Is Kicked By Horse.

Correctionville, Ia., Sept. 2.—An inch of his tongue, which he bit off when he was kicked by a horse, has been sewed on successfully, and Robbie Hammond, 5 years old, will recover and be able to articulate well and perhaps perfectly, according to the surgeon. Robbie had seen his father, William Hammond, whip the horse to make him kick, and thought it would be fun when he got the opportunity to do it himself. The horse responded, but the child, being too close, was hurled unconscious 20 feet away. The severed tongue hung by a thread.

SUICIDE FOLLOWED MURDER
Burglar, Cornered by Posse, Shot Himself After Killing Policeman.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Sept. 2.—George Cassidy, a policeman, was shot down and killed while endeavoring to arrest two burglars who had been caught in the act of robbing a store. The burglars were pursued by a crowd, and, rather than submit to capture, one of them killed himself in a swamp. The other burglar escaped.

Cassidy had arrested the men and started with his prisoners for the station house when one of them whipped a revolver from his pocket, and, pressing it against Cassidy's coat, pulled the trigger. Cassidy fell dead, and the two men ran away. The noise of the shooting aroused the neighborhood and a crowd gave chase. The burglars separated, one of them making for the Passaic river. When the crowd pressed too close the burglar turned and fired a fusillade of shots, but no one was hit. The burglar then ran into the swamps, trying to find a place where he could swim the river, but the mud and slime dragged him down and he became exhausted in his efforts to escape. Realizing that he would be captured he used the last cartridge in his revolver to shoot himself. He was dead when his pursuers reached him.

HAD DYNAMITE CAP IN POCKET
Exploded When Mother Spanked Boy, and He May Die.

Cheyboygan, Mich., Sept. 2.—Mrs. Fred William, living at Bear Point, on Crooked Lake, near this city, was severely injured, and her 7-year-old son was probably fatally hurt when a dynamite cap in the boy's hip pocket exploded while the mother was spanking him for a minor offense. The little boy had been out in the field where his father was using dynamite to blow up stumps, and had slipped one of the percussion caps, which Mr. Williams was using, in his pocket. He later returned to the house, where his mother

called him in to be punished for some childish misdemeanor. Mrs. Williams used a shingle as the instrument of punishment. The first blow from the shingle exploded the cap in the boy's pocket, and the explosion tore a large hole in his hip, from which he is believed to be dying. The mother lost two fingers and received a number of minor cuts about her face and body.

FIFTEEN DEAD IN CRASH
Electric Cars Collide Head-On at Charleston, Ill.

Mattoon, Ill., Aug. 31.—Fifteen persons were killed and about 50 injured in a head-on collision between an interurban express train, consisting of a motor car and a trailer, and a traction car on the Mattoon & Charleston Electric line, at a sharp curve one mile west of Charleston, Ill. A confusion of orders received over the telephone is said to have been the cause of the accident.

The cars approached each other at high speed, and the impact was so terrific that the motor car and the trailer were telescoped by the traction car. Few passengers had time to escape by jumping. Most of the passengers were going to the Coles county fair at Charleston. Mattoon sent special cars to the wreck and the dead and injured were brought to the morgue and the hospital. Several of the injured may die.

GAS MADE HIM CRAZY
While Under Its Influence Patient Beat Up Two Dentists.

Washington, Sept. 2.—While under the influence of gas, preparatory to having a tooth extracted, George W. Bowers, aged 28, rose from the chair and violently attacked Dr. R. B. Leonard, who was treating him, severely beating and knocking him down. The doctor's call for help brought Dr. W. H. Wunder, who was treated in a similar fashion. Fearing that his life was in danger, Dr. Wunder reached for a small hammer nearby and used it freely on Bowers' head, causing a compound fracture of the skull. Bowers was taken to the emergency hospital and Dr. Wunder was arrested. He was released in \$1000 bail.

During the struggle between the three men Bowers' wife and a number of women patients were thrown into a panic and took flight. Bowers will recover.

Refused \$93,000 Bribe.
Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 31.—Winfield T. Durbin, governor of Indiana, from 1901 to 1905, made the sensational statement that soon after his inauguration as governor, attempts were made to bribe him to turn over William A. Taylor, Kentucky's refugee governor, to the authorities of that state for trial on the charge of conspiracy to assassinate Senator Goebel. The sum offered was \$93,000. Mr. Durbin said that Taylor had been advised of the attempted bribery after it was made, and was cognizant of all the details.

Seven Dead in Train Wreck.
Charleston, W. Va., Sept. 3.—A Chesapeake & Ohio local passenger train was derailed a mile below Kanawha Falls, and as a result seven are dead and 17 injured. A coach, the combination express and mail car and the baggage car overturned, rolling towards the Kanawha river. Spreading of the rails is supposed to have been the cause of the accident.

Highest Price Ever Paid For Hog.
Janesville, Wis., Sept. 2.—Five hundred dollars, the largest price ever paid for a hog in this country, was brought by Star Masterpiece, a Berkshire, at a public sale held at Whiteside, Ill. The prize swine was formerly owned by the State University.

Broke His Neck Diving.
Savannah, Ga., Sept. 2.—Joseph L. Brisley, right fielder for the Savannah team in the South Atlantic League, broke his neck at Tybee Island by diving into shallow water. Other bathers saw him as he lay dying on the bottom, but he had announced that he was going to make a long stay under water, and they thought nothing of the matter until some minutes had passed. Then they drew him up, to find him dead.

Woman Burned to Death.
Pottsville, Pa., Aug. 31.—A veritable human torch, Miss Elizabeth Durkin, aged 28 years, a domestic at the home of Mrs. Margaret Collins, met an awful death. She was burning waste paper in the back yard, when her clothing ignited. In her fright she ran around the yard until she was enveloped in flame from head to foot. Thomas Dolan was badly burned in his attempt at a rescue.

Lad Shot By His Mother.
Coatesville, Pa., Sept. 3.—Charles Wallace, the 12-year-old son of Henry Wallace, of Thorndale, told his mother that crows were in the garden. She secured a shotgun, but in starting out pulled the trigger to see if it was loaded, when the contents struck Charles, killing him.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, August 28.
Henry Crouche's tobacco barns at Prestonville, Ky., were burned, causing a loss of \$150,000.

Four persons were burned to death in a fire which destroyed their home at Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dr. Louis A. Klein, of Lewistown, has been appointed deputy state veterinarian of Pennsylvania.

Colonel Isaac Wing, a noted philanthropist and one of the wealthiest men in Wisconsin, died at Bayfield.

The Earl of Dunmore, the most prominent christian scientist in England, died suddenly at his home near Canterbury.

Thursday, August 29.
L. H. Carter, son of Brigadier General W. H. Carter, was killed in Chicago by an electric shock.

General John A. Wiley, of Franklin, has been appointed major general of the Pennsylvania national guard.

Colonel James B. Curtis, of New York, was elected president of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity at the Chicago convention.

Walter Donisthorpe, a former valet of King Edward VII., died at the house of correction in Milwaukee, Wis., a victim of the morphine habit.

Friday, August 30.
Four men were killed by an explosion of dynamite on the Grand Trunk railway, near Kenora, Ont.

A wind storm struck the Iowa state fair grounds at De Moines and caused damage estimated at \$100,000.

Nelson Morris, the meat packer, who died recently in Chicago, left an estate valued at more than \$20,000,000.

James L. Minerree, aged 30 years, of Washington, D. C., was found dead in the berth of a Pullman car at Norfolk, Va.

While working on the Pennsylvania railroad, near Philadelphia, two Italian laborers were struck by an express train and instantly killed.

Saturday, August 31.
Rear Admiral William A. Windsor, U. S. N., retired, died at his home in New York.

The loss on the Courier-Journal building at Louisville, Ky., which was destroyed by fire, is estimated at \$300,000.

New York police officials are experimenting with bloodhounds to be used in tracking fugitive criminals in the outlying districts.

While picking coal along the Reading railroad in Philadelphia, Mrs. Ellen Fitzgerald, 65 years old, was struck by a train and her body was cut in two.

Falling from a step of the Widener School for Crippled Children, in Philadelphia, 7-year-old Thomas Grettline, received injuries that caused his death.

Monday, September 2.
Frederick Harding, a wealthy manufacturer, of Paterson, N. J., committed suicide by shooting.

The Maryland Prohibitionists nominated William Gislert, a Baltimore business man, for governor.

Two attempts were made to wreck Erie passenger trains near Cleveland, O., ties being piled on the track in each instance.

Falling down a flight of stairs at Bethlehem, Pa., Miss Julia M. Ehrig, aged 71 years, fractured her skull and died in a short time.

Run down by a train at a grade crossing at West Point, Ga., Farmer F. M. Johnson and his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Pullen, were killed.

Tuesday, September 3.
The postoffice clerks held their annual national convention at Peoria, Ill. Ulrich Struble, aged 59, committed suicide on the street in Philadelphia by drinking carbolic acid.

According to the New York department of education, 1,250,103 children attend public schools in New York state.

Former U. S. Judge John J. Jackson, of Parkersburg, W. Va., dropped dead at Atlantic City, N. J., aged 83 years.

Dana Miller, son of the West Virginia superintendent of schools, committed suicide at Charleston by cutting his throat.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS
The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

NEW YORK.—BUTTER, strong; creamery specials, 28 1/2c@27c; extras, 26c; thirds to firsts, 21 1/2c@24c; western factory, common to extra, 18 1/2c@22c. CHEESE, strong; state, full cream, small, colored, fine, 13 1/2c; skims, 10c@11c. EGGS, quiet; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, fancy, selected white, 26c@28c; good to choice, 23c@25c; brown and mixed, fancy, 23c@25c; western firsts, 19 1/2c@21c; thirds to seconds, 16 1/2c@18c. POULTRY, alive, steady; spring chickens, 15 1/2c; fowls, 14c; turkeys, 13c; dressed steady; western broilers, 15c@19c; turkeys, 13c@16c; fowls, 12c@15c. POTATOES, irregular; Long Island, per barrel, \$2.25@2.50; Jersey, 1.75@2.25; southern, 1.25@2.00; southern sweets, per barrel, \$2.45@3.00; Jersey, per basket, \$2.00@2.50; red and Savoy, \$3.50@4.50.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.
NEW YORK.—BEEVES, steady. CALVES, steady; veals, \$6.00; no choice here; western calves, \$5.00; grassers and buttermilks, nominal. SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep steady; lambs active and fully 25c higher; sheep, \$3.75@5.25; lambs, \$7.00@8.12 1/2; culls, \$5.25@5.50. HOGS—All for slaughterers; nominally steady.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

THE CIRCUS BAND.

I love to hear the circus band.
The music is so gay
It has a boundless repertoire,
And plays it twice a day.
From Wagner's down to "Ooley-oo!"
Its faculty extends.
And twice a day it plays right through
The performance ends.

The ceaseless industry deserves
A warm encomium.
Alike for him who toots a horn
And him who beats a drum.
Year after year the players blow,
Their ranks are never thinned.
And every year my wonder grows—
Where do they get the wind?
—Somerville Journal.

A PERIOD OF DROUGHT.

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

Every winter when Mrs. Bronson, whose throat was delicate, was banished West or South, her cousin, Harriet Kingsly, was engaged to mother the family.

Miss Kingsly made an entirely trustworthy guardian, yet she possessed one striking peculiarity that not only amused, but exasperated the left-at-home Bronsons. Before her mother's death, Cousin Harriet had spent twenty years trying to live within an income that was a good deal too small. Afterward the income expanded to twice its former size, but Harriet did not. She had been cramped too long. Her sober, saving mind refused to see her former dollars doubled; and she continued to "scrimp" long after the necessity for scrimping had ceased to exist.

During the luxurious months that she kept house for her well-to-do, open-handed cousin, an employment that she thoroughly enjoyed, she kept it after her own parsimonious fashion. She saved scraps, turned down all the gas-jets, ordered one pie when circumstances really demanded two, used all her matches twice, and by cutting it in two beforehand, compelled a single beefsteak to serve for two somewhat restricted meals.

In households where it was needed, Harriet's economy would have proved a blessing; but under the Bronsons' well-shingled roof frugality seemed an exaggerated virtue. As practiced by Cousin Harriet, it certainly added nothing whatever to the Bronsons' comfort, whatever it may have done toward increasing their already ample bank account.

"Now, Harriet," Mr. Bronson would say, when the cream ran short, "there isn't any earthly reason why we shouldn't take a gallon of milk a day if we need it. What are we getting? You've cut it down to a quart! Dear, dear! And here we are getting enough cream off one quart for two able-bodied meals! Harriet, you'll really be the death of me! My system won't stand cream in such quantities."

"But," said Harriet, triumphantly, "I've saved over half the household allowance this month."

"That," returned Mr. Bronson, "would be entirely commendable if there were any need of saving it; but there isn't. I'm making it to spend. I'd rather spend it. You see, the milkman has to live, so does the grocer, so does the butcher. By the way, tell the cook to broil the rest of this beefsteak. I'd like to live myself. I'm sure I shan't if I have to go without cream in my coffee. Why, Harriet, every time I part with another acre of that mineral land near Gogible I'm afraid I'll discover that I'm a millionaire! Half of one, anyway. We can't spend our money but once. Let's have our cream while it agrees with us."

Gradually good-natured Gershom Bronson overruled his cousin's too parsimonious habits: not, however, with entire success, because as fast as he disposed of one, another broke out where it was least expected. For instance, by the time she was convinced that he really could not see to read with the gas turned down, Harriet had rescued seven uncleaned stamps from the waste-basket, soaked them off and laid them, guiltless of gum, on her busy cousin's desk.

Having a saving sense of humor, his only saving quality, Harriet said, "Mr. Bronson found his economical relative amusing. And Cousin Harriet realized that so much genuine kindness lurked beneath Gershom Bronson's bantering that her feelings were never hurt. But she still persisted in going to bed by candle-light to save gas."

"If we had forty millions," muttered seventeen-year-old Elyda, tying a parcel with cord from an astonishingly knobby ball, "Cousin Harriet would still hoard string. She's saved enough to last forever. I wonder how it would feel to use brand-new twine."

"You'd miss the knots," giggled Frances.

"I see," said Mr. Bronson, looking up from his paper, "that the water board has decided to put in meters. That will afford a new field for economy."

Cousin Harriet's brow puckered anxiously. She was darning an odd sock that she had found in the rag-bag.

"Meters! Dear me! Water is the one thing that this town has always been able to have enough of. I must tell Mary—"

"Don't worry," soothed Mr. Bron-

son. "I guess we'll still be able to drink it."

The meter, an inoffensive affair that looked like a brass teapot, was duly installed. The plumber, lifting the circular metal lid, showed Miss Kingsly six little groups of figures on the four-inch disk. One could use, it appeared, anywhere from no water at all to an ocean at so much per thousand cubic feet. Compared with the rate for the same amount of ice, the price seemed moderate.

"How much," asked Miss Kingsly, cautiously, "is it likely to cost a month?"

"Well," confided the plumber, collecting his tools, "I really don't know much about them, this is only the fourth I've put in, and I haven't seen one busy—but I should say that it would all depend on how much a body used."

The meter weighed heavily on Cousin Harriet's mind. She could picture it in the Bronson cellar, greedily counting every drop that trickled through the pipes. Of course from the very moment that the system went into force, the good lady began to have water.

"Mary," said she to the cook, "you mustn't waste a drop. When you've rinsed the dishes, pour the water into this pail, so I can use it to water the plants. And, Mary, save part of your wash-water on Monday to scrub the laundry floor. It seems a pity to waste all that nice bluing water. Isn't there something we could do with it?"

"We might," suggested Mary, doubtfully, "heat it to wash windows with."

"We'll try it," returned Miss Kingsly, screwing the faucets tighter.

Mary, now restricted at every turn—every turn of the faucet, Mr. Bronson said—was fast losing the amiability for which she had been famed. The hitherto fastidious girls wore their white shirtwaists a day longer than usual to save washing. Indeed, the entire family was gradually becoming niggardly with the water-supply. Even Elyda was observed saving half the contents of her glass for the benefit of the parched fern-dish.

"Really," expostulated Mr. Bronson, when this discovery was made, "if this nonsense doesn't stop we'll all have water on the brain. I'm affected myself. It's all I can do this minute to keep from turning on every faucet in the house just to see how it seems actually to possess enough water to wash both hands in at once."

"You can't," said Cousin Harriet with dignity. "I've had all the cuts fixed."

"That's why they merely drizzle!" exclaimed Frances. "I supposed they'd just grown economical of their own accord."

"I've tried for half an hour to read that meter," confessed Cousin Harriet, emerging dully from the cellar the morning of the thirty-first, "but I can't understand the figures. This is the day they inspect it. I wanted to be prepared."

Three hours later Miss Kingsly followed the meter-man to the cellar. He lifted the metal lid, held his lantern close, and read the figures to which the indicator pointed. Suddenly he uttered an ejaculation and stooped lower. Then he shook his head. His manner expressed disapproval.

"Have we used very much?" demanded Cousin Harriet, anxiously.

"Just about all Lake Superior!" retorted the man.

"What!" gasped the guardian of faucets, in horror.

"The meter's put on wrong," explained the man. "That plumber's got it hind end to. This makes nine that'll have to come out so far. This way it registers all the water that you don't use, I guess. Of course we can't go by it this month. We'll have it reversed."

The Bronsons became hilarious when the matter was explained. Miss Kingsly, however, seemed depressed.

"To think," she lamented, "that I wasted all that time saving water when there wasn't any need of it."

"There wasn't any need of it, anyway," said Mr. Bronson. "After this, I'm going to run the water wagon. Mary, I don't care how many plants you water with your cold tea, but we won't have any more bluing on the windows—it gives the whole world an indigo aspect. From this hour forth, we'll just forget that there's a meter in our cellar."

Nevertheless, the meter refused to be dismissed thus lightly from the Bronson minds. When the end of the month arrived, the family was still sufficiently interested to flock cellarward at the inspector's heels.

"Used all you needed?" asked the man, looking up from the meter.

"All we needed and more," replied Cousin Harriet, nervously herself for a shock. "We haven't—we weren't allowed to be careful."

"Well," returned the man, "this meter's saving you money. Your bill's about a dollar less than it was by the old way of reckoning."—Youth's Companion.

Wasting Time.

A sophisticated mother who felt responsible for the future of her daughters, said to one of them:

"Anna, what did young Mr. Jones say to you last night when he was buttoning your glove? I saw he was slightly excited."

"Why," answered Anna, "he said that the person who made a glove so hard to button as that deserved to be killed."

"My dear," retorted her mother, impressively, "don't waste any more of your time on young Mr. Jones."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE WEATHER PROPHET OF BAD LEG.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

It was a big day for Bad Leg when Old Man Barlow climbed out of the stage and set his foot on Main street, and all the able-bodied men in the city gathered to give him a glad welcome, for he had been well advertised.

Old Man Barlow came from somewhere down in Maine—some little place with a big Indian jawbreaker name—and he was daddy to Woolly Barlow, one of the most respected citizens of Bad Leg, and Woolly had let us know the old man's good points. He used to sit for hours and brag about his daddy's value to a growing city like Bad Leg, until we came to believe that if we could just get Old Man Barlow to come West and settle at Bad Leg we would have the so-called city of Ringtail beat to a finish. So we all chipped in to raise enough to pay his fare West, and he came.

When Woolly first raised the subject of the advantage of Old Man Barlow as a citizen of our metropolis, we naturally wanted to know the old man's good points, and he asked Woolly, and the conversation went something like this:

"Is he a good worker?" we asked.

"Well, no," says Woolly, "he ain't, very."

"Is he a good fighter?"

"Well, no, he ain't, very."

"Is he a good talker?"

"Well, no, he ain't, very."

And we went on down the list until at last Copper Judkins says:

"Well, what in Sam Hill is he good for?"

"Well," says Woolly, "he's the best weather prophet you ever see. There never was a match for the old man at pointin' out what the weather will be. He seems jest a natural born predictor, and no mistake. Let me tell you—every man in the State of Maine is a weather prophet. You can lay your hand on any man you run across first in Maine and you'll have it on a better weather prophet than the best in any other State. Weather prophesying is a science in Maine. Kids there three years old can go out doors and sniff the air a minute and say, 'Cloudy weather tomorrow,' or 'Snow fore nightfall.' I reckon, and hit it right every time. I don't s'pose you'll believe me, but the men have prophecy contests every winter, when the best prophets get together from all over the State to prophesy for a championship belt. Well, my old man can give all of them four aces and win the game every time."

So that was why we paid to have Old Man Barlow come to Bad Leg, and as soon as he landed from the stage and Limpy Taylor had made his little speech of welcome and we had done the honors at Ryerson's Palace, up speaks Copper Judkins and says:

"Well, Mister Barlow, seein' as how you've been initiated into the good society of Bad Leg and are now a full-fledged citizen of the comin' metropolis of the West, what say you to giving us a little weather prophecy right now, just as a sample?"

The minute Old Man Barlow heard the word "weather" his eyes began to sparkle, and he ran his hand down his long white beard, and he says, "Boys, I see my son here has been tellin' you I'm some at foretellin' the weather, an' he ain't told no untruth. I guess the weather is one critter I know from A to Izzard and back again. I simply dote on the weather, and he's studied her all my life till I know her tricks like a book, and her put into rules and maxims and poetry. Jest let me step to the door a minute."

With that he did step to the door and he looked at the sun to get his points of the compass, and then he held out his hand in the breeze—which wasn't much of a breeze, but as much as we usually had at Bad Leg that time of the year—and he says, short and decided like, "Wind in the east; we'll have rain."

Well, sir, you could have heard a pin drop if anybody had one to drop, but they hadn't. We was all mightily embarrassed, for the truth was that the breeze came from the east six months every year at Bad Leg, and that was during the six months of dry spell, when it never rained at all. We ought to have told Old Man Barlow so, then and there, but he was smilin', so confident like and truthful, that, seein' it was his first day in Bad Leg, we didn't have the heart to do it. So we let him go off to his son's shack without saying anything, and he went off smilin'.

First thing Copper Judkins says when the old man went out was, "He's a bloomin' old fraud!" But Ryerson spoke up quick and says, "Hold on there, Copper; don't be so fast. How do you know he's a fraud? Give him a show first," says he. "Of course," he says, "I'll admit we ain't ever had rain durin' the dry spell since mortal man come to Bad Leg, but then, we ain't ever had a weather prophet, either. Mebbe that's why. If he was just a common guesser I'd say like you say—that he's a fraud—but he ain't a common guesser. He's the champion prophesyer of the State of Maine, and I figger that he's got such a grip on the weather that what he says has jist got to come true."

Some of us thought as Judkins did, and some of us thought like Ryerson, but the end of it was that we

agreed to give Old Man Barlow a little time to prove up his case, which is to say, that we'd wait and see if it did rain like he had prophesied.

Next day Old Man Barlow come out and took his place on a chair before Woolly's shack, but we noticed he looked worried and kept casting his eye off to the eastward, but no rain come. Along in the afternoon a lot of clouds passed over and the old man chirped up some, but clouds don't rain in the dry season at Bad Leg, and all they did was to pass over, and by night Old Man Barlow was pretty glum, I tell you.

Well, the old man seemed to know we was losing faith in him as the days passed, and he got mighty blue and downcast, and kept away from all of us. He would just sit on his chair and keep his eye on the little weather vane he had rigged up on a post before the shack, and talk to himself. When we passed by we would hear him saying, "Wind in the east; wind in the east," or "Never knew it to fail before," or "She's got to rain," or some such thing.

I tell you it was mighty pitiful to see that poor old man and the faith he had in the weather, for he wouldn't lose faith. He seemed to feel hurt at the way the weather was treating him, just as if some old friend had got to acting mean, but he never believed the weather would go back on him entirely, and he sat out there in the east breeze, day after day, waiting for the weather to come back and be forgiven. It was a touching scene, and Ryerson suggested that we ought to get up a convention to petition the Almighty for rain, but none of us being much of a hand at that sort of thing, we let it drop. We figured that if faith would do the work, Old Man Barlow had enough faith to bring a deluge, but, as for us, we had never known it to rain except after the wind shifted to the west at the end of the dry season, so we couldn't be expected to have much faith in rain coming from the east.

Poor old Barlow got more and more downcast as the days went on, and we got to going round to try to cheer him up, but it didn't seem to do any good. He used to shake his head and say: "Boys, I never knew it to fail—'East wind brings rain'—I've said it a thousand times, and every time I said it, it brought the rain," and then the tears would pile up in his eyes and run down and splash on the ground like rain drops, and sometimes he would think they were rain drops, and then he would look up, and when he saw the clear sky, he would drop his chin down into his whiskers and break down complete, like a little weak baby. Oh, it was terrible!

Sometimes we would walk up to him and sniff the air, and say: "Air smells damp this morning, Mister Barlow," but it never fooled him, and we couldn't get him to smile. He would just groan and shake his head in the same old doleful way.

He got worse and worse as time went on, and he got thinner and thinner until he was a regular skeleton, and his face was like a death's head with whiskers, and with two bright eyes looking out—always looking for rain. And then one day he took to his bed and went out of his head. Sometimes he thought he was back in Maine and then he would smile a poor, skinny smile; and sometimes he thought he was Noah, but the saddest was when he thought he was the east wind tryin' to blow a heavy watering cart through a sand desert. When he thought he was that, the toughest of us had to just sit down and cry, it was so pitiful.

Then one day he failed pretty fast, and we knew he was going, and as he fell back on the pillow with his eyes shut, the rain began to fall outside to beat sixty. When he heard it, a sweet, peaceful smile passed over his face, and he opened his eyes and said: "She's come!" and then, after a minute: "It's all right now, life is worth livin'," and he seemed to strengthen up right away.

For a little bit he lay enjoying the sound of the rain, and then he sort of raised himself on one elbow and looked out of the window, but in a minute he caught sight of his little weather vane, and the smile died, and he fell back and died. You see, the wind was from the west.

We all stood there, thinking how sad it was. I reckon, and none of us knowing what to do or say, when all of a sudden Copper Judkins left the room. The next we saw of him he was out in the rain nailing Old Man Barlow's weather vane so it pointed from the east. Which leads me to remark that somehow a feller always thinks of such things after they can't do any good.—New York Times.

Prosperity Reduces Birth Rate.

The breeder who to improve his stock must keep them in great comfort on abundance of food finds his greatest difficulty in their tendency to sterility. Seeing that this law of fertility governs not only the animal but also the vegetable kingdom, may we not safely conclude that human volition has little to do with the birth rate, and also hold that the birth rate of a nation is inversely proportional to the well-being of its people?—Nineteenth Century.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He who fights and runs away may win in the long run.

You can take many a man's measure by pints and quarts.

There are people who could help more by giving less advice.

The trouble with truth is that most of us are too polite to tell it.

A girl likes an extravagant man, unless she is going to marry him.

An old maid is merely a woman who has been engaged once too seldom.

Trouble will seldom get out of the way for any one who is looking for it.

It's a wise weather prophet that knows just when to borrow an umbrella.

Love is blind, which is perhaps why he depends so largely on the sense of touch.

Faith after all may merely be an ability to believe things we know are not true.

When a woman needs sympathy, cry with her; when a man needs it, swear with him.

A pessimist is merely a man who expects to get the worst of it sooner than the rest of us.

The fellow who tries to drown his sorrows often merely succeeds in making his head swim.

A man convinced against his will will be to be convinced all over again the next time you meet him.

Don't worry about what the world thinks of you. The world has several billions of people to think about.

Some men seem to think that as long as they keep out of jail they may have a pretty good chance of getting to heaven.

The insurance people don't seem a bit worried over the young man who feels that he is destined to set the world on fire.—From "The Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

PAPYRUS.

The Need of a New Source for Paper If the Forests Are to be Saved.

It is to the durability of papyrus that we owe the preservation of much Old World history and literature. In the days of Egypt's glory and growing and selling of papyrus was a government monopoly. The exhaustion of this valuable plant was due to the same sort of waste and neglect that is depleting our forests.

Today the United States supplies about a third of the paper in the world. In the early days when rags were the staple of paper-making, placards were issued headed, "Ladies, save your rags" and the bell cart, announced days before, made its rounds to collect paper and rags. In 1859 the rag famine had begun. About 1870 the first mill for making paper of wood was introduced into the United States.

As is well known, wood fibre paper is so perishable that newspaper files and libraries printed upon it would hardly last a generation. And yet the manufacture of wood paper steadily increases. A mill is planted in the middle of a forest and in a short time the tract is as bare as a stubble field. Then the portable mill is moved to another doomed forest. Our beautiful poplar and spruce trees are fast disappearing. In one year 1,500,000 cords of spruce alone were used in our paper mills. Woods of different kinds are devoured by the rapacious mills.

If, like flax and hemp, papyrus could take the place of wood to any extent, it would be a gain in more than one way. Papyrus is seen flourishing as an ornamental shrub in Sicily and in California and still grows wild in Abyssinia. In this country all sorts of climates and soils the production of the paper weed would seem worth the trying.—M. B. B., in the New York Times.

Say These Quick!

The name of Maine's highest mountain has been spelled at various times and by various authorities. Katahdin, Ktahdin, and as now generally recognized, Katahdin. A stream in the region has been called Wassataquoik, Wassataquoik and Wassatacock, and today the lumbermen call it "Saatacook, Molunkus, Ripogenus and Nicatus are simple enough to be let alone, but there is a big job awaiting the man who tries to simplify Pockwockamus, Soudahunk, Passamagmook, Katepscongon (sometimes called Debsconeg), Cawcomgomoc or Chemaquasabamscock, Aboljackmagasset, Aboljackmagassic or Aboljackmagas is generally clipped by the loggers and hunters to Abol, and, in fact, is so called by nearly everybody, on the plea that life is too short to wander through all the syllables that rightly belong to the name of the stream.—Boston Transcript.

Applied to Wrong Place.

Mr. Husky went into a chemist's shop and bought a bottle of patent stuff which was advertised thus: "No more coughs. No more colds. Is. 11-2d the bottle." Three days later he went to the chemist, complaining that his throat was stopped up and that he could scarcely breathe. "I've drunk all that patent cough mixture, and I'm no better."

"Drunk it? Why, that's an Indian rubber solution to put on the soles of your shoes."—Tit-Bits.

Putting Him Next.

"Willie, will you tell your sister I am here?"

"Would you like to have her come down?"

"Of course."

"Then, if you'll give me a quarter, I'll tell her you are not here."—Hous-ton Post.



It is estimated, says the American machinist, that 100 pounds of alcohol can be made from one ton of domestic refuse. In a good motor car this quantity of alcohol would develop 100 horsepower hours.—Engineer.

"Raise a drop of water to the size of the earth and raise an atom in the same proportion, and the atom will then be in some place between the size of a marble and a cricket ball." Thus said Lord Kelvin, in trying to explain to the inarticulate world how little are things atomic.

Paper bricks are used in Berlin for paving; many telegraph poles are now made of rolled sheets of paper; paper coffins are used in some places. Some straw hats, into which enters not an atom of straw, consist of narrow paper strips dyed yellow; artificial sponges can be made of paper pulp.

According to a contemporary, a small piece of good emery cloth is all the material necessary to frost an incandescent lamp quickly, but effectively. Rub the cloth over the entire lamp with a circular motion. Rubbing up and down will not produce the best results. About fifteen minutes' work will produce a very good frosting on an ordinary globe.—Engineer.

Professor Berg, in Buenos Ayres, reports that he has discovered a spider which practises fishing at times. In shallow places it spins between stones a two-winged, conical net, on which it runs in the water and captures small fish, tadpoles, etc. That it understands its work well is shown by the numerous shrivelled skins of little creatures that lie about in the web net.

Among the advancements made during the past year in British commercial undertakings in Venezuela, the Central Railway has slightly extended its system and electricity has been partly substituted for steam. The railway to El Valle, near Caracas, in which British interests are involved, has also adopted electric power, and British engineers are at present commencing the electrification of the Caracas tramway system.—Engineer.

Tantalum has been hammered into sheets which are extremely hard. Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., states that a hole had to be bored through a plate of this metal and a diamond drill was used, revolving at the rate of 5000 revolutions per minute. This whirling force was continued ceaselessly for three days and nights, when it was found that only a small depression 0.25 millimetre deep had been drilled, and it was a moot point which had suffered the more damage—the diamond or the tantalum.

SIMPLIFIES SHAVING.

English Method Does Away With the Razor.

Much ingenuity has been expended recently to simplify shaving. The safety razor has been a potent factor in this direction, and this is presented now in many different shapes. The newest in this line consists of a shaving outfit, with a supply of several blades, which occupies no more space than a fountain pen. In fact, when the parts have been disposed of after use the case looks exactly like a fountain pen. The extra blades are stored away in the cap. Another novelty in the same line is heard of from London, where a well known scientist is said to have succeeded in making a preparation which makes the removal of the beard an extremely simple matter. The preparation comes in the form of a powder, from which a lather is applied to the portions of the face which are to be cleaned, and after it has been allowed to remain for about ten minutes the lather, hair and all are removed with the back of a comb or some other blunt edge of this character. If allowed to act a little longer the hair may be washed from the face. This was recently demonstrated at a gathering of scientific persons in London, and a half-inch growth of stubby beard was removed with the back of a lady's comb.

A Moving Lake.

There are several "floating" islands in existence well known to scientists, but the only "wandering" lake we ever heard of is Lake Nor. In the Gobi desert, in Asia, which phenomenon was recently accounted for by the fact that Tarim river, entering the lake from the west, brings down during the period of high water late in summer a great quantity of silt, which has the effect of driving the lake, lying on the level floor of the desert, toward the southeast. But the summer wind, drifting the surface sand and darkening the heavens with dust, blows generally from the northeast, and it, too, tends to drive the lake before it. The combined effect of the urging by the wind and the river is to force the lake southward.—Marine Journal.

Not A Tragedy.

Miss Sympathy—Some terrible tragedy must have happened while Mrs. Casiegh was in Paris.

Miss Casiegh—I don't know why you think so.

Miss Sympathy—She has never smiled since she returned.

Miss Casiegh—Well, maybe she had her face enamelled over there.—New York News.

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXIX

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1907.

NO 20.

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Court Items.

Edward A. Weaver, attorney for Marshall Richardson and Frank Cumberland, the two men found guilty in the train breaking case, made a motion for a new trial and the men were held in default of one thousand bail each.

Inquisition in the estate of Catharine Baker, deceased, filed and approved. Notice to be given returnable October 21st, 1907.

Bond of William S. McCreary, administrator of Jacob A. Smith, deceased, filed and security approved.

Inquisition to determine the lunacy of Amanda Kauffman approved and John L. Kauffman appointed committee. Surety in the sum of \$1,000 to be approved by the Court.

Lula W. Mehning vs J. Harry Mehning, libel in divorce. Decree granted by the Court.

Petition of John W. Gelbach, committee, of his wife, Amelia C. Gelbach, an insane person for authority to sell certain real estate of said person granted by the Court.

Preston Harrigan, who plead guilty to the charge of assault, preferred by Rebecca Viner, was sentenced to serve eight more months.

Sentence was suspended upon payment of the costs in the case of Emeline Feister, who plead guilty to the charge brought against her.

Sentence was suspended until September 16 in the three cases brought against Charles Stover who plead guilty to all three of them. The offenses were larceny and horse stealing, there being two cases of the former and one of the latter.

John Cool was sentenced to serve a month's sentence in each of the cases to which he plead guilty, the sentences to run concurrently. The charges were wantonly pointing a pistol and carrying concealed weapons.

Sentence was continued to September 16 in the case of Frank Lott who plead guilty to furnishing liquor on Sunday.

The case of Edward A. Francis was held under advisement. The charge to which Mr. Francis plead guilty is that of defrauding a hotel keeper.

In the railroad train breaking case reasons for a new trial filed are to be argued on September 16.

Return of sale of J. C. Oyler, administrator of Zachariah Oyler, deceased, confirmed nisi.

Joseph B. Brame allowed to invest guardian bond of Paul A. Bream at 5 per cent. and fund of same approved.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock Tuesday morning a head-on collision occurred on the W. M. Railroad a short distance west of Thomasville. Both trains had carried excursionists to Baltimore from York.

The first section, drawn by engine No. 51, after unloading the passengers at York, was returning with empty coaches. Thomasville was the emptying point for sections 1 and 2. Section No. 2, loaded with passengers, had already slackened up for Thomasville when, engine 51 crashed into section 2, having run by the red signal. Nobody was injured, but both engines were badly damaged.

Peter Barry, formerly of Schaeffers-town, but who now lives at Montello, Berks county, and who is 100 years old, walked two miles to Fritztown to get a good shave at the barber's. He is still hale and hearty.

Miss Elizabeth Durkin, aged 28 years, a domestic at the home of Mrs. Margaret Collins at Pottsville, met an awful death Friday afternoon. She was burning waste paper in the back yard when her clothing ignited. In her fright she ran around and around the yard until she was enveloped in flames from head to foot.

Mummasburg, Sept. 3.—While chasing a pigeon in the barn at his home this morning Earl Straubach fell to the floor some distance below and cut his chin badly also breaking his left arm at the wrist.

Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of New Oxford, Pa., held Saturday, Aug. 31, 1907, the following resolutions in memory of Mr. Wm. A. Himes, who has served as president of this institution since its organization, were ordered drafted:

Resolved, That we as a board of directors bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That while our hearts are bowed with sadness, we bear this testimonial to his high character and worth as an individual and citizen, and also as a financier and head of this institution.

Resolved, That we extend to the members of the family of the deceased this expression of our deepest sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon our minutes, published in the New Oxford Item and a copy sent to the family.

J. N. HERSH, Z. H. CASHMAN, GEO. MECKLEY, Committee

A very pleasant reunion took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ling at the New Oxford Flouring Mills, near New Oxford, on Sunday, Sept. 1. Four sons and two daughters with their families were present, 27 in number, children and grand children: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ling, George Ling, wife and three children of Pikesville, Md.; Harry Ling, wife and son of Baltimore; Francis Ling, wife and five children of Bonnevill, James Ling, wife and adopted daughter of Midway; Mrs. Sarah Martin, husband and four children and Mrs. Gertrude Staubb husband and son of Hamilton township.

Look for the large ad. of Wentz Bros. & Frey, Hanover, in next week's issue.

Camp 60, S. of V. will hold a picnic in Pfeiffer's grove on Saturday, Sept. 14, full particulars next week.

Samuel Kahlbaugh, an employee of Hull's lumber yards at Hanover, was seriously injured Monday by being crushed under several cords of wood.

Mrs. G. H. Auker and two children of Milltown, are visiting at the home of Dr. Ed. T. Auker, West High street.

Miss Elsa F. Auker of West High street, spent last week with her sister at Lancaster.

Misses Beula and Elsie and Mr. Guy Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Hahn, of Two Taverns; Miss Aggie Eckert of Hanover, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby of Berwick township, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Geesey, Berlin Ave., Saturday and Sunday.

Saved From Mob By Two Girls.

Stevensville, O., Sept. 3.—A Labor Day riot that bid fair to end in a tragedy, had it not been for the bravery of two young women employed in the telephone exchange, occurred here. The victims of the crowd's rage were Joseph Harbison, who received a fractured skull, and John Hatton, who was cut and bruised, while in shielding the men Miss Mary Magee and Miss Eula Rooke received cuts and bruises about the head and body and are in a serious condition.

Harbison and Hatton came here from St. Louis to work in a mine where a strike is in progress. As they left the telephone office they were set upon by a crowd and were being badly beaten, when the two girls rushed into the thick of the trouble and, frantically pushing and shoving their way through about 50 men, reached the two victims, to whom the young women were entire strangers.

The girls threw themselves on the prostrate men, protecting their heads and receiving on their own bodies the kicks and blows from the mob. One of the men, who was wielding a piece of iron, struck Miss Magee on the head. Another piece of iron almost broke Miss Rooke's arm.

Shot By His "Dearest Friend."

Scranton, Pa., Aug. 31.—Edward Adams, 26 years of age, a telegraph operator, unemployed, who came here two weeks ago from Brooklyn, N. Y., where he lived, at 39 Prospect street, was shot in the head by Edward Flint, a stranger in this city. He was taken to a hospital in a dying condition. Mrs. Adams could give no motive for the crime, saying her husband had spoken of Flint as "his dearest friend." Flint escaped.

His Life Saved By a Linen Collar.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Aug. 31.—A linen collar saved the life of Edward B. Conerty, near here. He fell as a Lehigh Valley locomotive was about to run him down, and as his head approached the track his collar caught on a projecting cylinder bolt. He was choked into a faint, but when the locomotive was stopped, after dragging him 300 yards, he was little hurt.

Died While Bathing.

Beach Haven, N. J., Sept. 2.—Charles S. Oesterle, aged 40 years, of Philadelphia, was overcome while bathing in the surf here and was dead when removed from the water. Death was caused by heart failure. He was a member of the Avis Publishing company, of Philadelphia.

Spider's Deadly Bite.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 2.—While he was asleep at his home near this city, Maurice Silverman was bitten on the lips by a large spider and it is feared he will die. The face of Silverman is so badly swollen that it is almost impossible to recognize him.

SEVENTY-NINE ARE MISSING

Quebec, Aug. 31.—Although 36 hours have elapsed since the Quebec bridge crashed into the St. Lawrence, the three score of dead bridge workers are still held in the meshwork of debris at the bottom of the river. A roll call confirmed the early estimates of the losses of life. Seventy-nine men failed to answer to their names and were not among the injured at the Levis hospital. Fifteen bodies lie at the morgue awaiting the result of the coroner's inquest. Of the total of 79 dead or missing, 16 were skilled American mechanics, brought here by the Phoenix Bridge company, of Phoenixville, Pa., to work on the structural steel parts of the bridge.

The following is a list of the missing Americans: B. A. Yenser, general foreman, of Lehigh, Pa.; John L. Worley, assistant foreman, of Mauch Chunk, Pa.; A. H. Birks, chief engineer, of Phoenixville, Pa.; J. W. Atterholt, chief inspector, Phoenixville, Pa. Bridge workers, whose names and addresses are unknown: P. C. Reynolds, George Cook, Phil. Bayant, Thomas Callahan, Carl Stevenson, James Bowen, Ira Fast-William Briggs, J. L. Johnson, A. C. Smith, R. F. Smith, E. A. Brind.

The bridge was about a mile and a half in length, and half of it crumpled up and dropped into the water. Ninety men were at work on this section of the structure, and the whistle had just blown for the men to quit work for the day when there came a grinding sound from the bridge mid-stream. The men turned to see what had happened, and an instant later the cry went up "the bridge is falling."

The men made a rush shoreward, but the distance was too great for them to escape. The fallen section of the bridge dragged others after it, the snapping girders and cables booming like a crash of artillery. Terror lent fleetness to the feet of the frightened workmen as they sped shoreward, but only a few of them reached safety before the last piece of ironwork on the south shore was dragged into the river.

The steamer Glenmont had just cleared the bridge when the first section fell. The water thrown up by the debris came clear over the bridge of the steamer. The captain at once lowered boats. The small boats piled backward and forward over the sunken wreckage for half an hour, but there was no sign of life. The twisted iron and steel had its victims in a terrible death grip. A few floating timbers and the broken strands of the bridge toward the north shore were the only signs that anything unusual had happened. There was not a ripple on the smooth surface of the St. Lawrence as it swept along toward the gulf.

Among those who had a most miraculous escape was J. J. Nance, of Ness, of Harrisburg, Pa., who was in charge of an electric engine at the end of the bridge. Nance went down with his engine into the river, but floated out and was picked up about 300 feet further down the river.

The Quebec bridge was begun about seven years ago, and it was to be finished in 1909. Subsidies had been granted by the federal and provincial governments and the city of Quebec, and the estimated cost of the work was \$10,000,000.

The Phoenixville Bridge company, of Pennsylvania, had the contract for the construction of the bridge, and were working from both sides of the river.

Spanish War Hero to Hang.

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 31.—It developed that William McIntosh, the negro, who is to be hanged here September 5 for the murder of Charles W. Parks in April, was a member of the 10th United States cavalry, troop I, which distinguished itself under fire at the battle of San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American war. McIntosh served a six-year enlistment in the army.

WILD SCENE ON BOARDWALK

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 3.—By the collapse of a boardwalk amusement known as the circular swings three persons were painfully injured and about a dozen others were bruised. The injured, who were taken to a hospital, are:

Vosta Abbott, aged 10 years, Matewan, N. Y., head badly cut.

J. Boas, Atlantic City, injured internally.

Harry P. Kettle, 3132 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, bruised.

The wife of the latter, who was a passenger in the swing, had a narrow escape, only suffering a few bruises as the car fell.

Being Labor Day, a great crowd visited this city, and the swings were taxed to their capacity. The swings revolve in the air in a circle similar to the revolutions of a Ferris wheel. During one of the trips the cars collapsed and fell sideways to the ground. As soon as the accident became known wild scenes of excitement ensued. A rumor that a dozen persons had been killed added to the excitement, which was soon calmed by the police when

the extent of the accident became known. The injured were quickly removed and the three seriously hurt were taken to the hospital. Boys and Mr. and Mrs. Kettle were thrown from the swings as they were about to leap from the car in which they were passengers. The other passengers in the cars disappeared in the crowd which was attracted to the scene. Miss Abbott was not a passenger, but was hit by the fall.

The accident was due to the breaking of an axle of one of the revolving cars.

LEAPED TO DEATH FROM TRAIN

Old Soldier Ends Life of Suffering Near Sunbury, Pa.

Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 31.—Joshua Kay, an aged inmate of the Soldiers and Sailors' home at Erie, committed suicide by jumping from a fast express train on the Northern Central railway at Fisher's ferry, near Sunbury.

Kay was a sufferer from cancer, and, with three other inmates of the home, he was being taken to Philadelphia by Dr. W. B. Washabaugh, resident physician of the institution, for treatment. Kay left the car at Fisher's ferry while his companions were sleeping and threw himself off the train, receiving injuries which caused almost instant death.

He was apparently in good spirits before he took his life, and his comrades are unable to account for his act, unless he was afraid he would die of cancer.

MONUMENT FOR HIS HORSE

Provides \$50,000 Memorial to Ike Cook, a Famous Trotter.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—A \$50,000 monument for his horse is a feature that has been incorporated in the will of Henry Graves, the oldest settler of Chicago, who now lies near death's door, at his home. He came to the little settlement about Fort Dearborn in 1831.

A pioneer racing man and lover of horses, Mr. Graves has provided that the costliest monument ever erected for a horse will be placed in Washington Park. It will memorialize Ike Cook, a famous trotter, which he owned 50 years ago.

Ike Cook had a record of 2.30, which in those early days was remarkable time. In fact, Ike Cook was the first horse to make that mark on a mile track in the state of Illinois. The animal was famous throughout the country, and with Mr. Graves driving, won many great victories.

SEWED ON SEVERED TONGUE

Inch Bitten Off When Lad is Kicked By Horse.

Correctionville, Ia., Sept. 2.—An inch of his tongue, which he bit off when he was kicked by a horse, has been sewed on successfully, and Robbie Hammond, 5 years old, will recover and be able to articulate well and perhaps perfectly, according to the surgeon. Robbie had seen his father, William Hammond, whip the horse to make him kick, and thought it would be fun when he got the opportunity to do it himself. The horse responded, but the child, being too close, was hurled unconscious 20 feet away. The severed tongue hung by a thread.

SUICIDE FOLLOWED MURDER

Burglar, Cornered by Posse, Shot Himself After Killing Policeman.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Sept. 3.—George Cassidy, a policeman, was shot down and killed while endeavoring to arrest two burglars who had been caught in the act of robbing a store. The burglars were pursued by a crowd, and, rather than submit to capture, one of them killed himself in a swamp. The other burglar escaped.

Cassidy had arrested the men and started with his prisoners for the station house when one of them whipped a revolver from his pocket, and, pressing it against Cassidy's coat, pulled the trigger. Cassidy fell dead, and the two men ran away. The noise of the shooting aroused the neighborhood and a crowd gave chase. The burglars separated, one of them making for the Passaic river. When the crowd pressed too close the burglar turned and fired a fusillade of shots, but no one was hit. The burglar then ran into the swamps, trying to find a place where he could swim the river, but the mud and slime dragged him down and he became exhausted in his efforts to escape. Realizing that he would be captured he used the last cartridge in his revolver to shoot himself. He was dead when his pursuers reached him.

HAD DYNAMITE CAP IN POCKET

Exploded When Mother Spanked Boy, and He May Die.

Cheyboygan, Mich., Sept. 2.—Mrs. Fred William, living at Bear Point, on Crooked Lake, near this city, was severely injured, and her 7-year-old son was probably fatally hurt when a dynamite cap in the boy's hip pocket exploded while the mother was spanking him for a minor offense. The little boy had been out in the field where his father was using dynamite to blow up stumps, and had slipped one of the percussion caps, which Mr. Williams was using, in his pocket. He later returned to the house, where his mother

called him in to be punished for some childish misdemeanor. Mrs. Williams used a shingle as the instrument of punishment. The first blow from the shingle exploded the cap in the boy's pocket, and the explosion tore a large hole in his hip, from which he is believed to be dying. The mother lost two fingers and received a number of minor cuts about her face and body.

FIFTEEN DEAD IN CRASH

Electric Cars Collide Head-On at Charleston, Ill.

Mattoon, Ill., Aug. 31.—Fifteen persons were killed and about 50 injured in a head-on collision between an interurban express train, consisting of a motor car and a trailer, and a traction car on the Mattoon & Charleston Electric line, at a sharp curve one mile west of Charleston, Ill. A confusion of orders received over the telephone is said to have been the cause of the accident.

The cars approached each other at high speed, and the impact was so terrific that the motor car and the trailer were telescoped by the traction car. Few passengers had time to escape by jumping. Most of the passengers were going to the Coles county fair at Charleston. Mattoon sent special cars to the wreck and the dead and injured were brought to the morgue and the hospital. Several of the injured may die.

GAS MADE HIM CRAZY

While Under Its Influence Patient Beat Up Two Dentists.

Washington, Sept. 2.—While under the influence of gas, preparatory to having a tooth extracted, George W. Bowers, aged 28, rose from the chair and violently attacked Dr. R. B. Leonard, who was treating him, severely beating and knocking him down. The doctor's call for help brought Dr. W. H. Wunder, who was treated in a similar fashion. Fearing that his life was in danger, Dr. Wunder reached for a small hammer nearby and used it freely on Bowers' head, causing a compound fracture of the skull. Bowers was taken to the emergency hospital and Dr. Wunder was arrested. He was released in \$1,000 bail.

During the struggle between the three men Bowers' wife and a number of women patients were thrown into a panic and took flight. Bowers will recover.

Refused \$93,000 Bribe.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 31.—Winfield T. Durbin, governor of Indiana, from 1901 to 1905, made the sensational statement that soon after his inauguration as governor, attempts were made to bribe him to turn over William A. Taylor, Kentucky's refugee governor, to the authorities of that state for trial on the charge of conspiracy to assassinate Senator Goebel. The sum offered was \$93,000. Mr. Durbin said that Taylor had been advised of the attempted bribery after it was made, and was cognizant of all the details.

Seven Dead in Train Wreck.

Charleston, W. Va., Sept. 3.—A Chesapeake & Ohio local passenger train was derailed a mile below Kanawha Falls, and as a result seven are dead and 17 injured. A coach, the combination express and mail car and the baggage car overturned, rolling towards the Kanawha river. Spreading of the rails is supposed to have been the cause of the accident.

Highest Price Ever Paid For Hog.

Janeville, Wis., Sept. 2.—Five hundred dollars, the largest price ever paid for a hog in this country, was brought by Star Masterpiece, a Berkshire, at a public sale held at Whitehall, Ill. The prize swine was formerly owned by the State University.

Broke His Neck Diving.

Savannah, Ga., Sept. 2.—Joseph L. Brisley, right fielder for the Savannah team in the South Atlantic League, broke his neck at Tybee Island by diving into shallow water. Other bathers saw him as he lay dying on the bottom, but he had announced that he was going to make a long stay under water, and they thought nothing of the matter until some minutes had passed. Then they drew him up, to find him dead.

Woman Burned to Death.

Pottsville, Pa., Aug. 31.—A veritable human torch, Miss Elizabeth Durkin, aged 28 years, a domestic at the home of Mrs. Margaret Collins, met an awful death. She was burning waste paper in the back yard, when her clothing ignited. In her fright she ran around the yard until she was enveloped in flames from head to foot. Thomas Dolan was badly burned in his attempt at a rescue.

Lad Shot By His Mother.

Coatesville, Pa., Sept. 3.—Charles Wallace, the 12-year-old son of Henry Wallace, of Thorndale, told his mother that crows were in the garden. She secured a shotgun, but in starting out pulled the trigger to see if it was loaded, when the contents struck Charles, killing him.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, August 28.

Henry Crouche's tobacco barns at Prestonville, Ky., were burned, causing a loss of \$150,000.

Four persons were burned to death in a fire which destroyed their home at Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dr. Louis A. Klein, of Lewistown, has been appointed deputy state veterinarian of Pennsylvania.

Colonel Isaac Wing, a noted philanthropist and one of the wealthiest men in Wisconsin, died at Bayfield.

The Earl of Dunmore, the most prominent christian scientist in England, died suddenly at his home near Canterbury.

Thursday, August 29.

L. H. Carter, son of Brigadier General W. H. Carter, was killed in Chicago by an electric shock.

General John A. Wiley, of Franklin, has been appointed major general of the Pennsylvania national guard.

Colonel James B. Curtis, of New York, was elected president of the Delta, Tau Delta fraternity at the Chicago convention.

Walter Donisthorpe, a former valet of King Edward VII., died at the house of correction in Milwaukee, Wis., a victim of the morphine habit.

Friday, August 30.

Four men were killed by an explosion of dynamite on the Grand Trunk railway, near Kenora, Ont.

A wind storm struck the Iowa state fair grounds at Des Moines and caused damage estimated at \$100,000.

Nelson Morris, the meat packer, who died recently in Chicago, left an estate valued at more than \$200,000.

James L. Minnetree, aged 30 years, of Washington, D. C., was found dead in the berth of a Pullman car at Norfolk, Va.

While working on the Pennsylvania railroad, near Philadelphia, two Italian laborers were struck by an express train and instantly killed.

Saturday, August 31.

Rear Admiral William A. Windsor, U. S. N., retired, died at his home in New York.

The loss on the Courier-Journal building at Louisville, Ky., which was destroyed by fire, is estimated at \$300,000.

New York police officials are experimenting with bloodhounds to be used in tracking fugitive criminals in the outlying districts.

While plying coal along the Reading railroad in Philadelphia, Mrs. Ellen Fitzgerald, 65 years old, was struck by a train and her body was cut in two.

Falling from a step of the Widener School for Crippled Children, in Philadelphia, 7-year-old Thomas Grettline, received injuries that caused his death.

Monday, September 2.

Frederick Harding, a wealthy manufacturer, of Paterson, N. J., committed suicide by shooting.

The Maryland Prohibitionists nominated William Gislrie, a Baltimore business man, for governor.

Two attempts were made to wreck Erie passenger trains near Cleveland, O., ties being piled on the track in each instance.

Falling down a flight of stairs at Bethlehem, Pa., Miss Julia M. Ehrig, aged 71 years, fractured her skull and died in a short time.

Run down by a train at a grade crossing at West Point, Ga., Farmer F. M. Johnson and his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Pullen, were killed.

Tuesday, September 3.

The postoffice clerks held their annual national convention at Peoria, Ill.

Ulrich Struble, aged 69, committed suicide on the street in Philadelphia by drinking carbolic acid.

According to the New York department of education, 1,250,103 children attend public schools in New York state.

Former U. S. Judge John J. Jackson, of Parkersburg, W. Va., dropped dead at Atlantic City, N. J., aged 83 years.

Dana Miller, son of the West Virginia superintendent of schools, committed suicide at Charleston by cutting his throat.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

NEW YORK—BUTTER—strong; creamery specials, 26 1/2c; extras, 26c; thirds to firsts, 24 1/2c; western factory, common to extra, 18 1/2c to 22c. CHEESE—strong; state, full cream, small, colored, fine, 13 1/2c; skims, 10 1/2c. EGGS—quiet; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, fancy, selected white, 26 1/2c; good to choice, 23 1/2c; brown and mixed, fancy, 23 1/2c; western firsts, 19 1/2c; thirds to seconds, 16 1/2c. POULTRY—alive, steady; spring chickens, 15 1/2c; fowls, 14 1/2c; turkeys, 13c; dressed steady; western broilers, 15 1/2c; turkeys, 13 1/2c; fowls, 12 1/2c. POTATOES—Irregular; Long Island, per barrel, \$2 25; Jersey, 1 75; southern, 1 25; 1 25; 2; southern sweets, per barrel, \$2 40; Jersey, per basket, \$2 30. CABBAGE—steady; Mat Dutch, per 100, \$4 00; red and Savoy, \$3 50 to 4 50.

Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK—BEEVES—steady. CALVES—steady. VEALS, \$6 00; no choice hams; western calves, \$6; grassers and buttermilks, nominal. SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep steady; lambs active and fully 25c higher; sheep, \$3 75 to 4 25; lambs, \$7 00 to 8 12 1/2; culls, \$5 25 to 6 00. HOGS—All for slaughterers; nominally steady.

THE CIRCUS BAND.

I love to hear the circus band,
The music is so gay
It has a boundless repertoire,
And plays it twice a day.
From Wagner's down to "Ooley-oo!"
The faculty is really
And twice a day it plays right through
Till the performance ends.

Its ceaseless industry deserves
A warm encomium,
Alike for him who toots a horn
And him who beats a drum.
Year after year the players blow,
Their ranks are never thinned,
And every year my wonder grows—
Where do they get the wind?
—Somerville Journal.

A PERIOD OF DROUGHT.

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

Every winter when Mrs. Bronson, whose throat was delicate, was banished West or South, her cousin, Harriet Kingsly, was engaged to mother the family.

Miss Kingsly made an entirely trustworthy guardian, yet she possessed one striking peculiarity that not only amused, but exasperated the left-at-home Bronsons. Before her mother's death, Cousin Harriet had spent twenty years trying to live within an income that was a good deal too small. Afterward the income expanded to twice its former size, but Harriet did not. She had been cramped too long. Her sober, saving mind refused to see her former dollars doubled; and she continued to "scrimp" long after the necessity for scrimping had ceased to exist.

During the luxurious months that she kept house for her well-to-do, open-handed cousin, an employment that she thoroughly enjoyed, she kept it after her own parsimonious fashion. She saved scraps, turned down all the gas-jets, ordered one pie when circumstances really demanded two, used all her matches twice, and by cutting it in two beforehand, compelled a single beefsteak to serve for two somewhat restricted meals.

In households where it was needed, Harriet's economy would have proved a blessing; but under the Bronsons' well-shingled roof frugality seemed an exaggerated virtue. As practiced by Cousin Harriet, it certainly added nothing whatever to the Bronsons' comfort, whatever it may have done toward increasing their already ample bank account.

"Now, Harriet," Mr. Bronson would say, when the cream ran short, "there isn't any earthly reason why we shouldn't take a gallon of milk a day if we need it. What are we getting? You've cut it down to a quart! Dear, dear! And here we are getting enough cream off one quart for two able-bodied meals! Harriet, you'll really be the death of me! My system won't stand cream in such quantities."

"But," said Harriet, triumphantly, "I've saved over half the household allowance this month."

"That," returned Mr. Bronson, "would be entirely commendable if there were any need of saving it; but there isn't. I'm making it to spend. I'd rather spend it. You see, the milkman has to live, so does the grocer, so does the butcher. By the way, tell the cook to broil the rest of this beefsteak. I'd like to live myself; I'm sure I shan't if I have to go without cream in my coffee. Why, Harriet, every time I part with another acre of that mineral land near Gogible I'm afraid I'll discover that I'm a millionaire! Half of one, anyway. We can't spend our money but once. Let's have our cream while it agrees with us."

Gradually good-natured Gershom Bronson overruled his cousin's too parsimonious habits; not, however, with entire success, because as fast as he disposed of one, another broke out where it was least expected. For instance, by the time she was convinced that he really could not see to read with the gas turned down, Harriet had rescued seven unannealed stamps from the waste-basket, soaked them off and laid them, guiltless of gum, on her busy cousin's desk.

Having a saving sense of humor, his only saving quality, Harriet said, "Mr. Bronson found his economical relative amusing. And Cousin Harriet realized that so much genuine kindness lurked beneath Gershom Bronson's bantering that her feelings were never hurt. But she still persisted in going to bed by candle-light to save gas."

"If we had forty millions," muttered seventeen-year-old Elyda, tying a parcel with cord from an astonishingly knobby ball, "Cousin Harriet would still hoard string. She's saved enough to last forever. I wonder how it would feel to use brand-new twine."

"You'd miss the knots," giggled Frances.

"I see," said Mr. Bronson, looking up from his paper, "that the water board has decided to put in meters. That will afford a new field for economy."

Cousin Harriet's brow puckered anxiously. She was darning an odd sock that she had found in the rag-bag.

"Meters! Dear me! Water is the one thing that this town has always been able to have enough of. I must tell Mary—"

"Don't worry," soothed Mr. Bron-

son. "I guess we'll still be able to drink it."

The meter, an inoffensive affair that looked like a brass teapot, was duly installed. The plumber, lifting the circular metal lid, showed Miss Kingsly six little groups of figures on the four-inch disk. One could use, it appeared, anywhere from no water at all to an ocean at so much per thousand cubic feet. Compared with the rate for the same amount of ice, the price seemed moderate.

"How much," asked Miss Kingsly, cautiously, "is it likely to cost a month?"

"Well," confided the plumber, collecting his tools, "I really don't know much about them—this is only the fourth I've put in, and I haven't seen one busy—but I should say that it would all depend on how much a body used."

The meter weighed heavily on Cousin Harriet's mind. She could picture it in the Bronson cellar, greedily counting every drop that trickled through the pipes. Of course from the very moment that the system went into force, the good lady began to have water.

"Mary," said she to the cook, "you mustn't waste a drop. When you've rinsed the dishes, pour the water into this pail, so I can use it to water the plants. And, Mary, save part of your wash-water on Monday to scrub the laundry floor. It seems a pity to waste all that nice bluing water. Isn't there something we could do with it?"

"We might," suggested Mary, doubtfully, "heat it to wash windows with."

"We'll try it," return Miss Kingsly, screwing the faucets tighter.

Mary, now restricted at every turn—every turn of the faucet, Mr. Bronson said—was fast losing the amiability for which she had been famed. The hitherto fastidious girls wore their white shirtwaists a day longer than usual to save washing. Indeed, the entire family was gradually becoming niggardly with the water-supply. Even Elyda was observed saving half the contents of her glass for the benefit of the parched fern-dish.

"Really," expostulated Mr. Bronson, when this discovery was made, "if this nonsense doesn't stop we'll all have water on the brain. I'm affected myself. It's all I can do this minute to keep from turning on every faucet in the house just to see how it seems actually to possess enough water to wash both hands in at once."

"You can't," said Cousin Harriet with dignity. "I've had all the faucets fixed—"

"That's why they merely drizzle!" exclaimed Frances. "I supposed they'd just grown economical of their own accord."

"I've tried for half an hour to read that meter," confessed Cousin Harriet, emerging dustily from the cellar the morning of the thirty-first, "but I can't understand the figures. This is the day they inspect it. I wanted to be prepared."

Three hours later Miss Kingsly followed the meter-man to the cellar. He lifted the metal lid, held his lantern close, and read the figures to which the indicator pointed. Suddenly he uttered an ejaculation and stooped lower. Then he shook his head. His manner expressed disapproval.

"Have we used very much?" demanded Cousin Harriet, anxiously.

"Just about all Lake Superior!" retorted the man.

"What?" gasped the guardian of faucets, in horror.

"The meter's put on wrong," explained the man. "That plumber's got it hind end to. This makes nine that'll have to come out so far. This way it registers all the water that you don't use, I guess. Of course we can't go by it this month. We'll have it reversed."

The Bronsons became hilarious when the matter was explained. Miss Kingsly, however, seemed depressed.

"To think," she lamented, "that I wasted all that time saving water when there wasn't any need of it!"

"There wasn't any need of it, anyway," said Mr. Bronson. "After this, I'm going to run the water wagon. Mary, I don't care how many plants you water with your cold tea, but we won't have any more bluing on the windows—it gives the whole world an indigo aspect. From this hour forth, we'll just forget that there's a meter in our cellar."

Nevertheless, the meter refused to be dismissed thus lightly from the Bronson minds. When the end of the month arrived, the family was still sufficiently interested to flock cellarward at the inspector's heels.

"Used all you needed?" asked the man, looking up from the meter.

"All we needed and more," replied Cousin Harriet, nervously herself for a shock. "We haven't—we weren't allowed to be careful."

"Well," returned the man, "this meter's saving you money. Your bill's about a dollar less than it was by the old way of reckoning."—Youth's Companion.

Wasting Time.

A sophisticated mother who felt responsible for the future of her daughters, said to one of them:

"Anna, what did young Mr. Jones say to you last night when he was buttoning your glove? I saw he was slightly excited."

"Why," answered Anna, "he said that the person who made a glove so hard to button as that deserved to be killed."

"My dear," retorted her mother, impressively, "don't waste any more of your time on young Mr. Jones."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE WEATHER PROPHET OF BAD LEG.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

It was a big day for Bad Leg when Old Man Barlow climbed out of the stage and set his foot on Main street, and all the able-bodied men in the city gathered to give him a glad welcome, for he had been well advertised.

Old Man Barlow came from somewhere down in Maine—some little place with a big Indian jawbreaker name—and he was daddy to Woolly Barlow, one of the most respected citizens of Bad Leg, and Woolly had let us know the old man's good points. He used to sit for hours and brag about his daddy's value to a growing city like Bad Leg, until we came to believe that if we could just get Old Man Barlow to come West and settle at Bad Leg we would have the so-called city of Ringtail beat to a finish. So we all chipped in to raise enough to pay his fare West, and he came.

When Woolly first raised the subject of the advantageousness of Old Man Barlow as a citizen of our metropolis, we naturally wanted to know the old man's good points, and he asked Woolly, and the conversation went something like this:

"Is he a good worker?" we asked.

"Well, no," says Woolly, "he ain't, very."

"Is he a good fighter?"

"Well, no, he ain't, very."

"Is he a good talker?"

"Well, no, he ain't, very."

And we went on down the list until at last Copper Judkins says:

"Well, what in Sam Hill is he good for?"

"Well," says Woolly, "he's the best weather prophet you ever see. There never was a match for the old man at pointin' out what the weather will be. He seems jest a natural born predictor, and no mistake. Let me tell you—every man in the State of Maine is a weather prophet. You can lay your hand on any man you run across first in Maine and you'll have it on a better weather prophet than the best in any other State. Weather prophesying is a science in Maine. Kids there three years old can go out doors and sniff the air a minute and say, 'Cloudy weather to-morrow,' or 'Snow fore nightfall, I reckon,' and hit it right every time. I don't s'pose you'll believe me, but the men have prophecy contests every winter, when the best prophets get together from all over the State to prophesy for a championship belt. Well, my old man can give all of them four aces and win the game every time."

So that was why we paid to have Old Man Barlow come to Bad Leg, and as soon as he landed from the stage and Limpy Taylor had made his little speech of welcome and we had done the honors at Ryerson's Palace, up speaks Copper Judkins and says:

"Well, Mister Barlow, seein' as how you've been initiated into the good society of Bad Leg and are now a full-fledged citizen of the comin' metropolis of the West, what say you to giving us a little weather prophecy right now, just as a sample?"

The minute Old Man Barlow heard the word "weather" his eyes began to sparkle, and he ran his hand down his long white beard, and he says, "Boys, I see my son here has been tellin' you I'm some at foretellin' the weather, an' he ain't told no untruth. I guess the weather is one critter I know from A to Izzard and back again. I simply dote on the weather, and he studied her all my life till I know her tricks like a book, and hever all codified and scheduled and put into rules and maxims and poetry. Jest let me step to the door a minute."

With that he did step to the door and he looked at the sun to get his points of the compass, and then he held out his hand in the breeze—which wasn't much of a breeze, but as much as we usually had at Bad Leg that time of the year—and he says, short and decided like, "Wind's in the east; we'll have rain."

Well, sir, you could have heard a pin drop if anybody had one to drop, but they hadn't. We was all mightily embarrassed, for the truth was that the breeze came from the east six months every year at Bad Leg, and that was during the six months of dry spell, when it never rained at all. We ought to have told Old Man Barlow so, then and there, but he was smilin', so confident like and truthful, that, seein' it was his first day in Bad Leg, we didn't have the heart to do it. So we let him go off to his son's shack without saying anything, and he went off smiling.

First thing Copper Judkins says when the old man went out was, "He's a bloomin' old fraud!" But Ryerson spoke up quick and says, "Hold on there, Copper; don't be so fast. How do you know he's a fraud? Give him a show first," says he. "Of course," he says, "I'll admit we ain't ever had rain durin' the dry spell since mortal man come to Bad Leg, but then, we ain't ever had a weather prophet, either. Mebbe that's why. If he was just a common guesser I'd say like you say—that's he a fraud—but he ain't a common guesser. He's the champion prophesyer of the State of Maine, and I figger that he's got such a grip on the weather that what he says has just got to come true."

Some of us thought as Judkins did, and some of us thought like Ryerson, but the end of it was that we

agreed to give Old Man Barlow a little time to prove up his case, which is to say, that we'd wait and see if it did rain like he had prophesied.

Next day Old Man Barlow came out and took his place on a chair before Woolly's shack, but we noticed he looked worried and kept casting his eye off to the eastward, but no rain came. Along in the afternoon a lot of clouds passed over and the old man chirped up some, but clouds don't rain in the dry season at Bad Leg, and all they did was to pass over, and by night Old Man Barlow was pretty glum, I tell you.

Well, the old man seemed to know we was losing faith in him as the days passed, and he got mighty blue and downcast, and kept away from all of us. He would just sit on his chair and keep his eye on the little weather vane he had rigged up on a post before the shack, and talk to himself. When we passed by we would hear him saying, "Wind's in the east; wind's in the east," or "Never knew it to fail before," or "She's got to rain," or some such thing.

I tell you it was mighty pitiful to see that poor old man and the faith he had in the weather, for he wouldn't lose faith. He seemed to feel hurt at the way the weather was treating him, just as if some old friend had got to acting mean, but he never believed the weather would go back on him entirely, and he sat out there in the east breeze, day after day, waiting for the weather to come back and be forgiven. It was a touching scene, and Ryerson suggested that we ought to get up a convention to petition the Almighty for rain, but none of us being much of a hand at that sort of thing, we let it drop. We figured that if faith would do the work, Old Man Barlow had enough faith to bring a deluge, but, as for us, we had never known it to rain except after the wind shifted to the west at the end of the dry season, so we couldn't be expected to have much faith in rain coming from the east.

Poor old Barlow got more and more downcast as the days went on, and we got to going round to try to cheer him up, but it didn't seem to do any good. He used to shake his head and say: "Boys, I never knew it to fail—'East wind brings rain'—I've said it a thousand times, and every time I said it, it brought the rain," and then the tears would pile up in his eyes and run down and splash on the ground like rain drops, and sometimes he would think they were rain drops, and then he would look up, and when he saw the clear sky, he would drop his chin down into his whiskers and break down complete, like a little weak baby. Oh, it was terrible!

Sometimes we would walk up to him and sniff the air, and say: "Air smells damp this morning, Mister Barlow," but it never fooled him, and we couldn't get him to smile. He would just groan and shake his head in the same old doleful way.

He got worse and worse as time went on, and he got thinner and thinner until he was a regular skeleton, and his face was like a death's head with whiskers, and with two bright eyes looking out—always looking for rain. And then one day he took to his bed and went out of his head. Sometimes he thought he was back in Maine and then he would smile a poor, skinny smile; and sometimes he thought he was Noah, but the saddest was when he thought he was the east wind tryin' to blow a heavy watering cart through a sand desert. When he thought he was that, the toughest of us had to just sit down and cry, it was so pitiful.

Then one day he falled pretty fast, and we knew he was going, and as he fell back on the pillow with his eyes shut, the rain began to fall outside to beat sixty. When he heard it, a sweet, peaceful smile passed over his face, and he opened his eyes and said: "She's come!" and then, after a minute: "It's all right now, life is worth livin'" and he seemed to strengthen up right away.

For a little bit he lay enjoying the sound of the rain, and then he sort of raised himself on one elbow and looked out of the window, but in a minute he caught sight of his little weather vane, and the smile fled, and he fell back and died. You see, we all stood there, thinking how sad it was, I reckon, and none of us knowing what to do or say, when all of a sudden Copper Judkins left the room. The next we saw of him he was out in the rain nailing Old Man Barlow's weather vane so it pointed from the east. Which leads me to remark that somehow a feller always thinks of such things after they can't do any good.—New York Times.

Prosperity Reduces Birth Rate.

The breeder who to improve his stock must keep them in great comfort on abundance of food finds his greatest difficulty in their tendency to sterility. Seeing that this law of fertility governs not only the animal but also the vegetable kingdom, may we not safely conclude that human volition has little to do with the birth rate, and also hold that the birth rate of a nation is inversely proportional to the well-being of its people?—Nineteenth Century.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He who fights and runs away may win in the long run.

You can take many a man's measure by pints and quarts.

There are people who could help more by giving less advice.

The trouble with truth is that most of us are too polite to tell it.

A girl likes an extravagant man, unless she is going to marry him.

An old maid is merely a woman who has been engaged once too seldom.

Trouble will seldom get out of the way for any one who is looking for it.

It's a wise weather prophet that knows just when to borrow an umbrella.

Love is blind, which is perhaps why he depends so largely on the sense of touch.

Faith after all may merely be an ability to believe things we know are not true.

When a woman needs sympathy, cry with her; when a man needs it; swear with him.

A pessimist is merely a man who expects to get the worst of it sooner than the rest of us.

The fellow who tries to drown his sorrows often merely succeeds in making his head swim.

A man convinced against his will will be to be convinced all over again the next time you meet him.

Don't worry about what the world thinks of you. The world has several billions of people to think about.

Some men seem to think that as long as they keep out of jail they may have a pretty good chance of getting to heaven.

The insurance people don't seem a bit worried over the young man who feels that he is destined to set the world on fire.—From "The Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

PAPYRUS.

The Need of a New Source for Paper If the Forests Are to be Saved.

It is to the durability of papyrus that we owe the preservation of much Old World history and literature. In the days of Egypt's glory and growing and selling of papyrus was a government monopoly. The exhaustion of this valuable plant was due to the same sort of waste and neglect that is depleting our forests.

Today the United States supplies about a third of the paper in the world. In the early days when rags were the staple of paper-making, placards were issued headed, "Ladies, save your rags" and the bell cart, announced days before, made its rounds to collect paper and rags. In 1889 the rag famine had begun. About 1870 the first mill for making paper of wood was introduced into the United States.

As is well known, wood fibre paper is so perishable that newspaper files and libraries printed upon it would hardly last a generation. And yet the manufacture of wood paper steadily increases. A mill is planted in the middle of a forest and in a short time the tract is as bare as a stubble field. Then the portable mill is moved to another doomed forest. Our beautiful popular and spruce trees are fast disappearing. In one year 1,500,000 cords of spruce alone were used in our paper mills. Woods of different kinds are devoured by the rapacious mills.

If, like flax and hemp, papyrus could take the place of wood to any extent, it would be a gain in more than one. Papyrus is seen flourishing as an ornamental shrub in Sicily and in California and still grows wild in Abyssinia. In this country all sorts of climates and soils the production of the paper weed would seem worth the trying.—M. B. B., in the New York Times.

Say These Quick!

The name of Maine's highest mountain has been spelled at various times and by various authorities Ktaadin, Ktahdin, and, as now generally recognized, Katahdin. A stream in the region has been called Wissataquoik, Wassataquoik and Wassatacook, and today the lumbermen call it 'Saatacook, Molunkus, Ripogenus and Nicatous are simple enough to be let alone, but there is a big job awaiting the man who tries to simplify Pockwocomakus, Sourdahunk, Passanagmock, Katepsconeagon (sometimes called Debsconeag), Caucomgomoc or Chemaquassabamslook, Aboljackmagasset, Aboljackamagassic or Aboljackamegas is generally clipped by the loggers and hunters to Abol, and, in fact, is so called by nearly everybody, on the plea that life is too short to wander through all the syllables that rightly belong to the name of the stream.—Boston Transcript.

Applied to Wrong Place.

Mr. Husky went into a chemist's shop and bought a bottle of patent stuff which was advertised thus: "No more coughs. No more colds. Is. 11-2d the bottle." Three days later he went to the chemist, complaining that his throat was stopped up and that he could scarcely breathe. "I've drunk all that patent cough mixture, and I'm no better."

"Drunk it. Why, that's an India-rubber solution to put on the soles of your shoes."—Tit-Bits.

Putting Him Next.

"Willie, will you tell your sister I am here?"

"Would you like to have her come down?"

"Of course."

"Then, if you'll give me a quarter, I'll tell her you are not here."—Houston Post.



It is estimated, says the American machinist, that 100 pounds of alcohol can be made from one ton of domestic refuse. In a good motor car this quantity of alcohol would develop 100 horsepower hours.—Engineer.

"Raise a drop of water to the size of the earth and raise an atom in the same proportion, and the atom will then be in some place between the size of a marble and a cricket ball." Thus said Lord Kelvin, in trying to explain to the inerudite world how little are things atomic.

Paper bricks are used in Berlin for paving; many telegraph poles are now made of rolled sheets of paper; paper coffins are used in some places. Some straw hats, into which enters not an atom of straw, consist of narrow paper strips dyed yellow; artificial sponges can be made of paper pulp.

According to a contemporary, a small piece of good emery cloth is all the material necessary to frost an incandescent lamp quickly, but effectively. Rub the cloth over the entire lamp with a circular motion. Rubbing up and down will not produce the best results. About fifteen minutes' work will produce a very good frosting on an ordinary globe.—Engineer.

Professor Berg, in Buenos Ayres, reports that he has discovered a spider which practices fishing at times. In shallow places it spins between stones a two-winged, conical net, on which it runs in the water and captures small fish, tadpoles, etc. That it understands its work well is shown by the numerous shriveled skins of little creatures that lie about in the web net.

Among the advancements made during the past year in British commercial undertakings in Venezuela, the Central Railway has slightly extended its system and electricity has been partly substituted for steam. The railway to El Valle, near Caracas, in which British interests are involved, has also adopted electric power, and British engineers are at present commencing the electrification of the Caracas tramway system.—Engineer.

Tantalum has been hammered into sheets which are extremely hard. Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., states that a hole had to be bored through a plate of this metal and a diamond drill was used, revolving at the rate of 5000 revolutions per minute. This whirling force was continued ceaselessly for three days and nights, when it was found that only a small depression 0.25 millimetre deep had been drilled, and it was a moot point which had suffered the more damage—the diamond or the tantalum.

SIMPLIFIES SHAVING.

English Method Does Away With the Razor.

Much ingenuity has been expended recently to simplify shaving. The safety razor has been a potent factor in this direction, and this is presented now in many different shapes. The newest in this line consists of a shaving outfit, with a supply of several blades, which occupies no more space than a fountain pen. In fact, when the parts have been disposed of after use the case looks exactly like a fountain pen. The extra blades are stored away in the cap. Another novelty in the same line is heard of from London, where a well known scientist is said to have succeeded in making a preparation which makes the removal of the beard an extremely simple matter. The preparation comes in the form of a powder, from which a lather is applied to the portions of the face which are to be cleaned, and after it has been allowed to remain for about ten minutes the lather, hair and all are removed with the back of a comb or some other blunt edge of this character. If allowed to act a little longer time the hair may be washed from the face. This was recently demonstrated at a gathering of scientific persons in London, and a half-inch growth of stubby beard was removed with the back of a lady's comb.

A Moving Lake.

There are several "floating" islands in existence well known to scientists, but the only "wandering" lake we ever heard of is Lake Nor, in the Gobi desert, in Asia, which phenomenon was recently accounted for by the fact that Tarim river, entering the lake from the west, brings down during the period of high water late in summer a great quantity of salt, which has the effect of driving the lake, lying on the level floor of the desert, toward the southeast. But the summer wind, drifting the surface sand and darkening the heavens with dust, blows generally from the northeast, and it, too, tends to drive the lake before it. The combined effect of the urging by the wind and the river is to force the lake southward.—Marine Journal.

Not A Tragedy.

Miss Sympathy—Some terrible tragedy must have happened while Mrs. Gasleigh was in Paris.

Miss Caustic—I don't know why you think so.

Miss Sympathy—She has never smiled since she returned.

Miss Caustic—Well, maybe she had her face enamelled over there—New York News.

THE CIRCUS BAND.

I love to hear the circus band,
Its music is so gay
It has a boundless repertoire,
And plays it twice a day.
From Wagner's down to "Ooley-ool"
Its faculty extends.
And twice a day it plays right through
Till the performance ends.
Its ceaseless industry deserves
A warm encomium.
Alike for him who toots a horn
And him who beats a drum.
Year after year the players blow,
Their ranks are never thinned,
And every year my wonder grows—
Where do they get the wind?
—Somerville Journal.

A PERIOD OF DROUGHT.

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

Every winter when Mrs. Bronson, whose throat was delicate, was banished West or South, her cousin, Harriet Kingsly, was engaged to mother the family.

Miss Kingsly made an entirely trustworthy guardian, yet she possessed one striking peculiarity that not only amused, but exasperated the left-at-home Bronsons. Before her mother's death, Cousin Harriet had spent twenty years trying to live within an income that was a good deal too small. Afterward the income expanded to twice its former size, but Harriet did not. She had been cramped too long. Her sober, saving mind refused to see her former dollars doubled; and she continued to "scrimp" long after the necessity for scrimping had ceased to exist.

During the luxurious months that she kept house for her well-to-do, open-handed cousin, an employment that she thoroughly enjoyed, she kept it after her own parsimonious fashion. She saved scraps, turned down all the gas-jets, ordered one pie when circumstances really demanded two, used all her matches twice, and by cutting it in two beforehand, compelled a single beefsteak to serve for two somewhat restricted meals.

In households where it was needed, Harriet's economy would have proved a blessing; but under the Bronsons' well-shingled roof frugality seemed an exaggerated virtue. As practiced by Cousin Harriet, it certainly added nothing whatever to the Bronsons' comfort, whatever it may have done toward increasing their already ample bank account.

"Now, Harriet," Mr. Bronson would say, when the cream ran short, "there isn't any earthly reason why we shouldn't take a gallon of milk a day if we need it. What are we getting? You've cut it down to a quart! Dear, dear! And here we are getting enough cream off one quart for two able-bodied meals! Harriet, you'll really be the death of me! My system won't stand cream in such quantities."

"But," said Harriet, triumphantly, "I've saved over half the household allowance this month."

"That," returned Mr. Bronson, "would be entirely commendable if there were any need of saving it; but there isn't. I'm making it to spend. I'd rather spend it. You see, the milkman has to live, so does the grocer, so does the butcher. By the way, tell the cook to broil the rest of this beefsteak. I'd like to live myself; I'm sure I shan't if I have to go without cream in my coffee. Why, Harriet, every time I part with another acre of that mineral land near Gogible I'm afraid I'll discover that I'm a millionaire! Half of one, anyway. We can't spend our money but once. Let's have our cream while it agrees with us."

Gradually good-natured Gershom Bronson overruled his cousin's too parsimonious habits; not, however, with entire success, because as fast as he disposed of one, another broke out where it was least expected. For instance, by the time she was convinced that he really could not see to read with the gas turned down, Harriet had rescued seven unopened stamps from the waste-basket, soaked them off and laid them, guiltless of gum, on her busy cousin's desk.

Having a saving sense of humor, his only saving quality, Harriet said, "Mr. Bronson found his economical relative amusing. And Cousin Harriet realized that so much genuine kindness lurked beneath Gershom Bronson's bantering that her feelings were never hurt. But she still persisted in going to bed by candle-light to save gas."

"If we had forty millions," muttered seventeen-year-old Elyda, tying a parcel with cord from an astonishingly knobby ball, "Cousin Harriet would still hoard string. She's saved enough to last forever. I wonder how it would feel to use brand-new twine."

"You'd miss the knots," giggled Frances.

"I see," said Mr. Bronson, looking up from his paper, "that the water board has decided to put in meters. That will afford a new field for economy."

Cousin Harriet's brow puckered anxiously. She was darning an odd sock that she had found in the rag-bag.

"Meters! Dear me! Water is the one thing that this town has always been able to have enough of. I must tell Mary—"

"Don't worry," soothed Mr. Bron-

son. "I guess we'll still be able to drink it."

The meter, an inoffensive affair that looked like a brass teapot, was duly installed. The plumber, lifting the circular metal lid, showed Miss Kingsly six little groups of figures on the four-inch disk. One could use, it appeared, anywhere from no water at all to an ocean as so much per thousand cubic feet. Compared with the rate for the same amount of ice, the price seemed moderate.

"How much," asked Miss Kingsly, cautiously, "is it likely to cost a month?"

"Well," confided the plumber, collecting his tools, "I really don't know much about them,—this is only the fourth I've put in, and I haven't seen one busy—but I should say that it would all depend on how much a body used."

The meter weighed heavily on Cousin Harriet's mind. She could picture it in the Bronson cellar, greedily counting every drop that trickled through the pipes. Of course from the very moment that the system went into force, the good lady began to have water.

"Mary," said she to the cook, "you mustn't waste a drop. When you've rinsed the dishes, pour the water into this pail, so I can use it to water the plants. And, Mary, save part of your wash-water on Monday to scrub the laundry floor. It seems a 'ty to waste all that nice bluing water. Isn't there something we could do with it?"

"We might," suggested Mary, doubtfully, "heat it to wash windows with."

"We'll try it," return Miss Kingsly, screwing the faucets tighter.

Mary, now restricted at every turn—every turn of the faucet, Mr. Bronson said—was fast losing the amiability for which she had been famed. The hitherto fastidious girls wore their white shirtwaists a day longer than usual to save washing. Indeed, the entire family was gradually becoming niggardly with the water-supply. Even Elyda was observed saving half the contents of her glass for the benefit of the parched fern-dish.

"Really," expostulated Mr. Bronson, when this discovery was made, "if this nonsense doesn't stop we'll all have water on the brain. I'm affected myself. It's all I can do this minute to keep from turning on every faucet in the house just to see how it seems actually to possess enough water to wash both hands at once."

"You can't," said Cousin Harriet, with dignity. "I've had all the faucets fixed—"

"That's why they merely drizzle!" exclaimed Frances. "I supposed they'd just grown economical of their own accord."

"I've tried for half an hour to read that meter," confessed Cousin Harriet, emerging dustily from the cellar the morning of the thirty-first, "but I can't understand the figures. This is the day they inspect it. I wanted to be prepared."

Three hours later Miss Kingsly followed the meter-man to the cellar. He lifted the metal lid, held his lantern close, and read the figures to which the indicator pointed. Suddenly he uttered an ejaculation and stooped lower. Then he shook his head. His manner expressed disapproval.

"Have we used very much?" demanded Cousin Harriet, anxiously.

"Just about all Lake Superior!" retorted the man.

"What?" gasped the guardian of faucets, in horror.

"The meter's put on wrong," explained the man. "That plumber's got it hind end to. This makes nine that'll have to come out so far. This way it registers all the water that you don't use, I guess. Of course we can't go by it this month. We'll have it reversed."

The Bronsons became hilarious when the matter was explained. Miss Kingsly, however, seemed depressed. "To think," she lamented, "that I wasted all that time saving water when there wasn't any need of it."

"There wasn't any need of it, anyway," said Mr. Bronson. "After this, I'm going to run the water wagon. Mary, I don't care how many plants you water with your cold tea, but we won't have any more bluing on the windows—it gives the whole world an indigo aspect. From this hour forth, we'll just forget that there's a meter in our cellar."

Nevertheless, the meter refused to be dismissed thus lightly from the Bronson minds. When the end of the month arrived, the family was still sufficiently interested to flock cellarward at the inspector's heels.

"Used all you needed?" asked the man, looking up from the meter.

"All we needed and more," replied Cousin Harriet, nerving herself for a shock. "We haven't—we weren't allowed to be careful."

"Well," returned the man, "this meter's saving you money. Your bill's about a dollar less than it was by the old way of reckoning."—Youth's Companion.

Wasting Time.

A sophisticated mother who felt responsible for the future of her daughters, said to one of them:

"Anna, what did young Mr. Jones say to you last night when he was buttoning your glove? I saw he was slightly excited."

"Why," answered Anna, "he said that the person who made a glove so hard to button as that deserved to be killed."

"My dear," retorted her mother, im-

THE WEATHER PROPHET OF BAD LEG.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

It was a big day for Bad Leg when Old Man Barlow climbed out of the stage and set his foot on Main street, and all the able-bodied men in the city gathered to give him a glad welcome, for he had been well advertised.

Old Man Barlow came from somewhere down in Maine—some little place with a big Indian jawbreaker name—and he was daddy to Woolly Barlow, one of the most respected citizens of Bad Leg, and Woolly had let us know the old man's good points. He used to sit for hours and brag about his daddy's value to a growing city like Bad Leg, until we came to believe that if we could just get Old Man Barlow to come West and settle at Bad Leg we would have the so-called city of Ringtail beat to a finish. So we all chipped in to raise enough to pay his fare West, and he came.

When Woolly first raised the subject of the advantageousness of Old Man Barlow as a citizen of our metropolis, we naturally wanted to know the old man's good points, and he asked Woolly, and the conversation went something like this:

"Is he a good worker?" we asked.

"Well, no," says Woolly, "he ain't, very."

"Is he a good fighter?"

"Well, no, he ain't, very."

"Is he a good talker?"

"Well, no, he ain't, very."

And we went on down the list until at last Copper Judkins says: "Well, what in Sam Hill is he good for?"

"Well," says Woolly, "he's the best weather prophet you ever see. There never was a match for the old man at pointin' out what the weather will be. He seems just a natural born predictor, and no mistake. Let me tell you—every man in the State of Maine is a weather prophet. You can lay your hand on any man you run across first in Maine and you'll have it on a better weather prophet than the best in any other State. Weather prophesying is a science in Maine. Kids there three years old can go out doors and sniff the air a minute and say, 'Cloudy weather tomorrow,' or 'Snow fore nightfall, I reckon,' and hit it right every time. I don't s'pose you'll believe me, but the men have prophecy contests every winter, when the best prophets get together from all over the State to prophesy for a championship belt. Well, my old man can give all of them four aces and win the game every time."

So that was why we paid to have Old Man Barlow come to Bad Leg, and as soon as he landed from the stage and Limpy Taylor had made his little speech of welcome and we had done the honors at Ryerson's Palace, up speaks Copper Judkins and says:

"Well, Mister Barlow, seem' as how you've been initiated into the good society of Bad Leg and are now a full-fledged citizen of the comin' metropolis of the West, what say you to giving us a little weather prophecy right now, just as a sample?"

The minute Old Man Barlow heard the word "weather" his eyes began to sparkle, and he ran his hand down his long white beard, and he says, "Boys, I see my son here has been tellin' you I'm some at foretellin' the weather, an' he ain't told no untruth. I guess the weather is one critter I know from A to Izzard and back again. I simply dote on the weather, and hev studied her all my life till I know her tricks like a book, and hev her all codified and scheduled and put into rules and maxims and poetry. Jest let me step to the door a minute."

With that he did step to the door and he looked at the sun to get his points of the compass, and then he held out his hand in the breeze—which wasn't much of a breeze, but as much as we usually had at Bad Leg that time of the year—and he says, short and decided like, "Wind in the east; we'll have rain."

Well, sir, you could have heard a pin drop if anybody had one to drop, but they hadn't. We was all mightily embarrassed, for the truth was that the breeze came from the east six months every year at Bad Leg, and that was during the six months of dry spell, when it never rained at all. We ought to have told Old Man Barlow so, then and there, but he was smilin', so confident like and truthful, that, seem' it was his first day in Bad Leg, we didn't have the heart to do it. So we let him go off to his son's shack without saying anything, and he went off smiling.

First thing Copper Judkins says when the old man went out was, "He's a bloomin' old fraud!" But Ryerson spoke up quick and says, "Hold on there, Copper; don't be so fast. How do you know he's a fraud? Give him a show first," says he. "Of course," he says, "I'll admit we ain't ever had rain durin' the dry spell since mortal man come to Bad Leg, but then, we ain't ever had a weather prophet, either. Mebbe that's why. If he was just a common guesser I'd say like you say—that's he a fraud—but he ain't a common guesser. He's the champion prophesyer of the State of Maine, and I figger that he's got such a grip on the weather that what he says has just got to come true."

Some of us thought as Judkins did, and some of us thought like Ryerson, but the end of it was that we agreed to give Old Man Barlow a little time to prove up his case, which is to say, that we'd wait and see if it did rain like he had prophesied.

Next day Old Man Barlow come out and took his place on a chair before Woolly's shack, but we noticed he looked worried and kept casting his eye off to the eastward, but no rain come. Along in the afternoon a lot of clouds passed over and the old man chirped up some, but clouds don't rain in the dry season at Bad Leg, and all they did was to pass over, and by night Old Man Barlow was pretty glum, I tell you.

Well, the old man seemed to know we was losin' faith in him as the days passed, and he got mighty blue and downcast, and kept away from all of us. He would just sit on his chair and keep his eye on the little weather vane he had rigged up on a post before the shack, and talk to himself. When we passed by we would hear him saying, "Wind in the east; wind in the east," or "Never knew it to fall before," or "She's got to rain," or some such thing.

I tell you it was mighty pitiful to see that poor old man and the faith he had in the weather, for he wouldn't lose faith. He seemed to feel hurt at the way the weather was treating him, just as if some old friend had got to acting mean, but he never believed the weather would go back on him entirely, and he sat out there in the east breeze, day after day, waiting for the weather to come back and be forgiven. It was a touching scene, and Ryerson suggested that we ought to get up a convention to petition the Almighty for rain, but none of us being much of a hand at that sort of thing, we let it drop. We figured that if faith would do the work, Old Man Barlow had enough faith to bring a deluge, but, as for us, we had never known it to rain except after the wind shifted to the west at the end of the dry season, so we couldn't be expected to have much faith in rain coming from the east.

Poor old Barlow got more and more downcast as the days went on, and we got to going round to try to cheer him up, but it didn't seem to do any good. He used to shake his head and say: "Boys, I never knew it to fall—East wind brings rain—I've said it a thousand times, and every time I said it, it brought the rain," and then the tears would pile up in his eyes and run down and splash on the ground like rain drops, and sometimes he would think they were rain drops, and then he would look up, and when he saw the clear sky, he would drop his chin down into his whiskers and break down complete, like a little weak baby. Oh, it was terrible!

Sometimes we would walk up to him and sniff the air, and say: "Air smells damp this morning, Mister Barlow," but it never fooled him, and we couldn't get him to smile. He would just groan and shake his head in the same old doleful way.

He got worse and worse as time went on, and he got thinner and thinner until he was a regular skeleton, and his face was like a death's head with whiskers, and with two bright eyes looking out—always looking for rain. And then one day he took to his bed and went out of his head. Sometimes he thought he was back in Maine and then he would smile a poor, skinny smile; and sometimes he thought he was Noah, but the saddest was when he thought he was the east wind tryin' to blow a heavy watering cart through a sand desert. When he thought he was that, the toughest of us had to just sit down and cry, it was so pitiful.

Then one day he failed pretty fast, and we knew he was going, and as he fell back on the pillow with his eyes shut, the rain began to fall outside to beat sixty. When he heard it, a sweet, peaceful smile passed over his face, and he opened his eyes and said: "She's come!" and then, after a minute: "It's all right now, life is worth livin'," and he seemed to strengthen up right away.

For a little bit he lay enjoying the sound of the rain, and then he sort of raised himself on one elbow and looked out of the window, but in a minute he caught sight of his little weather vane, and the smile fled, and he fell back and died. You see, the wind was from the west.

We all stood there, thinking how sad it was, I reckon, and none of us knowing what to do or say, when all of a sudden Copper Judkins left the room. The next we saw of him he was out in the rain nailing Old Man Barlow's weather vane so it pointed from the east. Which leads me to remark that somehow a feller always thinks of such things after they can't do any good.—New York Times.

Prosperity Reduces Birth Rate.

The breeder who to improve his stock must keep them in great comfort on abundance of food finds his greatest difficulty in their tendency to sterility. Seeing that this law of fertility governs not only the animal but also the vegetable kingdom, may we not safely conclude that human volition has little to do with the birth rate, and also hold that the birth rate of a nation is inversely proportional to the well-being of its people?—Nineteenth Century.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He who fights and runs away may win in the long run.

You can take many a man's measure by pinks and quarts.

There are people who could help more by giving less advice.

The trouble with truth is that most of us are too polite to tell it.

A girl likes an extravagant man, unless she is going to marry him.

An old maid is merely a woman who has been engaged once too seldom.

Trouble will seldom get out of the way for any one who is looking for it.

It's a wise weather prophet that knows just when to borrow an umbrella.

Love is blind, which is perhaps why he depends so largely on the sense of touch.

Faith after all may merely be an ability to believe things we know are not true.

When a woman needs sympathy, cry with her; when a man needs it, swear with him.

A pessimist is merely a man who expects to get the worst of it sooner than the rest of us.

The fellow who tries to drown his sorrows often merely succeeds in making his head swim.

A man convinced against his will will have to be convinced all over again the next time you meet him.

Don't worry about what the world thinks of you. The world has several billions of people to think about.

Some men seem to think that as long as they keep out of jail they may have a pretty good chance of getting to heaven.

The insurance people don't seem a bit worried over the young man who feels that he is destined to set the world on fire.—From "The Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

PAPYRUS.

The Need of a New Source for Paper If the Forests Are to be Saved.

It is to the durability of papyrus that we owe the preservation of much Old World history and literature. In the days of Egypt's glory and growing and selling of papyrus was a government monopoly. The exhaustion of this valuable plant was due to the same sort of waste and neglect that is depleting our forests.

Today the United States supplies about a third of the paper in the world. In the early days when rags were the staple of paper-making, placards were issued headed, "Ladies, save your rags" and the bell cart, announced days before, made its rounds to collect paper and rags. In 1880 the rag famine had begun. About 1870 the first mill for making paper of wood was introduced into the United States.

As is well known, wood fibre paper is so perishable that newspaper files and libraries printed upon it would hardly last a generation. And yet the manufacture of wood paper steadily increases. A mill is planted in the middle of a forest and in a short time the tract is as bare as a stubble field. Then the portable mill is moved to another doomed forest. Our beautiful poplar and spruce trees are fast disappearing. In one year 1,500,000 cords of spruce alone were used in our paper mills. Woods of different kinds are devoured by the rapacious mills.

If, like flax and hemp, papyrus could take the place of wood to any extent, it would be a gain in more than one. Papyrus is seen flourishing as an ornamental shrub in Sicily and in California and still grows wild in Abyssinia. In this country all sorts of climates and soils the production of the paper weed would seem worth the trying.—M. B. B., in the New York Times.

Say These Quick!

The name of Maine's highest mountain has been spelled at various times and by various authorities Ktaadn, Ktahdin, and, as now generally recognized, Katahdin. A stream in the region has been called Wassataquoik, Wassataquoik and Wassatacook, and today the lumbermen call it "Saata-cook, Molunkus, Ripogenus and Nicatous are simple enough to be let alone, but there is a big job awaiting the man who tries to simplify Pockwockamus, Sourdahunk, Passamagmook, Katepsonegon (sometimes called Debsconeag), Cawcomgomoc or Chemaquassahamslook, Aboljackmagasset, Aboljackmagassic or Aboljackmagas is generally clipped by the loggers and hunters to Abol, and in fact, is so called by nearly everybody, on the plea that life is too short to wander through all the syllables that rightly belong to the name of the stream.—Boston Transcript.

Applied to Wrong Place.

Mr. Husky went into a chemist's shop and bought a bottle of patent stuff which was advertised thus: "No more coughs. No more colds. 1s. 11-2d the bottle." Three days later he went to the chemist, complaining that his throat was stopped up and that he could scarcely breathe. "I've drunk all that patent cough mixture, and I'm no better."

"Drunk it. Why, that's an India-rubber solution to put on the soles of your shoes."—Tit-Bits.

Putting Him Next.

"Willie, will you tell your sister I am here?"

"Would you like to have her come down?"

"Of course."

"Then, if you'll give me a quarter, I'll tell her you are not here."—Hous-



It is estimated, says the American machinist, that 100 pounds of alcohol can be made from one ton of domestic refuse. In a good motor car this quantity of alcohol would develop 100 horsepower hours.—Engineer.

"Raise a drop of water to the size of the earth and raise an atom in the same proportion, and the atom will then be in some place between the size of a marble and a cricket ball." Thus said Lord Kelvin, in trying to explain to the innumerate world how little are things atomic.

Paper bricks are used in Berlin for paving; many telegraph poles are now made of rolled sheets of paper; paper coffins are used in some places. Some straw hats, into which enters not an atom of straw, consist of narrow paper strips dyed yellow; artificial sponges can be made of paper pulp.

According to a contemporary, a small piece of good emery cloth is all the material necessary to frost an incandescent lamp quickly, but effectively. Rub the cloth over the entire lamp with a circular motion. Rubbing up and down will not produce the best results. About fifteen minutes' work will produce a very good frosting on an ordinary globe.—Engineer.

Professor Berg, in Buenos Ayres, reports that he has discovered a spider which practises fishing at times. In shallow places it spins between stones a two-winged, conical net, on which it runs in the water and captures small fish, tadpoles, etc. That it understands its work well is shown by the numerous shrivelled skins of little creatures that lie about in the web net.

Among the advancements made during the past year in British commercial undertakings in Venezuela, the Central Railway has slightly extended its system and electricity has been partly substituted for steam. The railway to El Valle, near Caracas, in which British interests are involved, has also adopted electric power, and British engineers are at present commencing the electrification of the Caracas tramway system.—Engineer.

Tantalum has been hammered into sheets which are extremely hard. Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., states that a hole had to be bored through a plate of this metal and a diamond drill was used, revolving at the rate of 5000 revolutions per minute. This whirling force was continued ceaselessly for three days and nights, when it was found that only a small depression 0.25 millimetre deep had been drilled, and it was a moot point which had suffered the more damage—the diamond or the tantalum.

SIMPLIFIES SHAVING.

English Method Does Away With the Razor.

Much ingenuity has been expended recently to simplify shaving. The safety razor has been a potent factor in this direction, and this is presented now in many different shapes. The newest in this line consists of a shaving outfit, with a supply of several blades, which occupies no more space than a fountain pen. In fact, when the parts have been disposed of after use the case looks exactly like a fountain pen. The extra blades are stored away in the cap. Another novelty in the same line is heard of from London, where a well known scientist is said to have succeeded in making a preparation which makes the removal of the beard an extremely simple matter. The preparation comes in the form of a powder, from which a lather is applied to the portions of the face which are to be cleaned, and after it has been allowed to remain for about ten minutes the lather, hair and all are removed with the back of a comb or some other blunt edge of this character. If allowed to act a little longer time the hair may be washed from the face. This was recently demonstrated at a gathering of scientific persons in London, and a half-inch growth of stubby beard was removed with the back of a lady's comb.

A Moving Lake.

There are several "floating" islands in existence well known to scientists, but the only "wandering" lake we ever heard of is Lake Nor, in the Gobi desert, in Asia, which phenomenon was recently accounted for by the fact that Tarim river, entering the lake from the west, brings down during the period of high water late in summer a great quantity of salt, which has the effect of driving the lake, lying on the level floor of the desert, toward the southeast. But the summer wind, drifting the surface sand and darkening the heavens with dust, blows generally from the northeast, and it, too, tends to drive the lake before it. The combined effect of the urging by the wind and the river is to force the lake southward.—Marine Journal.

Not A Tragedy.

Miss Sympathy—Some terrible tragedy must have happened while Mrs. Gasleigh was in Paris.

Miss Caustic—I don't know why you think so.

Miss Sympathy—She has never smiled since she returned.

Miss Caustic—Well, maybe she had her face enamelled over there—New York News.

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance.—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates.—Special reduction to those who advertise by the year. JOE FRANKLIN of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1907.

Here and There.

Look up the new ad. of the West End Grocery.

A fractured skull sustained in a fall down a flight of stairs caused the death of Miss Julia A. Ehry, a professional nurse at Bethlehem.

A milk train on the Delaware Lackawanna and Western Railroad ran into a hill engine, killing Joseph H. Smith, a flagman.

George Krazy, of Shamokin, met a horrible death walking out of the garret window at his home and falling thirty feet to the ground. He was in a somnambulist state at the time.

Charles Conrad, a 19-year-old boy of Pricetown, shot and killed himself, after he had been arrested by his brother, William, 25 years old, on the charge of assault and battery.

After suffering from a sore throat for a long time, Daniel Y. Meschter, of East Greenville, coughed up a stone two inches long and an inch thick. Physicians said it was calculus formed by secretion of glands in the throat.

George A. Fick, a well known contractor, died in the Reading Hospital of a broken back sustained falling from roof three weeks ago. His son, Thomas, who lived at Bryn Mawr, died last week of Bright's disease.

An explosion of gasoline in the house John Kosar, of Edwinstown, resulted in Mrs. Kosar being burned to death, her three sons, aged 8, 7 and 11, being fatally and Joseph Gonisky seriously burned.

A copy of the Hanover Gazette (German) of May 28, 1887, contains the following Hanover market prices: Flour \$6.62, wheat \$1.70, rye 95c, corn 77c, oats 55c, timothy seed \$3, clover seed \$4, whiskey 35c a gallon.

Forty-five foxes and fifty-six minks killed between May 5 and July 31 is the record established by Henry Stock, of Bush Township, Dauphin county. The county commissioners have Stock's bill for \$180 bounties.

Lafayette Keller, a resident of Unityville, died in hospital Thursday from gangrene which developed from a blister. He applied fly blister to his foot several weeks ago, and it caused a sore which developed gangrene.

A Chester White, owned by Chas. E. Shultz, residing S. G. Bucher's farm, near Gettysburg, in April became the mother of 16 pigs. On August 21st she had another litter of 16. Being unable to care for them all, seven of the pigs were taken from her and are being raised with a bottle. All of the pigs are getting along nicely.

Failing to notice the approach of an express on the Reading railroad, a train stopped at Valley Forge, John Guldin, aged 28, alighted from his own train, a freight, and stepped directly in the path of the express as it rounded a curve. He was hurled into the air, his limp and lifeless body falling down an embankment about 50 feet away.

Thomas Conley, aged about 35 years, who claims to have been a laborer at Bittinger's lime quarries, came to Littleton on Wednesday badly done up. He had his right collar bone and two ribs fractured. The fractures being adjusted and his wounds carefully bound up, the ambulance ambulance was phoned for and the injured man was conveyed to the county home. He said that he fell into the stone quarry at Bittinger's several days previous, but upon inquiry at Bittinger it is learned that no such accident occurred there.

When a town fellow visits a country home and they set him down to a table laden with hickory-wood smoked ham as sweet as nectar, fried eggs fresh from the nests, home made bread, butter churned before breakfast, milk and cream that never saw chalk and water, with a score of sweetmeats and pastries and fruits and then have the good housewife apologize for not having enough to eat, it may be taken as a matter of course that the farmer's life is beyond all doubt the most independent even though there are times that his task seems rather hard.

Johnstown, Sept. 1.—Rev. Hugo R. Erdmann, pastor of Zion's German Lutheran Church, of this city, his wife and their three children are in a desperate condition from poisoning as the result, it is supposed, of partaking of some food at dinner to-day which had become diseased. Shortly after the noon hour the entire family was taken ill, and for hours this afternoon six doctors have been working over the patients.

While customers were in his shop, C. A. Zeitz, a Sharpsburg butcher with a wife and five children, locked the door, took the meat knife and with two cuts gouged out the "Adam's apple" of his throat. The terrified customers fled Zeitz will die.

Rev. M. L. Gates Dead.

Rev. Martin L. Gates, M. D., Ph. D., a well known former Adams county man, died suddenly of paralysis of the heart at his home, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., August 21st.

He was born in 1843 at a place called Greenridge, near Hampton, Adams county, and received his early education in the public schools, such as they were at that time. Not content with the lower education he entered an academy at York, where he laid the foundation for a useful life which was to follow. When the Civil War broke out he left school to enlist and served as a private to the end of the war when he was honorably discharged. He then entered the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, and took a course in medicine, graduating with the degree of M. D., and practiced medicine successfully at Arendtsville, Pa., for eleven years.

At the end of that period, believing that he was called of God to proclaim His unsearchable riches, he left a lucrative profession to preach the gospel to thousands of waiting souls. His first field of ministry was in Kansas, where he labored from 1877 to 1889, when he came East and gave the rest of his life to the cause in and around New York City. His preaching was of the Methodist faith, and from all places where he was stationed came words of highest praise of his devotion, zeal and success in the work. Being a brilliant speaker, and having a wide and varied culture, peculiarly fitted him for the work of the ministry, and by his indefatigable effort of continuous study and reading he won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of the City of New York.

He was a man of original ideas and having a ready flow of words and brilliant thoughts he drew large audiences by his magnetic power and easily held them during discourses.

By the advice of physicians he retired from the ministry last April and moved to the beautiful town of Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. But here he found difficulty in adjusting his energetic spirit to the quiet surroundings and was not so content as when he could point out the way of salvation from the pulpit; but in the words of the great Apostle, "He has fought the good fight, he finished his course; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness which fadeth not away."

He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss—Virgil C. Gates, Moody B. Gates and Mrs. Edwin A. Ames, of New York, and Mrs. Walter E. Ensign, of Providence, R. I.

The above account furnished by Mr. M. L. Gates, nephew of deceased and son of Mrs. John Gates, of near town, was intended for last week's issue, but reached us just as we were going to press, too late to be put in type. The surviving widow of Rev. Gates was Miss Margaret Heagy, daughter of the late John Heagy and wife of this place.

The big farm on which the Granger's picnic at William's grove has been held for the past 25 years, will be sold at public sale Sept. 14, and the exhibitions may not be held there in the future.

Blood poisoning from having teeth pulled caused the death of Mary Delaney, the 34-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Delaney, at Pottsville. A molar and another tooth were decayed and upon the advice of the family physician they were extracted. A gangrenous condition resulted which caused death.

Girardsville, Pa., Aug. 29.—Entering a bedroom of his sister, Mary, 35 years, at 2 o'clock, this morning, Thomas LaRue, a saloonkeeper, 40 years old, placed a revolver in the sleeping woman's temple and fired a shot into her brain, killing her instantly. The man stood by the bed a moment, then placed the muzzle of the revolver in his mouth and fired a bullet that lodged at the base of his brain. He is at a hospital where his death is expected at any time. No cause known.

Martin Yingling, of Union Mills, has a rooster which cannot be kept in the poultry yard by a wire netting of any height, but escapes and wanders abroad at his own sweet will. He does not do this by flying from the inclosure, but simply walks up the fence, being the meshes of the wire as a man uses the rungs of a ladder. It is a curious sight to witness the fowl climbing in this fashion, and upon reaching the top he hops down on the outside and struts off as if proud of his achievement.

THE HANOVER FAIR.

The coming Hanover Fair, Sept. 10 to 13, 1907, promises to eclipse recent exhibitions on the grounds in interest and means of amusement for the crowds. The increased purses ensures good racing, while the free attractions are of a very high order. No money has been spared to secure performances that have made sensations in the leading cities. The Curzon sisters, who dance and whirl in mid-air while revolving suspended by their teeth, were the most startling sensation of the N. Y. Hippodrome, last winter. Mlle Vallecita and her trained leopards, perform in an arena of aluminum and brass, the most costly ever built. Thousands are now crowding to see her in this great act, at Atlantic City. Signorita Elinor Ricardo, greatest of high wire artists, will also perform every day. The track and grounds have been put in fine order, and every arrangement made for the pleasure and comfort of all.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Cure all these by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar coated.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CEMERY PECTORAL.

FATAL CRASH AT YORK COUNTY JAIL

York, Aug. 29.—By the breaking of a scaffold on the inside of the York County jail building, at York, this morning, two men were killed, one was fatally injured, and several others more or less severely hurt.

Edward A. Cook, of Olean, N. Y., 50 years old. Head crushed and killed outright; Wm. Frey, of York, aged 35 years, died before reaching hospital; C. E. Cunningham, of York, aged about 40 years. Head gashed and internal injuries cannot live. Emory Pottorff, of North York, aged 27. Right leg fractured and severe contusions on body. Several other workmen escaped with lighter injuries. The accident occurred about 9.45 a. m. The scaffold which collapsed was erected in the interior of the building, which is now in process of being remodeled, and was about 50 feet high. It was evidently weighted down too heavily, and split in about the centre, precipitating all the men and material upon it into the basement, a total fall of about 60 feet.

Mr. Cook the man who was instantly killed, was foreman of the masons employed on the work. A great stone which came with the falling timbers fell upon his head and crushed the skull like an egg shell.

Wm. Frey, the York man, was a mason, and his hurts were of an internal nature. He died in the Laurel ambulance, while on his way to the hospital. He was unmarried.

Mr. Cunningham, mason tender, was taken to the York hospital in the Royal ambulance, and the physicians who attended him pronounced his injuries so severe that there is no hope for his recovery.

Emory Pottorff is also a mason, his injuries, while severe, are not believed to be very dangerous.

It was the general opinion that carelessness in overloading the scaffold structure was responsible for the mishap.

READER'S FATAL BURNS.

Samuel F. Baublitz, a York shoemaker, was fatally burned Wednesday night at midnight in his bedroom. Mr. Baublitz had not retired and was lying on the bed reading by the light of a coal oil lamp. He fell asleep, and in some manner knocked lamp off table on which it stood. The noise this caused awakened him and he sat up to find the lamp burning on the floor. Reaching out, he grasped it, when it exploded and he was struck by the flying glass and oil. Mrs. Baublitz, who had also been awakened by the noise, ran in from another room. She found her husband lying on the floor calling for help, his clothing in flames. As he was a cripple, unable to walk, and with little use of his hands, he could not help himself. Mrs. Baublitz seized a rug and threw it over her husband, extinguished the fire. He died Thursday. He was 52 years old. He had not been able to work and was confined to bed for several years. There are four small children, and the family is in destitute circumstances.

While Frank Gruver, of Mainville, was repairing a house which he had purchased, he tore down some of the plastering and found secreted behind it \$200 in gold coin.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned that the administration accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams county, Pa., for confirmation and allowance on Monday the 10th day of September, 1907, at 10.30 a. m. 1907.—First and final account of Jacob W. Bender, administrator of the estate of Catharine Bender, late of the Borough of Benderville, Adams county, Pa., dec'd including proceeds of sale of interest in real estate. D. F. STEFFY, Register.

MADAME DEAT'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS. A SAFE, CERTAIN RELIEF IN EVERY CASE OF MENSTRUATION. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe, Sure, Speedy Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid by mail for 25c per box. If sent them on trial, be paid for when returned. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have the same, order to the UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, PA. Sold in New Oxford by Ed. T. Auker.

Make Your Own Fertilizer at Small Cost with WILSON'S PHOSPHATE MILLS. From 1 to 40 LBS. Also Bone Cutters, hand and power for the poultry yard, and shell mills, farm feed mills, family grind mills, extra cake mills. Send for our catalog. Wilson Bros., Sole Mfrs., Easton, Pa.

Dry Goods.

Ready-To-Wear.

Fancy Goods.

G. W. Weaver & Son,

THE LEADERS,

DRY GOODS. NOTIONS. CARPETS.

Gettysburg, Pa. Emmitsburg, Md.

The Successful Clearance Sale which closes, as per advertisement, this evening, will be continued as an

Odds & Ends Sale.

This will include the "left overs" of the "Clearance Sale" and the aftermath or "second mowing" of the entire store.

Every Day Will Bring Something at a Bargain Price.

It is good storekeeping, we know, to lose money sometimes in order to get the shelves cleared for New Goods. This has been our policy for years. This season our stock being much larger than usual we find it necessary to make this August Sale larger than heretofore and more comprehensive in its price reductions.

G. W. WEAVER & SON.

THE LEADERS.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Emmitsburg, Md.

DEATRICK BROS., UNDERTAKERS.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

Public Sale

OF

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 7th, 1907, at the home of Mrs. Dinah Diehl on Carlisle Street, in the Borough of New Oxford, will be sold all her personal property, consisting of 1 good cook stove, 1 double heater and pipe, good as new, 1 bedstead, 1 bureau, 1 sideboard, 3 tables 1½ dozen chairs, 75 yards good home-made carpet, 3 stands, lot of old-time dishes, glass and stoneware, pictures, jars, canned fruit, jellies, potatoes by the bushel, tubs, hoes, rakes, shovels, and in fact all the personal property of Mrs. Dinah Diehl. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known.

YORK Collegiate Institute, YORK, PA.

New Session Opens Monday, Sept. 9th, 1907, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Tuition \$50 per year.

For catalogue or other information apply to

SAMUEL SMALL, Pres. of Board, or E. T. JEFFERS, Pres. of Faculty.

NOTICE!

Cider Making!

The Cider Press at the New Oxford Flouring Mills, one mile North of New Oxford, will be operated two days each week during season.

Tuesday & Thursday Only.

Positively no cider will be made on other days.

J. R. HARTMAN, Prop.

Binder Twine.

Farmers will do well to see our stock of Binder Twine and get our prices before buying. We are handling the

Celebrated Deering Twine and Machines. Binders. Mowers. Rakes.

which are sold at popular prices.

Second-Hand Machines.

We have on hand a number of second-hand Binders and Mowers which we have put in good repair and sell at a sacrifice figure, guaranteeing them.

Weaver Mfg. Co., Hanover Street, New Oxford, Pa.

THE BIG HANOVER FAIR,

Hanover, Pa.

September 10, 11, 12, 13, 1907.

Big Exhibition in all Lines.

\$2700 X Racing Purses, X \$2700

Ensuring a large field of Fine Horses and Good Racing.

\$5000 X Premiums, X \$5000

Open to the World in All Classes. Send for Premium List.

Sensational Free Attractions:

The Curzon Sisters—The Human Butterflies. Latest New York Sensation—Dancing and Whirling in Mid Air, Suspended by their Teeth.

Mlle Vallecita and her Leopards—Kings and Queens of the Jungle. The Most Beautiful Trained Animal Act in the World. Arena of Aluminum and Brass.

Signorita Elinora Ricardo—Queen of Europe Wire Artists, in Many Most Novel and Daring Acts.

—Excursion Rates on All Railroads.—

Admission, 25 Cents. Grand Stand, 25 Cents.

R. M. WIRT, Pres. T. J. LITTLE, Treas. M. O. SMITH, Sec'y.

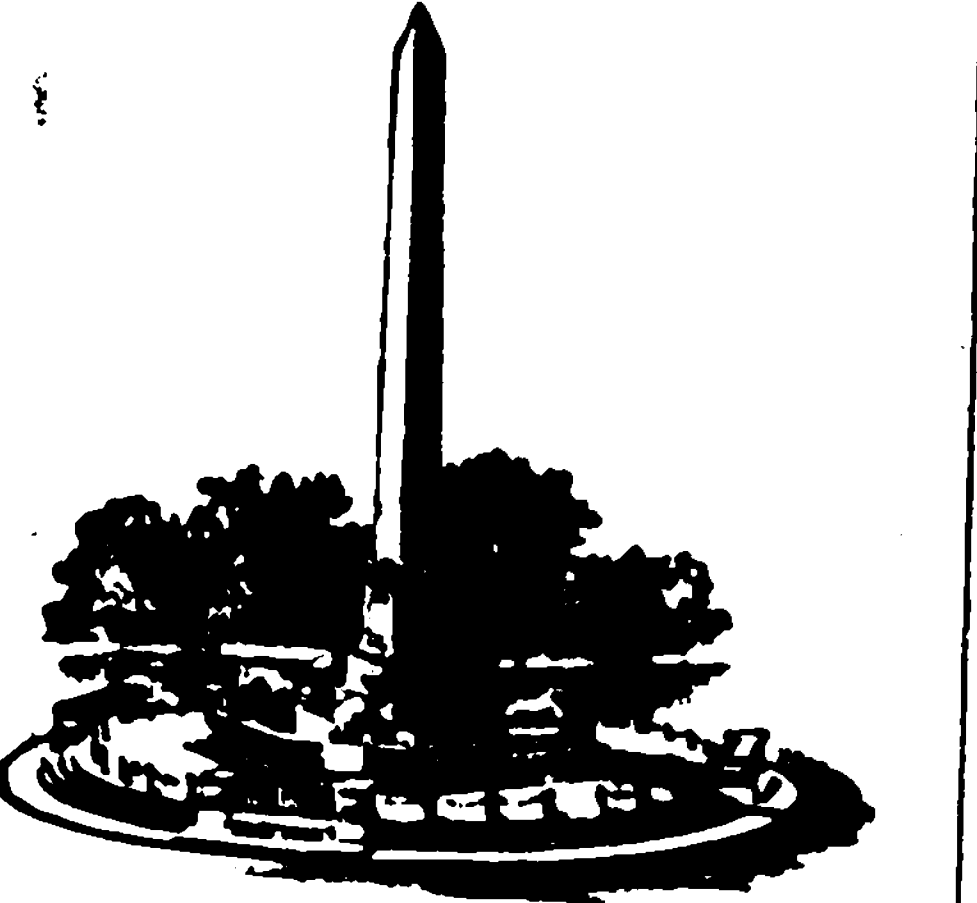
LOST AND FOUND.—Lost, between 9.30 p. m., yesterday and noon to-day, a bilious attack, with nausea and sick headache. This loss was occasioned by finding at ACKER's drug store a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, the guaranteed cure for biliousness, malaria and jaundice. 25c.

THE TOUCH THAT HEALS.—Is the touch of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the happy combination of Arnica flowers and healing balsams ever compounded. No matter how old the sore or ulcer is, this Salve will cure it. For burns, scalds, cat wounds or piles, it's an absolute cure. Guaranteed by Ed. T. Auker druggist, 25c.

BUFFALO MCKINLEY MONUMENT

To Be Dedicated During "Old-Home Week," September 5.

The beautiful white marble shaft erected by the State of New York in Niagara Square, Buffalo, N. Y., to the memory of President McKinley, is to be formally dedicated Thursday, September 5, and the event will be the central feature of Buffalo's Old-Home Week, September 1 to 7. Former residents of Buffalo and the public at large are cordially invited to attend the dedication and the gay carnival that will run all the week.



The McKinley monument was planned and executed under the direction of a commission of prominent men at a cost of over \$150,000.

Buffalo's Old-Home Week will be a succession of civic and military pageantry, carnival, sports and games, and the electric city will be ablaze with twinkling lights and patriotic decorations. Former residents of Buffalo are asked to send their names and addresses to James W. Greene, chairman Old-Home Week Committee, Buffalo, N. Y. A beautiful souvenir invitation will be mailed to each. The railroads will offer excursion rates to and returning from Buffalo.

BOY KNEW HIS RIGHTS

But Did Not Think Very Much About His Duties.

A boy went into a shop to work for a man. He was a lad of considerable intelligence and knew himself. Besides, he had large ideas of his personality, and had thought a great deal over what were his rights. He knew exactly what he was entitled to and what the other fellow was entitled to, and between the two there was a deep definite division. He observed this line very closely, and did not cross it for an instant. If engaged on a piece of work, and quitting time came, he quit right then, even if he could have finished it in three minutes. In doing so he never thought for a moment of having talked with Bill Jones for fully 20 minutes that very afternoon about a baseball game that came off the day before. He was simply looking to his rights and no one else's.

This was his way. Of course he didn't stay long. He hadn't apprehension enough of his duty or a sufficient regard for his service to put him in sympathy with his work. He was a misfit. He did as little as he could for his employer. He stood on his rights and no more. That was some years ago. Now he is driving a team up in Cleveland for \$1.50 a day.

When he left the shop another boy went in. He knew his rights, but he didn't insist on them too much, for he believed in doing things. If time was up and he could finish a thing with a few minutes over work, he would do it every time; he made himself worth something. Pretty soon that employer saw he couldn't get along without him. He kept advancing his wages and finally took him into partnership, and now the business is a great one and that boy has a grand home, a big salary and a lovely family, all because he was a boy of get up, gumption and thought more of his duties than he did of his rights.

Solomon's Temple Reproduced.

Joseph Doctorovitz, a teacher of Hebrew, and a student of old Jewish institutions, has put on exhibition in New York a complete reproduction of the Temple at Jerusalem. It is 15 feet square and includes the several courts and palaces of the priests.

SOAKED IN COFFEE

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over.

"When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and biliousness much of the time, but when I went to visit a friend I got in the habit of drinking Postum.

"I gave up coffee entirely, and the result has been that I have been entirely relieved of all my stomach and nervous trouble.

"My mother was just the same way. We all drink Postum now and, without coffee in the house for 2 years, we are all well.

"A neighbor of mine, a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day.

"At last I persuaded her to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so, and has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side, in fact, she has got well, and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble.

"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." "There's a Reason." Look in pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

VOGUE OF OSTRICH PLUMES.

FASHION SENDS PRICES UP 300 PER CENT THIS SEASON.

The Feather Which Sets Off Woman's Face Best in Great Demand for Millinery—Why New York Women Pay Higher Prices for Their Hats Than Formerly.

These are great days for the ostrich feather. Perhaps never in its history has it been held in so high esteem by women.

Plumes long and short, ranging from the highest quality to any quality at all, are eagerly demanded for millinery purposes. A wholesale dealer told an inquirer that this was the best ostrich feather season the trade had known in 18 or 20 years, and a milliner said that it was difficult to get enough plumes of the handsome grade to fill orders.

"The ostrich feather as a hat trimming is unrivalled," this milliner said. "Gainsborough knew what he was about when he adorned the heads of his sitters with luxuriant ostrich feathers.

"Lop off the plumes from some of the season's hats and the result would be awful. Take this, for example," and an elongated turban of black felt was held up trimmed at one side with three long, green ostrich plumes which swept toward the back, the longest when it reached the wearer's shoulder curling back again up toward the ear. The thing was stunning, and so was the price—\$50.

"Without the ostrich plumes," the milliner explained, "that shape is very trying. But with the plumes a very plain, dowdy looking person even might wear it and look stylish and almost pretty.

"Oh, no, \$50 is not high for a hat with plumes. Frequently the ostrich feathers alone on some of this season's hats have cost \$60, \$75 and \$85, and prices sometimes go up because some customers are so particular.

"The other day three long ostrich plumes ranging in length from 24 inches to 16 inches, and two ostrich tips of 10 and 8 inches, all of a delicate mode color, were needed for an order. Nothing of quite the right shade could be found anywhere and I was obliged to have the feathers dyed.

"The customer exclaimed with pleasure at the first view of the feathers. Then her eye lighted particularly on the longest of the three plumes and immediately her face fell.

"That plume," said she, "is not so thick and handsome as the other two."

"I had to acknowledge that she was right, 'but,' I told her, 'it is not absolutely necessary that the plumes should match in every particular. The plume is of beautiful quality, although not quite equal to the others and none but an expert is apt to notice the difference.'

"But I notice it," she snapped, "and it must be changed, or I shall refuse to take the hat."

"What did I do?"

"Why I sent down to a wholesale place, got a plume of the desired quality, had it dyed to match the others and finally the hat was accepted by the owner with every evidence of delight. It cost her \$80 and was cheap at that.

"Actresses are among the women who best know the picturesque value of ostrich feathers.

"This hat is for Miss Dash," naming an actress, "who insisted on having a plume which crossed the front of the hat, swept along the side of the brim and reached down to her shoulder, besides three shorter ones. The longest feather is 32 inches and consists of two superb quality plumes put together at a cost of \$30. But the effect on the head!"

The milliner raised her eyes in ecstasy to the creation she held aloft on one hand.

"New York women pay far higher prices now than ten years ago. Some women wear hats almost all day long, spending the day shopping, lunching, calling, driving, etc., without intermission. Naturally the hat is almost the most important feature of their costume, and in order to keep its looks it must be of good quality. I have customers who without a hat are quite ordinary looking and in a certain style of hat are considered beauties. That's the main reason why the New York woman keeps her hat on at luncheons.

"But to go back to ostrich feathers: An experience I had not long ago illustrates the value placed upon them.

"One of my best and richest customers came in one morning accompanied by a young country cousin of no great means, I inferred, but with a will of her own. She wore a country looking hat of velvet trimmed with wings and a bunch of flowers, frightfully unbecoming, I thought, but which seemed to please the wearer well enough.

"I did not know till afterward that the city woman wanted her country relative to make an impression on a certain eligible bachelor who was to be of her party at the races next day. What she told me was this:

"The wear and tear of New York is playing havoc with my cousin's hats and I want her to have a fresh one for tomorrow, something with plumes it seems to me would suit her."

"I knew from the way she spoke that there would be no trouble about price. The young woman picked a brown, which was all right, as her eyes were brown, but she let me select the shape and trimmings, which included some beautiful ostrich feathers, shading from brown to tan. The hat was a broad brimmed affair, and the girl looked like another person when she put it on."

"And the bachelor?" the woman listener asked.

"I hear that he is very attentive. The young woman's wealthy cousin told me about it when she came to pay the bill and she gave a good deal of credit to the hat."

The wholesale dealer referred to said that ostrich feathers now cost about 300 percent more than five years ago on account of their scarceness.

"Ninety percent or more of the ostrich feathers used in this country come from Africa," said he, "and they are sold at auction in the London market to the highest bidders before crossing the ocean.

NEW ORLEANS ANT PEST.

Jesuit Scientists Plan War on Insect Nuisance.

It is a well known fact that within the last few years the ant nuisance in New Orleans has increased to such an extent that householders as well as manufacturers and merchants have been very seriously inconvenienced by them, says the Times-Democrat of that city.

The question has proven an absorbing one for scientists, and from time to time research has been made for the purpose of finding some relief from their invasion. Two years ago the superintendent of Audubon park, then Mr. Baker, sought some relief from ants, but without avail. They were destroying the plants and flowers, and were even attacking the trees.

They seem to have made their way from the upper section to the lower section of the city, Westwego, where many ships land from all parts of the world, was first infested with them.

Then they made their way further downtown.

It has been noted that these pests attack woodwork of the finest mahogany mantels, armchairs, cedar chests, floors and, in fact, everything that is eatable. They also attack fruit trees and hothouse plants.

Father Albert Biever, S. J., president of Loyola college, has been making investigations on the subject and has just received an interesting communication from Germany. Father Biever had an experience with an attempt to send some of the ants to Europe. Packages were done up in to get off the earth, should be shown such a manner as to get through the mails but Uncle Sam refused to handle them.

One package sent by express was lost in New York; then another was sent, which reached its destination.

The New Orleans ants sent to Germany some time ago for special scientific investigation reached their destination at last. The Rev. Eric Wassmann, S. J., to whom they were consigned and who is probably the greatest living authority on ants, says that the New Orleans ants are the *Iridomyrmex humilis* (Mayr), a native of Brazil and Argentina, and that it was imported into Louisiana by merchant ships. Dr. Wheeler, who is known to be the best authority in America on this group of Hymenoptera, classed them some time ago under the same species.

Father Biever is now corresponding with Jesuit scientists in Brazil and Argentina to obtain full information as to the results these strange ants have achieved in their native land and as to the methods employed to check their wonderful spread and fearful depredations. Father Biever believes that this ant will prove one of the great enemies of the contemplated exposition because of their numbers and the persistent attacks they will make upon everything that may be exhibited.

Father Biever says these pests not only attack and eventually kill plants and fruit trees by placing parasitic scale upon their stems and consume everything edible about a house, but complaints have come from some of the best residents in the city that the ants have honeycombed the fine woodwork of their residences, such as mahogany mantels and costly furniture, and that hardwood doors, tables and chests have succumbed to their ravages.

To the Sixth Generation.

It is given to few men, as to M. T. Willschlegel, of the Canton at Vaud, to celebrate the birth of a great-grand-daughter; but even more remarkable experiences than this are on record. Dr. Plot, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," quotes the case of "Old Mary Cooper," of King's Bromley, who lived to see the sixth generation of her descendants, and was in the position to say, "Rise up, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's grand-daughter hath a daughter;" while Horace Walpole lived to see seven descents in one family, the progeny of Mrs. Godfrey, mistress of James II. It is not long since the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn died, leaving over 200 direct descendants, at least four of whom were great-grand-children.

About the same time Mrs. Sarah Ann Woolf of Utah, nursed her twenty-third great-grandchild, one of 303 living descendants; while it is said of a Spaniard who returned from America to his native land a few years ago that he was accompanied by 280 of his descendants, including three great-grandsons.—Westminster Gazette.

Paint for the White House.

The annual cleaning of the White House is under way. A large force of painters is now at work on the structure, and pretty much all of the four months the President is absent will be utilized in renovating and cleaning the exterior of the old building.

The walls of the White House were not painted last year. The experiment of washing with a highly recommended preparation was made. This was unsuccessful, as the wash seems to have cracked the paint and left the walls in bad shape generally wherever it was applied. After these walls have been properly treated, a liberal treatment of good old-fashioned paint will be used, and the White House again will appear in its glistening dress of pure white.—Washington Post.

Immigrant arrivals are overtaking the capacity of Ellis Island.



MRS. A. M. HAGERMANN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from simple native roots and herbs. For more than thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, regulating the functions perfectly and overcoming pain. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for child birth and the change of life.

Mrs. A. M. Hagermann, of Bay Shore, L. I., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I suffered from a displacement, excessive and painful functions so that I had to lie down or sit still most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman so that I am able to attend to my duties. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and see what relief it will give them."

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female illness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Therefore she is especially well qualified to guide sick women back to health.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES BEST IN THE WORLD

DO SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY AT ALL PRICES.

\$25.00 Reward To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas shoes are made in a better manner than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each pair of the shoes, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most competent shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled. I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make. My \$25.00 Reward and \$5.00 Bonus cannot be equalled of any price. W. L. Douglas stamps his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Past Color Styles used exclusively. Catalog mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

English Chemist Succeeds in Degrading Copper to the First Member, Lithium.

Sir William Ramsay, the distinguished chemist, has promised to communicate in writing in the near future to the chemical society the results of his researches into radium emanations. In this connection the announcement is made that he has succeeded in degrading copper to the first member of its family, that is, lithium.

The Lancet says the discovery marks an epoch in the history of chemical science and believes it is a realization of the transmutation of metals.

The announcement is likely to reawaken the discussion of the transmutation of elements which raged a year or so ago, when several prominent scientists repudiated the transmutation idea, while others just as strongly supported it.

TIRED BACKS.

The kidneys have a great work to do in keeping the blood pure. When they get out of order it causes backache, headaches, dizziness, languor and distressing urinary troubles. Keep the kidneys well and all these sufferings will be saved you.

Mrs. S. A. Moore, proprietor of a restaurant at Watery, Me., says: "I suffered everything from kidney troubles for a year and a half. I had pain in the back and head and almost continuous in the legs and felt weary all the time. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills brought great relief, and I kept on taking them until in a short time I was cured. I think Doan's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

Sold by all druggists. 50 cents a box. Foster-McIlbry Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Put in Flowers.

If reports are true there are vast sums of money to be made in the cultivation of flowers in the Riviera. In one season alone \$2,000,000 worth were shipped away to foreign countries, and, oddly enough the majority were sent to England. It is a long journey for delicate blooms to make, but they are so perfectly packed and kept on route that they reach their destination in excellent condition to gladden the hearts of and adorn England's fairest women.

FEARFUL BURNING SORES.

Boy in Misery 12 Years—Eczema in Rough Scales, Itching and Inflamed—Cured by Cuticura.

"Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up. I decided to give Cuticura a trial. When I had used the first box of Cuticura Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Remedies my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

The Bank of England property covers over two acres.

ALL WOMEN SUFFER

from the same physical disturbances, and the nature of their duties, in many cases, quickly drift them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, organic troubles, ulceration, falling and displacements, or perhaps irregularity or suppression causing backache, nervousness, irritability, and sleeplessness. Women everywhere should remember that the medicine that holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female ills is

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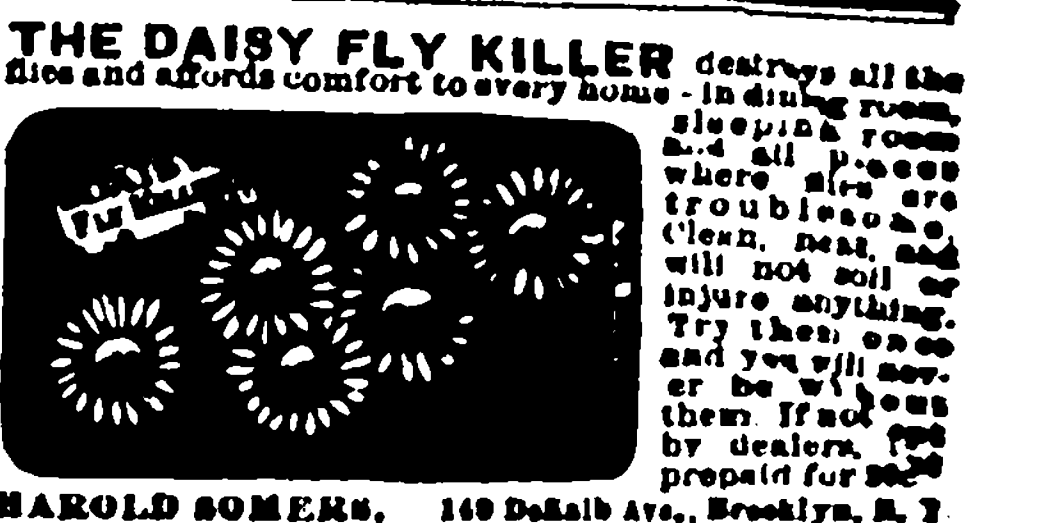
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HAROLD SOMERS. 110 Dabell Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PILES

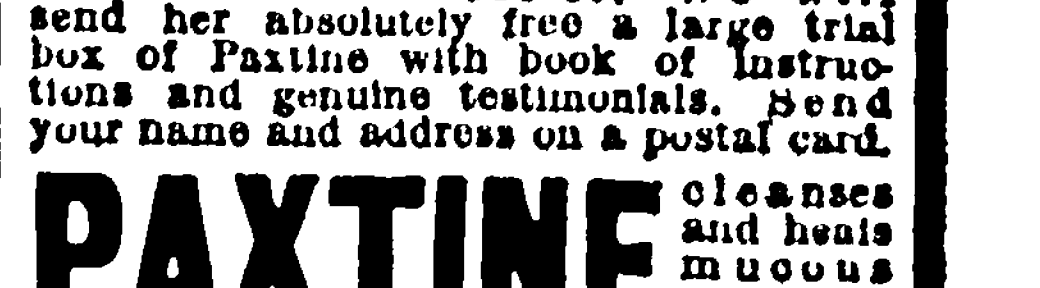
"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they had entirely disappeared. I am a grateful man and feel like a new man." George E. Kroyer, Niagara, N. Y.



Place, Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Not Sick, Do Not Grip, Do Not Cause Headache, Do Not Cause Constipation, Do Not Cause Pain, Do Not Cause Discomfort, Do Not Cause Any Other Unpleasant Effects. Guaranteed to cure or give money back. Suffering Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

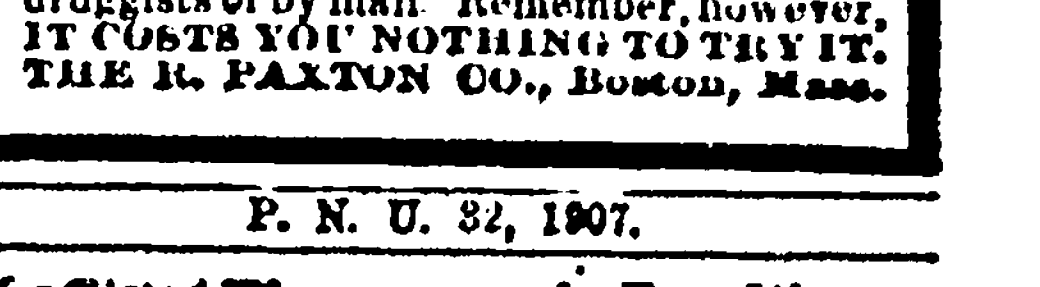
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

FREE To convince any woman that Paxtine Antacid will improve her health, send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.



Paxtine cleanses and heals in 10 to 15 minutes. It cures all ailments, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by menstrual ills; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents a box, drugists or by mail. Remember, however, IT CURES YOU NOTHING! GET IT! THE K. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass.

P. N. U. 32, 1907.



If afflicted with weak eyes, see Thompson's Eye Water

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Mr. Emerson Simpson of near Round Hill, lost a very valuable mule by death on Friday night.

Wanted.—Bright, active boy to learn Drug Business. Apply at Auker's Drug Store.

The property of Beuben Hoffheins, on South Peters street, offered at public sale on Saturday was not sold.

You are now allowed to eat the oyster once again. This month has an "R" if it is the last one in the name.

A peach grown in the orchard of John Laughman, Berwick township, weighed 10½ ounces and measured 10½ inches in circumference.

No tired or sore feet if you use A. D. S. Foot Relief, 25c. We guarantee it. Auker's Drug Store.

Rufus Lauer, of Biglerville, has sold his apple crop, consisting of about one thousand barrels, to a Chicago firm at \$2.35 per barrel.

Miss Mary Emmert, daughter of the postmaster, is the new clerk in the post office, taking the place of Miss Elsie K. Klingel, who resigned that position.

Why have horses and cows suffer from flies when Lee's Fly Cure will prevent it. Auker's Drug Store.

M. G. Nagle, of Abbotstown, during the season which just closed handled in his incubators 52700 eggs out of which he realized a 70 per cent. hatch or nearly 37,000 chicks.

On Sunday night the smoke house of Harry Y. Chronister, of near East Berlin, was visited by thieves. A ham and a piece of side meat, all that was in the building, were stolen.

The name tells the story—everybody knows it; everybody likes it; everybody uses it—W. HARPER whiskey. Sold by C. T. Hersch.

Mr. C. Irvin Blair, Aspers, of the firm of Rex & Blair, lost a very valuable horse by death on Saturday. Mr. Blair recently refused an offer of \$250 for the animal. It is supposed he was poisoned.

Mrs. Geo. M. Bowman, of Hanover, was operated upon last Wednesday at St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, for the removal of gall stones and also for appendicitis. The operations were successful.

While threshing at Harry Rahn's near Abbotstown last Wednesday, Samuel S. Thieret accidentally slipped while feeding the machine and badly lacerated his right hand by getting it in the cylinder.

One night last week a thief entered the chicken house at the home of Andrew J. Byers in Hanover and stole therefrom 30 fine young Plymouth Rock chickens, averaging 2 pounds apiece in weight.

Michael Riley, of East Berlin, has sold his farm to Cornelius Keeney, of Hamilton township. David Bosserman, also of East Berlin, has sold his farm to George Moul, of York. The terms of both sales are private.

The horse belonging to William Beck, of Buchanan Valley, and which was bitten by the mad dog during the mad dog scare at Arendtsville several weeks ago exhibited signs of going mad Thursday and was killed.

Worthington Kohler, formerly of near this place, who was removed from Hanover to the York county almshouse several weeks ago, was removed from that institution to the State asylum at Harrisburg, last Wednesday.

Calvin Hartman, an engineer, of Allegheny, who was badly hurt in a collision three months ago, having one leg broken and a foot crushed, brought to the home of his mother, Mrs. Noah Hartman, near Arendtsville, last week.

A carload of apples was shipped from Bendersville Station last week at 90 cents per cwt. Last year the price was 40 cents per cwt. for the same class of apples. A carload at the above rate will be shipped from that station each week.

The Borough public schools opened Monday morning with the following teachers: No. 1, Prof. Daniel Ruff; No. 2, Miss Margie Brown; No. 3, Miss Nita Cashman. The parochial schools will open on next Monday.

Five shares of Hanover Saving Fund Society stock were sold at public sale Friday afternoon by the Citizens Trust Co., of Gettysburg, to William Arch McClean at \$80 per share. The stock was sold by the Trust Company as trustee of Jeremiah Bender.

J. B. Brecks, a traveling salesman, was arrested on Saturday night at Hanover by officer Dutters, on warrants issued by Squire Lewis D. Sell, charging him, on oath of William S. Holliday, with the larceny of \$210 in money and certified checks, and with assault and battery. Brooks entered bail for hearings in both cases.

Lost.—A lady's silver pocketbook containing \$5.00 and some small change was lost along the road between New Oxford and Waldheim, Friday afternoon about 11:30 o'clock a. m. Name card of Miss Stoner on inside of book. A suitable reward will be given if returned to Dr. Stoner, 661 E. Market Street, York, Pa.

Saturday evening while Mr. Wilmoet Bosserman, residing on the farm of H. C. Webber, along the Berlin road, was on his way to town in a buggy the animal he was driving, a valuable brood mare, with a colt at home in the stable, dropped dead in the shafts on Berlin street.

Miss Mary M. Lingg, the Carlisle street milliner, has gone to the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore to study the Fall styles, and will return with a fine line of pattern hats. Grand millinery opening Sept. 28-29, to which all are invited to attend and examine for themselves. 3t.

The Cashman farm near Bendersville containing 110 acres was sold Thursday, Aug. 29th at public sale to Harry Pitzer for \$45.50 per acre. Harry Warren, of Martinsburg, W. Va., has purchased the farm of Waybright Rice at Wensville containing two hundred acres for \$3500.

Mr. Eli D. Guise, of Aspers, who recently got such a hard fall in his barn, had a similar experience on Monday while helping to thresh at Mr. Daniel Guise's. He was on a scaffold in the barn when he fell to the floor below on his face, smashing his nose and otherwise bruising himself very badly.

Paul, the 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kink, of Littlestown, while playing on the stone steps leading up to the bridge which spans the N. C. R. R. tracks, fell about half the height of structure Tuesday evening and received several lacerations on the side of his face and was badly bruised on various parts of his body.

Charles F. Minter, of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, formerly of near this place, who is visiting his uncle, Daniel Minter, in Hanover, had a large tumor removed from the front part of his neck last week. Dr. Wesley C. Stick, of Hanover, performed the operation, which was very successful, assisted by his son, Edward W. Stick, a medical student.

Mrs. Dinah Diehl, on account of feebleness, will be removed from her home on Carlisle street, to the home of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Yohe, at Hanover, this week, and her personal effects will be sold at public sale on Saturday, Sept. 7. This move has been made necessary by the recent sudden death of Mrs. Diehl's step-daughter, Miss Martha Jane Diehl.

Mr. Wm. A. Heltzel, brakeman on the local freight between York and Highfield, met with a painful, though not serious, accident about 7 o'clock Friday morning. The gentleman in jumping from the top of a box car to an open coal car at Thomasville, struck the latter car in such a manner as to badly wrench his back. He was brought to town on the 9:35 train and is now confined to his home on Berlin Ave., but is rapidly improving.

Broke His Leg.

Edward K. Wolf while hewing timber near Hafer's mill, in Reading township, Thursday morning sustained a compound fracture of his right leg below the knee, by being caught under a heavy piece of timber. The fracture was adjusted by Dr. Hoechst, East Berlin.

Mules Ran Away.

Cashtown, Aug. 30.—Yesterday while going to the mill E. B. Cook, of Hilltown, had an ugly experience with two mules which he was driving. The animals had never been hitched together before and it is thought that this, coupled with the noise of the empty wagon in which they were hitched, caused them to become frightened. They ran off throwing Mr. Cook out between them and bruising him up badly.

Thrown From Buggy.

One day last week while Mr. Thomas Stevens, residing on the farm of Mrs. Margaret Miller, near New Chester, was descending a hill near Five Points, the horse switched his tail over one of the lines. Mr. Stevens leaned forward in the buggy to get the line right when a sudden jolt of the vehicle threw him out on the ground, breaking several fingers on one of his hands besides receiving other injuries about the body.

Large Picnic.

The picnic held on Saturday in Pfeiffer's grove for the benefit of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, is considered to be the largest as far attendance is concerned, ever held in the grove. Everybody participating seemed to be enjoying themselves at the different amusements, social conversation, etc. The meals prepared by the good ladies of the congregation, were up to the high standard attained at former picnics and were praised from all sides. All in all it was a grand success in every particular. The net proceeds amounted to \$426.42.

Mr. Fink Appointed Commissioner.

Mr. David H. Fink of near town, was on Wednesday afternoon appointed by the Court to fill the vacancy in the Board of County Commissioners caused by the death of J. C. Group. The constitution of 1874 provides that the Court shall appoint an elector who voted for the Commissioner whose place is to be filled; in other words the new Commissioner to be of the same politics as was the deceased member. Mr. Fink ran for the same office on the Democratic ticket in 1902 and was defeated by only a small majority and therefore was justly entitled to the appointment. Mr. Fink is a gentleman who will guard well the interests of the taxpayers of the county.

William A. Himes Expires Suddenly at Asbury Park.

The citizens of town and vicinity were startled on Thursday evening when a telegram was received here announcing the sudden death at Asbury Park, N. J., of Mr. William Alexander Himes, one of the town's most widely known citizens. His end was dramatic. Officiating as a judge of the famous annual baby parade of the sea shore resort he expired at the foot of the throne of her gracious majesty Queen Titania VII in the presence of thousands of spectators.

Mr. Himes had gone with his wife and several friends to Asbury Park, N. J. He had not only enjoyed a stay at that place last Summer, but seemed to be much benefited and had every reason to expect further benefit at this time, and he had passed a very pleasant and comfortable week, and had met many friends and acquaintances of last season. On Monday morning his son, son-in-law and three daughters arrived at the Park from an automobile tour to Berkshire Hites. It was a pleasant and complete family reunion. All its members were there. They were together, a family group was taken. It was the great day at Asbury Park. The great annual event, the Boley Carnival, for which preparations had been made for weeks and to which visitors always look forward was to take place in the afternoon. He had been solicited to act as a judge. Any event that had children in it or concerned children was always of great interest to him. As he was apparently in good condition and in good spirits he consented to act. He had finished his lunch at the hotel, and set out leisurely accompanied by his son and a daughter and his friend Col. Frank O'Brien, of Birmingham, Alabama, for his position at the reviewing stand, expecting the rest of his family to follow. Everything went well. They were chatting, without reason to anticipate anything but pleasure, when suddenly he threw up his hand with a verbal exclamation of surprise, not of pain, and fell over into the arms of his son. Physicians were immediately summoned and two were soon on the spot, but life was extinct, and in their opinion death was instantaneous. The body was brought to his home in this place on the 6:01 train Friday evening.

Deceased was a son of the late William D. and Magdalene Lanus Himes, and aged 56 years. He was born and reared in the Himes homestead. Cor. Center Square and Pitt Street, which he owned and occupied up to the time of his death. He was educated in the schools here. Then was at the old Moravian School at Nazareth, Pa., and from there went to the Moravian College at Bethlehem, and finished his course at Dickinson College from which he was graduated in 1871. He was always attached to his old Alma Mater. He preferred business to a profession, and quickly after leaving college engaged in the lumber and coal business here. After a few years this was abandoned for other business occupation. He took great pleasure in managing his several farms near town.

He was united in marriage with Miss Kate W. Gitt, daughter of Abdiel F. Gitt well known in this community, and at this time its oldest citizen. On April 19, 1877. The surviving children are Anna K., wife of Robert E. Manley of York, and Amelia E., Helen M. and William D. all residing with the now widowed mother at home. Two brothers, Prof. Charles Himes, of Dickinson College, and Prof. H. O. Himes of Gettysburg, and one sister, Mrs. Helen Keith of Gettysburg, also survive him.

At the organization of the Farmers & Merchants Bank in 1900, he was chosen president in which office he was continued until his decease. He was also President of the Emmitsburg and East Berlin R. R. Companies, and was a director of the York Trust company, Gettysburg Gas company, Harover & McSherrytown Railway company, Hanover Light Heat & Power company, York & Gettysburg and Susquehanna & York borough turnpike companies. He was a leading member of Hebron Lodge F. & M., and held numerous borough offices.

The funeral was held at 11 a. m. Sunday, short services being held at the house after which the remains were laid to rest in the family lot in the New Oxford cemetery, Rev. W. W. Hartman officiating. Although the funeral was strictly private large numbers of friends from York, Emmitsburg, Gettysburg, Hanover and other places were here to pay their last respects. Many citizens lined the streets about the residence during the morning and their turn to have a farewell look at their departed friend and fellowman. The floral tributes were elaborate, embracing at least a dozen beautiful and appropriate designs. The pall bearers were W. C. Sheely, Esq., and John L. Hill, Esq., of Gettysburg; Vincent Sebold, of Emmitsburg; C. J. Delone, Esq., and E. M. Ftzler, of Hanover, and J. E. C. Miller, of New Oxford.

Foot Caught in Thresher.

While getting ready to operate a threshing machine on the farm of Jacob Eppley, near Granite Hill, Straban township, Thursday afternoon, Jacob Stover met with a very painful accident. Mr. Stover was walking across the machine when he was caught by the belt, which was being adjusted, and thrown down, his one foot being caught in the cylinder and considerably lacerated, besides receiving minor bruises to his person. The injury was very painful but no serious results are anticipated.

Death's Doings.

Mrs. Mollie Haycock, of Mount Holly Springs died at the home of Rees Heller, near Wensville, at 9 o'clock Wednesday night aged 43 years, 7 months and 2 days. She had been visiting relatives at Mr. Helter's for the past two weeks.

Gertrude Estella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Smucker, of Littlestown, died early Wednesday morning of cholera infantum, aged 10 months and 15 days.

Miss Christina Rimbaugh died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Kuhn, in Littlestown, early Friday morning of tuberculosis, aged 71 years. About a week previous to her death the lady was taken to Littlestown from McSherrytown, where she had resided for a number of years. She is survived by two sisters.

Mildred Thompson the 4-months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, of Gettysburg, died on Thursday.

Charles Williams died at his home in Gettysburg shortly after 4 o'clock Friday afternoon after an illness of several months. He was aged 37 years and a few months. Mr. Williams was a carpenter by trade but for the last ten years had been employed at the Western Maryland freight station. He is survived by his wife and one son; his parents, six sisters and two brothers.

Robert Lehigh, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Lehigh, of Berlin Junction, Oxford township, died on Friday from cholera-morbus, aged 1 year, 6 months and 15 days. Intment was made at Mummert's meeting house, near East Berlin, Sunday morning.

D. H. Ditzler, of Hanover received a telegram Tuesday morning announcing the sudden death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Anna Gertrude, wife of Rev. Irvin S. Ditzler, at her home in Thomasville, North Carolina, at 5:30 a. m. Tuesday, the result of heart failure. Mrs. Ditzler, who was a daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. D. Miller, of Chester county, Pa., formerly of Hanover, was married June 14, 1906, to Rev. Irvin S. Ditzler, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Ditzler, of Hanover, formerly of near this place, who survives her, with one son, Harold, aged 5 months.

George Miller, for a number of years an inmate of the Old Men's Home, died at that institution Monday morning at 2:30 o'clock, of gangrene, from which he suffered for some time. Mr. Miller was in the 89th year of his age. He formerly lived near Hampton. The remains were interred at New Chester Tuesday afternoon.

Hymenial.

W. S. Clewine, proprietor of the National Hotel, Hampton, formerly of this place, and Mrs. White, widow of the late Dr. White, also of Hampton, were united in marriage at Baltimore, at high noon on Wednesday, Sept. 4.

Austin Storm, son of Mr. Jere. F. Storm, and Miss Mary Todd, daughter of Mr. Felty Todd, all of Mountpleasant township, were married in Philadelphia recently, where they are employed. A reception was given the young couple at the home of the groom's father at Storm's store, on Thursday evening, at which a large number of young people were present.

Snake in Barn Loft.

One day last week while men were engaged at threshing on the farm of Curtis Miller, at Brush Run Station, on the W. M. R. R., about 3 miles from this place, a copperhead snake nearly three feet in length was discovered in the wheat on the loft over the barn floor, and was promptly killed. It is presumed the snake was placed there when the grain was hauled in from the field. At the same time Mr. Miller's son who was working on the loft, accidentally tread on the end of a loose board and fell upon the hay carriage on a wagon standing on the barn floor, but luckily escaped with a few slight bruises.

Large Barn and Contents Burned.

Cashtown, Sept. 2.—Fire about 7 o'clock this morning destroyed the large barn on the farm of the late A. L. Mickle now owned by the heirs, about a half mile West of town, and burned all the crops. The fire was discovered about 7 o'clock and by 7:30 the building was burned to the ground. A number of farm implements were destroyed but all of the stock was saved. The crops which had just been stored were all burned and the loss is total on part of them as no insurance was carried by the tenant, Jacob Wetzel. The remaining part was insured. The origin of the fire is unknown. The structure which was a large bank barn was insured in the Mummaburg company.

New Cigar Factories.

August was one of the dullest months in the tobacco situation for a number of years. At the York revenue office the receipts roughly approximated \$700,000. This was fully \$5,000 less than the receipts during the same month last year and is about \$2,000 less than the receipts of July. Only ten factories were licensed in the district, among them the following: Lewis S. Culp, McSherrytown; Tiger Cigar Co., Abbotstown; Frank J. Sneringer, Hanover; Keystone Cigar Co., Irish-town.

Runaway; Lady Thrown From Wagon.

Saturday evening while Mrs. Clement Ling of near town, was on her way to the picnic in Pfeiffer's grove, in a spring wagon, the horse took fright and ran away. Mrs. Ling was in the act of making the short turn from High street into the alley at the school house to cross over to Philadelphia street, when some other teams came driving at a rapid gait in rear of her team. This caused the animal to run and in making the turn Mrs. Ling was hurled from the wagon and alighted on her head in the road, but very fortunately escaped with but slight injury to her back. The horse ran to Philadelphia street and turned toward the Square, and at Berlin ave. attempted to go out that thoroughfare when a gentleman made an effort to capture him and he ran upon the pavement in front of the residence of H. I. Smith where the team tore the iron pump from the well and the horse falling was brought to a sudden stop. The damage to wagon was broken shafts and one wheel, and harness slightly torn. Mrs. Smith, Miss Lizzie Pfeiffer, Miss Nettie Swartz and Master Elwood Myers, who were sitting in front of the house made narrow escape from being struck by the team.

Transfer of Priests.

The following priests in this vicinity have been transferred by Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg, during the past week: Rev. Father Welsh of Midway, has been transferred to Wilkes Barre, to succeed Rev. Father Thomas X. Dougherty, who has been appointed to take charge of the new St. Rose of Lima, church, York. Rev. J. A. Mahaney, of the Immaculate Conception charge, this place, has been transferred to take the place of Father Welsh at St. Vincent, Midway. Father Mahaney has been in our midst for a little over one year, and while here became greatly endeared to his people, who were indeed sorry to learn of his being taken away. He is a noble, good man, economical financier, and a most able speaker, and spiritual advisor. His successor here is Rev. Wm. J. Martin, of Cornwall, son of Capt. Wm. J. Martin, of Gettysburg. Father William Boyie, of Paradise and Spring Grove, has been transferred to Harrisburg. He is succeeded by Rev. John O'Donnell, of Berwick, Pa.

Vulcanizer Exploded.

On Wednesday while Dr. Wm. R. Snyder of Carlisle street, was vulcanizing several sets of artificial teeth, the boiler of his vulcanizer exploded, taking part of his house along. The Dr. had just placed it over the flame of the stove used for the purpose, and had gone to his dinner when the explosion took place. It broke the windows in his house, knocked the stove to pieces, and part of the outfit went out through the ceiling. The one set of teeth in the vulcanizer could not be found. The chances are they passed through the ceiling and landed above the lath as the other was found there. Why the instrument exploded cannot be understood, as it was nearly new, and on the flame but about fifteen minutes, when about forty minutes is required to bring it to the necessary temperature for the purpose of hardening rubber. It was very fortunate that no person was in the room at the time or there might have been a most serious accident.

Runaway; Wagon Wrecked.

A commercial traveler, after a day's drive over the country with two horses and large baggage wagon belonging to liveryman J. C. Myers, had backed the team up to the platform at the depot Wednesday evening and was unloading his large sample cases when the horses took a notion to go home and started to walk away. The gentleman called "whoa," but instead of stopping started on a run with the drummer after them, scattering packages of matted, trunks, etc., along the way. On reaching the alley leading to the Myers stables the team struck a telephone pole, mashing one wheel, breaking the pole, top and other parts of the wagon. The end of the wagon pole struck the telephone pole first with such force as to free the animals of their harness and one passed on either side of the telephone pole and ran to the stable uninjured.

Wagon Passed Over His Body.

On Friday evening Mr. Francis Burkee, the leading grocer of McSherrytown, met with accident whereby he was painfully injured. Mr. Burkee was returning from Hanover with a load of goods, when he had occasion to stop. As he attempted to re-enter the wagon his foot slipped from the step and he was thrown to the ground and the rear wheel of the wagon passed over his body. He was taken to his home and it was at first thought that his injuries were of a serious nature, but we learn that he is again able to be about but it will be some time before he will be able to do any work.

PERSONAL.

The following are visiting at the home of C. E. Winand in New Chester: Mrs. Lemon and Al Troette, of Franklin Grove, Illinois, and Mrs. E. O. Norris, of Middleburg, Md.

Miss Marie Olewine, of Hampton, spent the past week with friends in Baltimore. Dallas M. Little of Indiana, spent Thursday with his sister, Mrs. Frank Kemper, in Hampton. This was his first visit to Hampton in 18 years.

Misses Elsie Smith, Marie Smith and Nora Myers, of York, were the guests of Miss Bessie Chronister, near Greenridge, Hamilton township.

Mr. Reuben Hoffheins, wife and family, of York, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in this place and near New Chester.

Mr. C. E. McGrail and wife, of East Berlin, spent Saturday with friends in town.

Mr. Chas. G. Miller, and wife, of Camp Hill, near Harrisburg, spent a few days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, East High street.

Misses Laura and Edna Smith, of Lancaster, spent several days at the home of their mother, Mrs. Josephine Smith close to town.

Mr. Harry Barnitz and daughter, of Pittsburg, are spending some time at the home of his mother, Mrs. Maria Barnitz, and other friends here.

Mrs. Agnes Annen, of York, spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Pitt street.

Misses Katie Winand and Mayme Freshman, and Messrs. John Myers and John Feiser, started Monday morning to attend Patrick's Commercial school at York.

Mr. Arthur Cashman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. H. Cashman, Hanover street, left Monday morning to attend Pierce's Business College, Philadelphia.

Mr. R. C. Himes and wife, of New Holland, Lancaster county, spent several days with friends in town, having been called here on account of the death of his cousin, W. A. Himes.

Mr. John Eyer, wife and family, of near Emmitsburg, spent several days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Sadler, at Quakertown.

Mr. Wm. H. Kohler, of Pitt street, spent the past week with friends at Atlantic City.

The Misses Morse, who have been spending some time with the families of Messrs. A. G. Lap and J. B. Weaver, returned to their home in Baltimore. Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fitz, of Highfield, visited at the home of her brother, Mr. Walter Miller, Pitt street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Diehl, of Pitt street, left Saturday morning to spend some time with their son in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Geo. Sprinkle of Hanover, Miss Grace Houck and Mr. John Haverstock, of Heidersburg, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Curtis Diehl, Pitt street.

The following were recent guests of the Misses Emmert, Center Square: Miss Amelia Meltzheim, Mr. Fisher Eberhart and Mr. John Shultz, of Hanover. Miss Grace Glasscock, of Baltimore, Miss Mabel Wiele, Miss Francis Frick and Mr. Ben. Root, of York.

Miss Margaret Emmert, after spending some time at Lake W. Inola, has returned to Bloomsburg to resume her studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Berkholder of Manheim, Lancaster county, are spending some time with Dr. J. L. Sheetz and family, Center Square.

Misses Lizzie and Marie Delone of Harrisburg, spent last week with their grandfather, Mr. Franklin Martin, N. Peters street.

Mr. Franklin Martin, Miss Lizzie Martin and the Misses Lizzie and Marie Delone, spent Thursday at the home of Mrs. Chas. Kinehart, near Irishtown.

Mrs. Sarah Slagle and Miss Lillian Snyder, of Hanover, spent Tuesday at the home of the former's brother, Mr. E. G. Lough, Hanover street.

Edward Adams and wife, of Lancaster, visited at the home of her brother, Mr. C. H. Deatrick, East High street, on Tuesday.

Mr. Francis Noel and sister Miss Lydia Noel, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who have been spending some time at the home of their brother, Mr. P. J. Noel, Hanover street, left for home, Wednesday morning.

Racing Matinee.

On Saturday, Sept. 7, another grand racing matinee will take place on the track of the Conexago Driving Park, near New Chester. Some good horses have been entered for this date. Time racing will begin promptly at 12 o'clock noon. Refreshments of all kinds will be served in the park. Everybody cordially invited to attend. Music will be furnished by the Littlestown orchestra.

THE JUDGE USES FORCEFUL LANGUAGE.

Judge W. B. Simmons of Fincastle, Va., told the reporter that L. & M. Paint was used on his residence in 1882, and held its color for 21 years; he furthermore said that 3 years ago he was induced to use another paint and is sorry he did, because the other paint didn't make good. The Judge will now always use L. & M. because he knows if any defect exists in L. & M. Paint the house will be repainted for nothing.

The L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes L. & M. Paint wear like iron for 10 to 15 years.

Actual cost of L. & M. about \$1.20 per gallon.

Donations of L. & M. made to churches Sold by P. A. & S. Small Co., York.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat..... \$ 87
No. 2 "..... 75
Raked "..... 50
Rye..... 45 @ 50
Corn..... 55 @ 60
Oats..... 22 @ 25
Clover seed, per lb..... 10 @ 13
Timothy seed..... 1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw..... 6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay..... 10 00 @ 14 00



The effect of malaria lasts a long time.
You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria.
Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion.
It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A fall order to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements.—Inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing.—of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1907.

Here and There.

Look up the new ad. of the West End Grocery.

A fractured skull sustained in a fall down a flight of stairs caused the death of Miss Julia A. Ehry, a professional nurse at Bethlehem.

A milk train on the Delaware Lackawanna and Western Railroad ran into a hill engine, killing Joseph H. Smith, a flagman.

George Krazy, of Shamokin, met a horrible death walking out of the garret window at his home and falling thirty feet to the ground. He was in a somnambulant state at the time.

Charles Conrad, a 19-year-old boy of Pricetown, shot and killed himself, after he had been arrested by his brother, William, 25 years old, on the charge of assault and battery.

After suffering from a sore throat for a long time, Daniel Y. Meschter, of East Greenville, coughed up a stone two inches long and an inch thick. Physicians said it was calculus formed by secretion of glands in the throat.

George A. Flick, a well known contractor, died in the Reading Hospital of a broken back sustained falling from roof three weeks ago. His son, Thomas, who lived at Bryn Mawr, died last week of Bright's disease.

An explosion of gasoline in the house John Kosar, of Edwardsville, resulted in Mrs. Kosar being burned to death, her three sons, aged 8, 7 and 11, being fatally and Joseph Gonisky seriously burned.

A copy of the Hanover Gazette (German) of May 28, 1897, contains the following Hanover market prices: Flour \$0.02, wheat \$1.70, rye 95c, corn 77c, oats 55c, timothy seed \$8, clover seed \$8, whiskey 35c a gallon.

Fifty-five foxes and fifty-six minks killed between May 5 and July 31 is the record established by Henry Stock, of Rush township, Dauphin county. The county commissioners have Stock's bill for \$180 bounties.

Lafayette Keller, a resident of Unityville, died in hospital Thursday from gangrene which developed from a blister. He applied fly blister to his foot several weeks ago, and it caused a sore which developed into gangrene.

A Chester White sow owned by Chas. E. Shultz, residing at S. G. Bucher's farm, near Gettysburg, in April became the mother of 16 pigs. On August 21st she had another litter of 16. Being unable to care for them all, seven of the pigs were taken from her and are being raised with a bottle. All of the pigs are getting along nicely.

Falling to notice the approach of an express on the Reading railroad, a train stopped at Valley Forge, John Guldin, aged 28, alighted from his own train, a freight, and stepped directly in the path of the express as it rounded a curve. He was hurled into the air, his limp and lifeless body falling down a embankment about 50 feet away.

Thomas Conley, aged about 55 years, who claims to have been a laborer at Bittinger's lime quarries, came to Littleton on Wednesday badly done up. He had his right collar bone and two ribs fractured. The fractures being adjusted and his wounds carefully bound up, the almshouse ambulance was phoned for and the injured man was conveyed to the county home. He said that he fell into the stone quarry at Bittinger's several days previous, but upon inquiry at Bittinger it is learned that no such accident occurred there.

When a town fellow visits a country home and they set him down to a table laden with hickory-wood smoked ham as sweet as nectar, fried eggs fresh from the nests, home made bread, butter churned before breakfast, milk and cream that never saw chalk and water, with a score of sweetmeats and pastries and fruits and then have the good housewife apologize for not having enough to eat, it may be taken as a matter of course that the farmer's life is beyond all doubt the most independent even though there are hard times that his task seems rather hard.

Johnstown, Sept. 1.—Rev. Hugo R. Erdmann, pastor of Zion's German Lutheran Church, of this city, his wife and their three children are in a desperate condition from poisoning as the result, it is supposed, of partaking of some food at dinner to-day which had become diseased. Shortly after the noon hour the entire family was taken ill, and for hours this afternoon six doctors have been working over the patients.

While customers were in his shop, C. A. Zeitz, a Sharpsburg butcher with a wife and five children, locked the door, took the meat knife and with two cuts gouged out the "Adam's apple" of his throat. The terrified customers fled Zeitz will die.

Rev. M. L. Gates Dead.

Rev. Martin L. Gates, M. D., Ph. D., a well known former Adams county man, died suddenly of paralysis of the heart at his home, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., August 21st.

He was born in 1843 at a place called Greenridge, near Hampton, Adams county, and received his early education in the public schools, such as they were at that time. Not content with the lower education he entered an academy at York, where he laid the foundation for a useful life which was to follow. When the Civil War broke out he left school to enlist and served as a private to the end of the war when he was honorably discharged. He then entered the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, and took a course in medicine, graduating with the degree of M. D., and practiced medicine successfully at Arundsville, Pa., for eleven years.

At the end of that period, believing that he was called of God to proclaim His unsearchable riches, he left a lucrative profession to preach the gospel to thousands of waiting souls. His first field of ministry was in Kansas, where he labored from 1877 to 1889, when he came East and gave the rest of his life to the cause in and around New York City. His preaching was of the Methodist faith, and from all places where he was stationed came words of highest praise of his devotion, zeal and success in the work. Being a brilliant speaker, and having a wide and varied culture, peculiarly fitted him for the work of the ministry, and by his indefatigable effort of continuous study and reading he won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of the City of New York.

He was a man of original ideas and having a ready flow of words and brilliant thoughts he drew large audiences by his magnetic power and easily held them during discourses.

By the advice of physicians he retired from the ministry last April and moved to the beautiful town of Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. But here he found difficulty in adjusting his energetic spirit to the quiet surroundings and was not so content as when he could point out the way of salvation from the pulpit; but in the words of the great Apostle, "He has fought the good fight, he finished his course; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness which fadeth not away."

He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss—Virgil C. Gates, Moody B. Gates and Mrs. Edwin A. Ames, of New York, and Mrs. Walter E. Eusign, of Providence, R. I.

The above account furnished by Mr. M. L. Gates, nephew of deceased and son of Mrs. John Gates, of near town, was intended for last week's issue, but reached us just as we were going to press, too late to be put in type. The surviving widow of Rev. Gates was Miss Margaret Heagy, daughter of the late John Heagy and wife of this place.

The big farm on which the Granger's picnic at William's grove has been held for the past 25 years, will be sold at public sale Sept. 14, and the exhibitions may not be held there in the future.

Blood poisoning from having teeth pulled caused the death of Mary Delaney, the 34-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Delaney, at Pottsville. A molar and another tooth were decayed and upon the advice of the family physician they were extracted. A gangrenous condition resulted which caused death.

Girardville, Pa., Aug. 29.—Entering a bedroom of his sister, Mary, 35 years, at 2 o'clock, this morning, Thomas L. Lyle, a saloonkeeper, 40 years old, placed a revolver at the sleeping woman's temple and fired a shot into her brain, killing her instantly. The man stood by the bed a moment, then placed the muzzle of the revolver in his mouth and fired a bullet that lodged at the base of his brain. He is at a hospital where his death is expected at any time. No cause is known.

Martin Yingling, of Union Mills, has a rooster which cannot be kept in the poultry yard by a winking of any height, but escapes and wanders abroad at his own sweet will. He does not do this by flying from the inclosure, but simply walks up the fence, using the meshes of the wire as a man uses the rungs of a ladder. It is a curious sight to witness the fowl climbing in this fashion, and upon reaching the top he hops down on the outside and struts off as if proud of his achievement.

THE HANOVER FAIR.

The coming Hanover Fair, Sept. 10 to 18, 1907, promises to eclipse recent exhibitions on the grounds in interest and means of amusement for the crowds. The increased purses ensures good racing, while the free attractions are of a very high order. No money has been spared to secure performances that have made sensations in the leading cities. The Curzon sisters, who dance and whirl in mid-air while revolving suspended by their teeth, were the most startling sensation of the N. Y. Hippodrome, last winter. Mlle Valleretta and her trained leopards, perform in an arena of aluminum and brass, the most costly ever built. Thousands are now crowding to see her in this great act, at Atlantic City. Signorita Ellinor Ricardo, greatest of high wire artists, will also perform every day. The track and grounds have been put in fine order, and every arrangement made for the pleasure and comfort of all.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar coated.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

FATAL CRASH AT YORK COUNTY JAIL

York, Aug. 29.—By the breaking of a scaffold on the inside of the York County jail building, at York, this morning, two men were killed, one was fatally injured, and several others more or less severely hurt.

Edward A. Cook, of Olean, N. Y., 50 years old. Head crushed and killed outright; Wm. Frey, of York, aged 35 years, died before reaching hospital; C. E. Cunningham, of York, aged about 40 years. Head gashed and internal injuries cannot live. Emory Pottorff, of North York, aged 27. Right leg fractured and severe contusions on body. Several other workmen escaped with lighter injuries. The accident occurred about 9.45 a. m. The scaffold which collapsed was erected in the interior of the building, which is now in process of being remodeled, and was about 50 feet high. It was evidently weighted down too heavily, and split in about the centre, precipitating all the men and material upon it into the basement, a total fall of about 60 feet.

Mr. Cook the man who was instantly killed, was foreman of the masons employed on the work. A great stone which came with the falling timbers fell upon his head and crushed the skull like an egg shell.

Wm. Frey, the York man, was a mason, and his hurts were of an internal nature. He died in the Laurel ambulance, while on his way to the hospital. He was unmarried.

Mr. Cunningham, mason tender, was taken to the York hospital in the Royal ambulance, and the physicians who attended him pronounced his injuries so severe that there is no hope for his recovery.

Emory Pottorff is also a mason, his injuries, while severe, are not believed to be very dangerous.

It was the general opinion that carelessness in overloading the scaffold structure was responsible for the mishap.

READER'S FATAL BURNS.

Samuel F. Baublitz, a York shoemaker, was fatally burned Wednesday night at midnight in his bedroom. Mr. Baublitz had not retired and was lying on the bed reading by the light of a coal oil lamp. He fell asleep, and in some manner knocked lamp off table on which it stood. The noise this caused awakened him and he sat up to find the lamp burning on the floor. Reaching out, he grasped it, when it exploded and he was struck by the flying glass and oil. Mrs. Baublitz, who had also been awakened by the noise, ran in from another room. She found her husband lying on the floor calling for help, his clothing in flames. As he was a cripple, unable to walk, and with little use of his hands, he could not help himself. Mrs. Baublitz seized a rug and threw it over her husband, extinguished the fire. He died Thursday. He was 52 years old. He had not been able to work and was confined to bed for several years. There are four small children, and the family is in destitute circumstances.

While Frank Gruver, of Mainville, was repairing a house which he had purchased, he tore down some of the plastering and found secreted behind it \$200 in gold coin.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned that the administration accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance on Monday the 16th day of September, 1907, at 10.30 a. m., viz:—

180—First and final account of Jacob W. Bender, administrator of the estate of Catharine Bender, late of the Borough of Bendersville, Adams county, Pa., dec'd. including proceeds of sale of interest in real estate.

D. F. STEFFY, Register

Sold in New Oxford by Ed. T. Auker.

Make Your Own Fertilizer

at Small Cost with WILSON'S PHOSPHATE MILLS From 1 to 40 lb. P. Also Bone Cutters, Band and Worm for the poultry; grit and bone meal; farm food pills, family grit mill; scrap oak mill. Send for our catalogue.

Wilson Bros., Sole Mfrs., Easton, Pa.

Dry Goods.

Ready-To-Wear.

Fancy Goods.

G. W. Weaver & Son,

THE LEADERS.

DRY GOODS. * NOTIONS. * CARPETS.

Gettysburg, Pa. * Emmitsburg, Md.

The Successful Clearance Sale which closes, as per advertisement, this evening, will be continued as an

Odds & Ends Sale.

This will include the "left overs" of the "Clearance Sale" and the aftermath or "second mowing" of the entire store.

Every Day Will Bring Something at a Bargain Price.

It is good storekeeping, we know, to lose money sometimes in order to get the shelves cleared for New Goods. This has been our policy for years. This season our stock being much larger than usual we find it necessary to make this August Sale larger than heretofore and more comprehensive in its price reductions.

G. W. WEAVER & SON.

THE LEADERS.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Emmitsburg, Md.

DEATRICK BROS.,
UNDERTAKERS,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Phone calls answered night or day by
malling at New Oxford Exchange.

Public Sale

—OR—

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 7th, 1907, at the home of Mrs. Dinah Diehl on Carlisle Street, in the Borough of New Oxford, will be sold all her personal property, consisting of 1 good cook stove, 1 double heater and pipe, good as new, 1 bedstead, 1 bureau, 1 sideboard, 3 tables 1 1/2 dozen chairs, 75 yards good home-made carpet, 8 stands, lot of old-time dishes, glass and stone-ware, pictures, jars, canned fruit, jellies, potatoes by the bushel, tubs, hoes, rakes, shovels, and in fact all the personal property of Mrs. Dinah Diehl. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known.

YORK
Collegiate Institute,
YORK, PA.
New Session Opens
Monday, Sept. 9th, 1907,
at 9 o'clock a. m.

Tuition \$50 per year.

For catalogue or other information apply to
SAMUEL SMALL, Pres. of Board,
or E. T. JEFFERS, Pres. of Faculty.

NOTICE!
Cider Making!

The Cider Press at the New Oxford Flouring Mills, one mile North of New Oxford, will be operated two days each week during season.

Tuesday & Thursday Only.

Positively no cider will be made on other days.

J. R. HARTMAN, Prop.

Binder Twine.

Farmers will do well to see our stock of Binder Twine and get our prices before buying. We are handling the

Celebrated Deering Twine and Machines.

Binders. Mowers. Rakes.

which are sold at popular prices.

Second-Hand Machines.

We have on hand a number of second-hand Binders and Mowers which we have put in good repair and sell at a sacrifice figure, guaranteeing them.

Weaver M'fg. Co., Hanover Street,
New Oxford, Pa.

THE BIG HANOVER FAIR,

Hanover, Pa.

September 10, 11, 12, 13, 1907.

Big Exhibition in all Lines.

\$2700 * Racing Purses, * \$2700

Ensuring a large field of Fine Horses and Good Racing.

\$5000 * Premiums, * \$5000

Open to the World in All Classes. Send for Premium List.

Sensational Free Attractions:

The Curzon Sisters—The Human Butterflies. Latest New York Sensation—Launcing and Whirling in Mid Air, Suspended by their Teeth.

Mlle Valleretta and her Leopards—Kings and Queens of the Jungle. The Most Beautiful Trained Animal Act in the World. Arena of Aluminum and Brass.

Signorita Ellinor Ricardo—Queen of Europe Wire Artists, in Many Most Novel and Daring Acts.

—Excursion Rates on All Railroads.—

Admission, 25 Cents. - - - - - Grand Stand, 25 Cents.

R. M. WIRT, Pres. T. J. LITTLE, Treas. M. O. SMITH, Sec'y.

LOST AND FOUND.—Lost, between 9.30 p. m., yesterday and noon to-day, a bilious attack, with nausea and sick headache. This loss was occasioned by finding at AUKER'S drug store a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, the guaranteed cure for biliousness, malaria and jaundice. 25c.

THE TOUCH THAT HEALS.—Is the touch of Buckler's Arnica Salve. It's the happiest combination of Arnica flowers and healing balsams ever compounded. No matter how old the sore or ulcer is, this Salve will cure it. For burns, scalds, cuts, wounds or piles, is an absolute cure. Guaranteed by Ed. T. AUKER druggist. 25c.

Guaranteed by ED. T. AUKEK druggi
25c.

It's not myself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining. (She's a good man, is Michael, and I've never felt his frown), but there's sorrow beating on me like a long day's raining. For the little wrinkled face of her I left in Kerrydown.

It's just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other— Do you mind the moans we walked to Mass when all the fields were green?— 'Twas I that planned your kerchief, oh, me mother, mother, mother, The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the world between!

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to up and follow (It's a fair land we've come to, and there's plenty here for all); It's not the homelick longing that lures me like a swallow. But the one voice across the world that draws me to its call.

It's just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other. Do you mind the tales you told me when the turf was blazing bright?— Me head upon your shoulder, oh, me mother, mother, mother, The broad seas between us and yourself alone tonight!

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming and there's going: It's kind souls will be about me when the little one is here; But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort I'd be knowing, And her blessing on the two of us to drive away the fear.

It's just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other. Do you mind the soft spring mornings when you stitched the wedding gown?— The little, careful stitches, oh, me mother, mother, mother, Me self beyond the broad seas and you in Kerrydown:—

—Theodosia Garrison, in McClure's Magazine.

The Harp of Life.

By
L. LOVEGROVE.

"Where's Nan?" That was the usual cry at the Coverdale's if the eldest daughter disappeared for more than five minutes. The vicar needed her to write for him; the sweet-faced mother missed her girl's affectionate care; and one or another of the five boys and girls were sure to want the help which only Nan could give.

It was sweet to feel herself the prop of the household, to know that she was necessary to them all, from the grave, tender father down to wee Flo, the pet of the family; yet, brave lifter of burdens as she was, Nan sometimes felt the strain of it all, and felt, also, that it would be good at times to be a "leaner" if—ah! if—

"Where's Nan?" again demanded Fred. His kite wanted mending and he was eager to be off, for the wind was glorious and the boys were waiting for him.

"She has gone for a run down to auntie's," said Mrs. Coverdale, from the couch where so much of her life was spent.

Fred grumblingly departed. It was a query if he would find another willing helper. Then the vicar looked up from his book to say, "My dear, I am glad Nan is out of the way for once, for I'm afraid between us we demand too much of her." The mother sighed as she agreed with him, for her own helplessness troubled her greatly.

He heard the sigh, and love interpreted its meaning for him, for theirs were love-linked hearts. In the talk which followed the mother's heart was comforted, for she was made to feel how great a place she held in the lives of all the family, and, most of all, how precious she was to this, her husband.

Meanwhile, could they have seen Annie, how amazed they would have been.

Swiftly walking along the country road, ignoring its loneliness, and heedless of the gathering gloom, she was fighting a lonely heart battle.

Nan felt herself a woman. Her place in the household had developed womanliness in her, but not until lately had the chord of love been touched on the harp of her life; only lately had she realized how gradually (and unconsciously to herself) she had grown to revel in the presence of Douglas Gray.

He was her father's curate, for the parish was a large one. She liked to talk over her favorite books with him; to discuss the intricacies of meaning in her favorite poems; most of all his earnest, vivid preaching touched her, and to be linked to such a personality would, she felt, mean living on high levels indeed.

But during the last few weeks she had unwillingly begun to think that while he gave to herself a warm friendship, he was yielding the love she coveted to her sister Amy.

Bright-faced Amy had that intangible, unexplainable grace of pleasing, which takes a man unaware, but holds him firmly.

Watching the two that afternoon the truth had cut its way into Nan's heart. Sitting sewing near the window—Nan had no leisure for the pretty fancy work of which Amy was so fond—she had caught snatches of their conversation, as Amy and Douglas wandered in the old-fashioned garden, to them so evidently a garden of Eden. By-and-by Amy had bent over to cut a rose, and the watchful eyes at the window had noted the ardent expression of love on the man's face as he gazed watching. It only needed that Nan should, after the curate's departure, happen upon her sister seated under one of the old garden trees—lost in a happy day dream. The disillusionment was complete.

And now face to face with her trouble, and how she despised herself (yet why should she?) because it was a trouble! She was trying with measured tramp to beat down the pain in her heart. She had given her love to heart, and self-contempt raged in her heart for the jealous feelings which would arise against her much-loved sister. Above all rose the dread of self-betrayal! If she remained at home that might come at any moment.

"I must go away," she said at half-past four in her earnestness. "I can see well what is coming, and I cannot stay to see it through." And then the thought of her mother, and of how unwitted she was to meet the cares of the household, swept like an overwhelming wave over her troubled heart.

"Oh, I can't, and yet I must! I must! I never have left them; they

must manage without me," she thought, and still the battle raged.

Finding physical energy at last giving out, she retraced her steps, and wearied in body and mind found her way to her aunt's, where all this time she had been supposed to be. She seemed too tired and spent to make up her mind to anything, but as she stepped into the cosy room a sense of rest stole into her weary heart.

This was the "home," using that sweet word in its truest sense, of her father's maiden sister. Aunt Dorothea gave one look at the girl's white weary face, then her arms went out, and in a moment later, like an over-spend child in the arms of its mother, Nan rested there until soothed and comforted by deep, unspoken sympathy, she sank on to a footstool at her aunt's feet, feeling that the tension was relieved, and her burden already lightened.

And there, in the firelight, she unburdened her heart, and told that which but an hour before she had only resolved should never meet the ear of any human soul. Words of the potency of sympathy. The words of that conversation need not be recorded. Words are important, but in those rare heart-to-heart talks of which life gives so few, that which matters most is the love-lit eye, the tender tone, and the sacred unveiling of the recesses of human hearts. At such times "spirit with spirit can meet," and only then do we realize how closely two human souls can touch, and how deep and far-reaching is the influence of one personality on another.

Dorothea Coverdale was a living exposition of Lowell's beautiful words:

Be noble;
And the nobleness which lies in others sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Quietly there, in that cosy room, which somehow seemed the natural environment of the pure soul who inhabited it, Aunt Dorothea, in her turn, told the romance of her own girlhood's days. It was a story before which Nan's little tale dwindled into insignificance, and yet the woman who had suffered such terrible heart-ache, somehow managed to convey to the listening girl the sense that all her feelings were understood, and the bitterness not one jot underestimated.

"Yes, dear, I am not afraid to let you know that I think the bestowal of a good man's love brings to a true woman the highest and purest of earthly happiness. I believe that without that gift, a woman's life is, and must be, incomplete, for the grand range of feelings which come to a wife and mother cannot be hers, and, therefore, one side of her nature must ever go hungry; but," and the words which followed left Nan feeling that the highest still remained for her, and the message, "I am among you as He that serveth" took on a new meaning. The dear home life she saw in a new light, and the home love seemed worthy of any sacrifice.

As she walked home she thought of Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful," and entered the house with the words ringing her ears:

Do thy duty, that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest,
And life was invested with a new meaning.

It was well that Nan was fortified, for even as she had foreseen, it came to pass. She had to run the gauntlet of all that she had dreaded.

"Nan," said Mrs. Coverdale, one afternoon as they sat alone, "do you know what Douglas and father are talking about all this long time?"

Before Nan could answer voices were heard in the hall, and a moment after, through the open window, she saw the curate walk hastily down the garden path. Then the room door opened to admit her father.

"What is it, father?" exclaimed the mother, for the vicar's face spoke of unusual happenings.

Then Nan felt again the burden of her cross, as in happy times the first love story of the family was told. She saw what happiness the revelation had brought to their hearts. They were both glad, though a natural regret dimmed the mother's eye. They had no thought of excluding Nan from this discussion. Was she not the natural helper of them both?

By-and-by Amy strayed into the room, and, instinctively, father and sister left her alone with the mother, who, in spite of her helplessness, was indeed "mother" with all that sacred name implies. When Douglas came

for his answer an ecstatic time followed, during which poor Nan's armour was penetrated by all sorts of arrows.

"My word, Nan," cried Fred, coming in one day, with a hop, skip and a jump. "Such a lark! I ran into the Summer-house just now, and I'll be jiggered if Gray wasn't kissing our Amy! Oo-oo! You should have seen their faces when they saw me."

Fred, boy like, squirmed with delight at the uncommon discovery, and the embarrassment he had caused.

"Nannie," said little Flo, for as of old "little pitchers have long ears," "s'ud'oo 'ike a bid man to kiss 'oo, too?"

"Not while I can have your kisses, darling," said Nan, the sore-hearted. "It is beautiful to see those two together," said Mrs. Coverdale, next day, next day.

"Nan dear, I'm glad no one has come yet to waken your heart's love, for I couldn't spare you."

There was sweet and bitter strangely mingled for Nan in that little speech.

But Amy's bed-time confidences were hardest of all to bear, for Nan had filled the place of confident too long to lose it now. It was rather bitter to hear the winsome girlish voice say, "Dear old Nan, I expect, since you've never been in love, you can't enter into it all, and that I'm silly to so idealize Douglas, but you'll understand some day."

Perhaps, though, the bitterest moment was when she submitted to receive "a brother's kiss" from Douglas, "for I feel as if you had always been my sister; I have never had one, you know, Nan. I may call you 'Nan' now, may I not?"

He felt the unresponsiveness of Nan's somewhat abrupt reply, "Don't you think you'd better wait a bit, and take us 'on approval' first, before adopting the family in this wholesale fashion?"

It was a heartless little joke, and Nan went away pained by the puzzled look in the eyes she loved, but she couldn't help it, really, for she was but human, and the Valley of Humiliation is hard to tread.

The time of preparation for the wedding sped gaily on, for there was little to wait for. The offer of a comfortable living had given Douglas the right to ask for his bride and it was decided that the wedding should take place in the following Spring.

It was a hard time for Nan, and only the quiet hours she snatched from the busy days to spend with Aunt Dorothea kept her calm and steady.

They did not have another long talk, for some subjects do not bear too free a discussion, but many a word of comfort or counsel, indirectly given, did Nan carry away with her from that quiet home. Besides, the sense of relaxation which came with the presence of the only one who knew what she was bearing, was very sweet to her.

And so, at last, the wedding day came, and all the village was gay. The mother's quiet kiss was given from her couch of suffering, and Nan determined not to spoil their happiness, or betray her secret, watched the ceremony, kissed the dear little bride, played hostess to the guests, and altogether was the life of the party.

But that night her pillow was wet with bitter tears. No one witnessed that "giving way," and only Aunt Dorothea guessed that in the silence of the night, a girl's heart was nigh unto breaking. Truly "every heart knoweth its own bitterness."

There is a happy sequel to my little tale, else would I not have told it, for the world is full of sadness.

The wedding day closed the page of Nan's life, for was not Douglas Amy's husband now? Nan bravely took up the battle of life, and found plenty of active service.

What a comfort it was in after years to know that she had been the stay and support of her mother's last days. That she had been able to watch over, and see safely into manhood and womanhood the children left by that mother to her care. That, when Fred got into trouble through sowing too plentiful a crop of wild oats, she was the means of extricating him, at what sacrifice only herself knew.

And then, one day, when she had thought for a long time that she was too old for "remembering" how surprised she was to find that the legend about Time having such power to heal was, after all, quite true, for did not her heart thrill with pleasure when she became aware that Francis Gordon fought delight in her company?

How young she began to feel again! How she blushed to find herself one day actually studying her wrinkles in the mirror!

Francis Gordon was a well-known author, and the son of an old friend of her father's. He had come down to Ingleton for a quiet rest. Why had he chosen Ingleton? Nan learned the secret one glorious moonlight evening in the old garden.

"For years your father's letters have been permeated with the name 'Nan,'" said he. "Some time ago, when Flo's engagement was announced, he wrote my father, 'So now, dear Nan, after all her sacrifice and devotion is left alone with her old father; she will not love me, but I feel it is very lonely for her.' When I read that, dear (for the Ingleton letters were always passed on to me), I realized afresh how I wanted you. All these years I have been so interested in those references to you. I had an idea that you'd tire of it all in time, and strike out for yourself some day, for in the old times I know you may

ped out a very different life for yourself. I remember the flash in your eye as you spoke of the future. But you kept true to your trust, and instinctively I admired you for it, and when that letter came, then a deeper current was touched, and I came to Ingleton to find you. I know I am not young, but because my love is the growth of years, will you not believe it all the more true and steady, Nan?"

That was a glorious evening, and Nan had a rapture all to herself in the silent night. Now she had another to minister to, and—ah, beautiful, fresh experience—someone to return the ministry. What a comfort to have a strong, firm, human friend to lean on.

One more glimpse.

Two little ones are playing in the old garden. The dear old vicar, white-haired now, and growing very old, watches them tenderly. The little girl has Nan's faithful eye; the boy, the pride of his grandfather's heart is "daddy's boy."

From the window where Nan watched Douglas and Amy with such pain—how far distant it all seems now!—"Daddy" raises his eyes from his writing, to exchange loving glances with the wife he loves so well.

Every week the children pay a loving visit to the grave of Aunt Dorothea in the old churchyard. The last time they went little Frank spelt out the words on the stone which marks the spot.

"Why did you choose that, mother?" he asked, in his old-fashioned way. But for answer the mother only clasped closer the hands of herself and tiny Dorothea, and in her eyes was the far-distant expression which told that for a few minutes her heart was with "dead days beyond recall."—London S. S. Times.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

From Smyrna (Asia Minor) Consul Ernest L. Harris writes: "Photography is growing to be the most popular hobby of the educated classes in Turkey."

Sikhs are beginning to invade British Columbia, which is certainly not like India. Three thousand of them are in the province and more are coming.

In the fjords on the Norway coast the clearness of the water is wonderful. Objects the size of a shilling may be seen at a depth of twenty-five to thirty fathoms.

An interesting relic of Napoleon Bonaparte has been placed in the Nottingham Castle Museum. It consists of a lock of hair of the emperor which was cut off about an hour after his death.

The baby Prince of Spain's name has been entered upon the roll of a regiment and he wears the number of it, in gold, pinned on his bib. A bed in the barracks is reserved for him as the latest recruit.

Japanese auctions are conducted in the following manner: Each bidder at an auction writes his name and bid on a slip of paper, which he puts in a box. When the bidding is over the box is opened, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

During his last illness Curran, the great Irish wit, was one day told by the medical attendant that he seemed to cough with more difficulty than he had done the previous day. "That's odd enough," replied the sick one, "because I've been practicing all night."

The ostrich is a timid bird, easily frightened and easily excited. When excited or angered he is a dangerous antagonist, because he is strong enough to kill a man with one kick of his powerful leg.

Most of the ostriches in American farms are hatched in incubators. This is not new, for the Egyptians did it some 3000 years ago. If the eggs are taken from the nest the hen will lay as many as 80. Nearly all of them are fertile and hatch out an ostrich chick, which is worth a hundred dollars when he is six months old and is past the age of baby diseases.

Nature Faking at Home.

The American habit of carelessly speaking of a Frankfurter or other kind of incased sausage as "dog" is general, not only at the race track, the country fair, the beach resorts, etc., but even at home. One of the prettiest little girls, age 11, in a great public school, read a composition in which occurred the following: Some sausages are made of pig and some of dogs. Once in a while the butcher mixes beef or lamb, or sheep with the pig meat and hog meat to make it cheaper. But most of the sausages that we buy in cases are made of dogs. The dogs, I suppose, come from the Poand.

The father of this brilliant little woman admits that he fell into the American habit of saying at breakfast: "Daughter, will you bring a dog?" when helping her. Children, we all ought to know by this time, take things seriously.—New York Press.

Down in Old Mexico.

An irate reader in Coahuila, an hi daigo of the old school, says that the first time he has time to get away he is coming to the city of Mexico to thrust a Toledo blade down our throat. Calmese Vd., hombre! Don't spoil a family heirloom.—Mexican Herald.

"This Is So Sudden"

By Winifred Black.



CERTAIN well-known and most estimable woman is going round the country telling all the women's clubs that it is time for woman to seize upon her rights and do her own proposing.

Tish, tush and pooh; also tut.

If I wasn't woman enough to make any man who cared enough for me to marry me propose to me without his ever dreaming that I had the faintest idea he'd ever even noticed the color of my eyes, I'd put on a diving suit and go down into the deep, blue sea and take lessons of the merry, merry mermaids.

Time for woman to propose, indeed!

As if every woman who really is a woman doesn't do her own proposing right straight along, and hasn't ever since the world began—all but the actual talking or writing of it.

The woman who says "This is so sudden" when a man asks her to be his wife may look as innocent as a lamb when she says it, but, oh, my, what a taradiddle she's telling.

Any real woman knows it the very instant any real man falls in love with her, and if she'd be frank with you she could tell you the time to a second when you first noticed that there was something rather pleasing about the expression of her eye.

The modern woman knows enough to keep some of her knowledge to herself, but she has it just the same, and if I had a daughter who was so stupid and so lacking in every feminine attribute that she didn't know enough to know what a man's eyes mean, no matter what his voice says, I'd disown her. I hate an attitudinizing, simpering, would-be coquette, who thinks every man who addresses a civil word to her is dying with love for her, but the next person worse to her is the sexless woman, who doesn't know when a man is going to propose and can't help him along a little without letting him see what she's doing.

A man who was so little in love with me that I had to do the proposing would strike me as a very bad bargain in the husband line, even if he blushed and stammered yes when I asked him the fatal question. He might be too diffident to propose to me, but I'd be haunted all the time with curiosity to know what he was going to say to the real woman he really fell in love with when he really met her.

Should women propose, my dear club woman? Indeed, she should not, and she'll never have to, either, as long as there are men enough to go round.—New York American.

Women as Frauds

By Marie Corelli.

SHOULD just like to say one word respecting a "right" which no woman appears eager to seize upon and defend—the right to protest against the vulgar and indecent manner in which she is given away as a great Sham in all her own special fashion books and pictorials. There man sees woman as the Fool Rampant. The advertisements catering for her patronage show her at her worst. She is depicted as semi-nude, holding her wig (they call it "transformation" nowadays, in one hand, ready to put on. She is shown in a half-nude state, very thin and scraggy, but again unblushingly holding the artificially moulded plump portions of her body which nature has failed to supply, in readiness to fasten over the hollow places. She is exhibited plainly and pitilessly as a Swindle. Do women imagine that men never look at such papers, and never perceive the bold and prominent challenge of these degrading advertisements which instruct them as to what a painted, powdered, padded, dyed, frizzled, shameless creature a woman may be, and often is? The natural woman, with health's own glow upon her cheeks, and heaven's own brightness in her hair, is likely to be wronged by doubts as to her genuineness, while the fashion books of today everywhere proclaim the fraud of the "female form divine," as built up, with woman's own approval, by the costumier and the perruquier—a think with surely as little sense of the noblest "rights" of womanhood as the doll in a hairdresser's window. A casual study of four modern ladies' pictorials will convince the most optimistic male supporter of "women's rights" that the majority of the fair sex are not in any way fitted for the franchise, and, after all, it is the majority that counts.—Harper's Bazar.

Are American Boys

Too Forward, Irreverent, Bold
and Self-Assertive?

By Justice Leverone,
Of the Juvenile Court of New York.

I F we concede that the American boy has all these faults, we only concede that he is typical of his age. He partakes of the greatly increased freedom of the individual in our time, and he shares the much more marked activity of his period.

It is true that juvenile offenses against the law are as frequent as they ever were, more frequent than they sometimes have been, but they are not more serious, and they are directly attributable to the increased complexity of our latter-day civilization. This complex character of modern society, which furnishes more abundant opportunity for the development of the talents and capabilities of the growing youth, provides also increased temptations to the energetic, ambitious boy.

It is an inevitable condition of increased freedom that it brings with it increased temptation and responsibility. The American boy, even as the American adult, possesses more freedom than any boy ever had before. On the whole, he has risen to the obligations which this greater freedom has imposed.

The Man Who Runs the Railroad

By Thornton Oakley.

A MILE down the track the express comes round the bend. You watch it as it grows rapidly larger, then in a moment it thunders by. The tower trembles and you gasp in smoke. The signal-operator glances at his clock, then leans out and shakes two fingers at the engineer, who nods and pulls his throttle in a bit. He is two minutes ahead of time.

As the express vanishes in a blue haze of steam and dust, a heavy freight comes lumbering down the south-bound track, the big black engine shaking and belching smoke and cinders. The operator turns and tugs upon his levers. Out upon the track there is a clanging among the switches, and upon the signal bridge the green and yellow semaphores rise and fall. The panting locomotive halts. The signal is against him. Far back at the caboose a brakeman drops off, and you can see him running up the track, waving a spot of red. The engineer, in green overalls, swings down from his cab and hurries to the tower. The operator shouts to him that there is a freight wreck at Upland Crossing, and after the Southshore Limited has passed he is to proceed on the passenger track.—Harper's Magazine.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Mr. Emerson Simpson of near Round Hill, lost a very valuable mule by death on Friday night.

WANTED.—Bright, active boy to learn Drug Business. Apply at Auker's Drug Store.

The property of Reuben Hoffheins, on South Peters street, offered at public sale on Saturday was not sold.

You are now allowed to eat the oyster once again. This month has an "R" if it is the last one in the name.

A peach grown in the orchard of John Laughman, Berwick township, weighed 10 1/2 ounces and measured 10 1/2 inches in circumference.

Not tired or sore feet if you use A. D. S. Foot Relief, 25c. We guarantee it. Auker's Drug Store.

Rufus Lauver, of Biglerville, has sold his apple crop, consisting of about one thousand barrels, to a Chicago firm at \$2.35 per barrel.

Miss Mary Emmert, daughter of the postmaster, is the new clerk in the post-office, taking the place of Miss Elsie K. Klingel, who resigned that position.

Why have horses and cows suffer from flies when Lee's Fly Cure will prevent it. Auker's Drug Store.

M. G. Nagle, of Abbotstown, during the season which just closed handled in his incubators 52700 eggs out of which he realized a 70 per cent. hatch or nearly 37,000 chicks.

On Sunday night the smoke house of Harry Y. Chronister, of near East Berlin, was visited by thieves. A ham and a piece of side meat, all that was in the building, were stolen.

The name tells the story—everybody knows it; everybody likes it; everybody uses it—I. W. HARPER whiskey. Sold by C. T. Hersh.

Mr. C. Irvin Blair, Aspers, of the firm of Rex & Blair, lost a very valuable horse by death on Saturday. Mr. Blair recently refused an offer of \$250 for the animal. It is supposed he was poisoned.

Mrs. Geo. M. Bowman, of Hanover, was operated upon last Wednesday at St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, for the removal of gall stones and also for appendicitis. The operations were successful.

While threshing at Harry Rahn's near Abbotstown last Wednesday, Samuel S. Thieret accidentally slipped while feeding the machine and badly lacerated his right hand by getting it in the cylinder.

One night last week a thief entered the chicken house at the home of Andrew J. Byers in Hanover and stole therefrom 30 fine young Plymouth Rock chickens, averaging 2 pounds apiece in weight.

Michael Riley, of East Berlin, has sold his farm to Cornelius Keeney, of Hamilton township. David Bosserman, also of East Berlin, has sold his farm to George Moul, of York. The terms of both sales are private.

The horse belonging to William Beck, of Buchanan Valley, and which was bitten by the mad dog during the mad dog scare at Arendtsville several weeks ago exhibited signs of going mad Thursday and was killed.

Worthington Kohler, formerly of near this place, who was removed from Hanover to the York county almshouse several weeks ago, was removed from that institution to the State asylum at Harrisburg, last Wednesday.

Calvin Hartman, an engineer, of Allegheny, who was badly hurt in a collision three months ago, having one leg broken and a foot crushed, brought to the home of his mother, Mrs. Noah Hartman, near Arendtsville, last week.

A carload of apples was shipped from Bendersville Station last week at 90 cents per cwt. Last year the price was 40 cents per cwt. for the same class of apples. A carload at the above rate will be shipped from that station each week.

The Borough public schools opened Monday morning with the following teachers: No. 1, Prof. Daniel Ruff; No. 2, Miss Margie Brown; No. 3, Miss Nita Cashman. The parochial schools will open on next Monday.

Five shares of Hanover Saving Fund Society stock were sold at public sale Friday afternoon by the Citizens Trust Co., of Gettysburg, to William Arch McClean at \$80 per share. The stock was sold by the Trust Company as trustee of Jeremiah Bender.

J. B. Brecks, a traveling salesman, was arrested on Saturday night at Hanover by officer Dutera, on warrants issued by Squire Lewis D. Sell, charging him, on oath of William S. Holliday, with the larceny of \$210 in money and certified checks, and with assault and battery. Brooks entered bail for hearings in both cases.

Lost.—A lady's silver pocketbook containing \$5.00 and some small change was lost along the road between New Oxford and Waldheim, Friday afternoon at about 11:30 o'clock a. m. Name card of Miss Stoner on inside of book. A suitable reward will be given if returned to Dr. Stoner, 661 E. Market Street, York, Pa.

Saturday evening while Mr. Wilmot Bosserman, residing on the farm of H. G. Wehler, along the Berlin road, was on his way to town in a buggy the animal he was driving, a valuable brood mare, with a colt at home in the stable, dropped dead in the shafts on Berlin street.

Miss Mary M. Lingg, the Carlisle street milliner, has gone to the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore to study the Fall styles, and will return with a fine line of pattern hats. Grand millinery opening Sept. 28-29, to which all are invited to attend and examine for themselves. 3t.

The Cashman farm near Bendersville containing 110 acres was sold Thursday, Aug. 29th at public sale to Harry Pitzer for \$45.50 per acre. Harry Warren, of Martinsburg, W. Va., has purchased the farm of Waybright Rice at Wenskensville containing two hundred acres for \$3500.

Mr. Eli D. Guise, of Aspers, who recently got such a hard fall in his barn, had a similar experience on Monday while helping to thresh at Mr. Daniel Guise's. He was on a scaffold in the barn when he fell to the floor below on his face, smashing his nose and otherwise bruising himself very badly.

Paul, the 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kink, of Littlestown, while playing on the stone steps leading up to the bridge which spans the N. C. R. tracks, fell about half the height of structure Tuesday evening and received several lacerations on the side of his face and was badly bruised on various parts of his body.

Charles F. Minter, of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, formerly of near this place, who is visiting his uncle, Daniel Minter, in Hanover, had a large tumor removed from the front part of his neck last week. Dr. Wesley C. Stick, of Hanover, performed the operation, which was very successful, assisted by his son, Edward W. Stick, a medical student.

Mrs. Dinah Diehl, on account of feebleness, will be removed from her home on Carlisle street, to the home of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Yohe, at Hanover, this week, and her personal effects will be sold at public sale on Saturday, Sept. 7. This move has been made necessary by the recent sudden death of Mrs. Diehl's step-daughter, Miss Martha Jane Diehl.

Mr. Wm. A. Heltzel, brakeman on the local freight between York and Highfield, met with a painful, though not serious, accident about 7 o'clock Friday morning. The gentleman in jumping from the top of a box car to an open coal car at Thomasville, struck the latter car in such a manner as to badly wrench his back. He was brought to town on the 9:35 train and is now confined to his home on Berlin Ave., but is rapidly improving.

Broke His Leg.

Edward K. Wolf while hewing timber near Hafer's mill, in Reading township, Thursday morning sustained a compound fracture of his right leg below the knee, by being caught under a heavy piece of timber. The fracture was adjusted by Dr. Hoechst, East Berlin.

Mules Ran Away.

Cashtown, Aug. 30.—Yesterday while going to the mill E. B. Cook, of Hilltown, had an ugly experience with two mules which he was driving. The animals had never been hitched together before and it is thought that this, coupled with the noise of the empty wagon in which they were hitched, caused them to become frightened. They ran off throwing Mr. Cook out between them and bruising him up badly.

Thrown From Buggy.

One day last week while Mr. Thomas Stevens, residing on the farm of Mrs. Margaret Miller, near New Chester, was descending a hill near Five Points, the horse switched his tail over one of the lines. Mr. Stevens leaned forward in the buggy to get the line right when a sudden jolt of the vehicle threw him out on the ground, breaking several fingers on one of his hands besides receiving other injuries about the body.

Large Picnic.

The picnic held on Saturday in Pfeiffer's grove for the benefit of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, is considered to be the largest as far attendance is concerned, ever held in the grove. Everybody participating seemed to be enjoying themselves at the different amusements, social conversation, etc. The meals prepared by the good ladies of the congregation, were up to the high standard attained at former picnics and were praised from all sides. All in all it was a grand success in every particular. The net proceeds amounted to \$426.42.

Mr. Fink Appointed Commissioner.

Mr. David H. Fink of near town, was on Wednesday afternoon appointed by the Court to fill the vacancy in the Board of County Commissioners caused by the death of J. C. Group. The constitution of 1874 provides that the Court shall appoint an elector who voted for the Commissioner whose place is to be filled; in other words the new Commissioner to be of the same politics as was the deceased member. Mr. Fink ran for the same office on the Democratic ticket in 1902 and was defeated by only a small majority and therefore was justly entitled to the appointment. Mr. Fink is a gentleman who will guard well the interests of the taxpayers of the county.

William A. Himes Expires Suddenly at Asbury Park.

The citizens of town and vicinity were startled on Thursday evening when a telegram was received here announcing the sudden death at Asbury Park, N. J., of Mr. William Alexander Himes, one of the town's most widely known citizens. His end was dramatic. Officiating as a judge of the famous annual baby parade of the sea shore resort he expired at the foot of the throne of her gracious majesty Queen Titania VII in the presence of thousands of spectators.

Mr. Himes had gone with his wife and several friends to Asbury Park, N. J. He had not only enjoyed a stay at that place last Summer, but seemed to be much benefited and had every reason to expect further benefit at this time, and he had passed a very pleasant and comfortable week, and had met many friends and acquaintances of last season. On Monday morning his son, son-in-law and three daughters arrived at the Park from an automobile tour to Berkshire Hites. It was a pleasant and complete family reunion. All its members were there. They were together, a family group was taken. It was the great day at Asbury Park. The great annual event, the Boley Carnival, for which preparations had been made for weeks and to which visitors always look forward to take place in the afternoon. He had been solicited to act as a judge. Any event that had children in it or concerned children was always of great interest to him. As he was apparently in good condition and in good spirits he consented to act. He had finished his lunch at the hotel, and set out leisurely accompanied by his son and a daughter and his friend Col. Frank O'Brien, of Birmingham, Alabama, for his position at the reviewing stand, expecting the rest of his family to follow. Everything went well. They were chatting, without reason to anticipate anything but pleasure, when suddenly he threw up his hand with a verbal exclamation of surprise not of pain, and fell over into the arms of his son. Physicians were immediately summoned and two were soon on the spot, but life was extinct, and in their opinion death was instantaneous. The body was brought to his home in this place on the 6:01 train Friday evening.

Deceased was a son of the late William D. and Magdalene Lanius Himes, and aged 50 years. He was born and reared in the Himes homestead, Cor. Center Square and Pitt Street, which he owned and occupied up to the time of his death. He was educated in the schools here. Then was at the old Moravian School at Nazareth, Pa., and from there went to the Moravian College at Bethlehem, and finished his course at Dickinson College from which he was graduated in 1871. He was always attached to his old Alma Mater. He preferred business to a profession, and quickly after leaving college engaged in the lumber and coal business here. After a few years this was abandoned for other business occupation. He took great pleasure in managing his several farms near town.

He was united in marriage with Miss Kate W. Gitt, daughter of Abdiel F. Gitt well known in this community, and at this time its oldest citizen, on April 19, 1877. The surviving children are Anna K., wife of Robert E. Manley of York, and Amelia E., Helen M. and William D. all residing with the now widowed mother at home. Two brothers, Prof. Charles Himes, of Dickinson College, and Prof. H. O. Himes of Gettysburg, and one sister, Mrs. Helen Keith of Gettysburg, also survive him.

At the organization of the Farmers & Merchants Bank in 1900, he was chosen president in which office he was continued until his decease. He was also President of the Emmitsburg and East Berlin R. R. Companies, and was a director of the York Trust company, Gettysburg Gas company, Hanover & McSherrystown Railway company, Hanover Light, Heat & Power company, York & Gettysburg and Susquehanna & York borough turnpike companies. He was a leading member of Hebron Lodge F. & M., and held numerous borough offices.

The funeral was held at 11 a. m., Sunday, short services being held at the house after which the remains were laid to rest in the family lot in the New Oxford cemetery, Rev. W. W. Hartman officiating. Although the funeral was strictly private large numbers of friends from York, Emmitsburg, Gettysburg, Hanover and other places were here to pay their last respects. Many citizens lined the streets about the residence during the morning and their turn to have a farewell look at their departed friend and fellowman. The floral tributes were elaborate, embracing at least a dozen beautiful and appropriate designs. The pall bearers were W. C. Sheely, Esq., and John L. Hill, Esq., of Gettysburg; Vincent Sebold, of Emmitsburg; C. J. Delone, Esq., and E. M. Ftzler, of Hanover, and J. E. C. Miller, of New Oxford.

Foot Caught in Thresher.

While getting ready to operate a threshing machine on the farm of Jacob Eppley, near Granite Hill, Straban township, Thursday afternoon, Jacob Stover met with a very painful accident. Mr. Stover was walking across the machine when he was caught by the belt, which was being adjusted, and thrown down, his one foot being caught in the cylinder and considerably lacerated, besides receiving minor bruises to his person. The injury was very painful but no serious results are anticipated.

Death's Doings.

Mrs. Mollie Haycock, of Mount Holly Springs died at the home of Reese Heller, near Wenskenville, at 9 o'clock Wednesday night aged 43 years, 7 months and 2 days. She had been visiting relatives at Mr. Heller's for the past two weeks.

Gertrude Estella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Smucker, of Littlestown, died early Wednesday morning of cholera infantum, aged 10 months and 15 days.

Miss Christina Rimbaugh died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Kuhn, in Littlestown, early Friday morning of tuberculosis, aged 71 years. About a week previous to her death the lady was taken to Littlestown from McSherrystown, where she had resided for a number of years. She is survived by two sisters.

Mildred Thompson the 4-months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, of Gettysburg, died on Thursday.

Charles Williams died at his home in Gettysburg shortly after 4 o'clock Friday afternoon after an illness of several months. He was aged 37 years and a few months. Mr. Williams was a carpenter by trade but for the last ten years had been employed at the Western Maryland freight station. He is survived by his wife and one son; his parents, six sisters and two brothers.

Robert Lehigh, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Lehigh, of Berlin Junction, Oxford township, died on Friday from cholera-morbus, aged 1 year, 6 months and 15 days. Interment was made at Mummers' meeting house, near East Berlin, Sunday morning.

D. H. Ditzler, of Hanover received a telegram Tuesday morning announcing the sudden death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Anna Gertrude, wife of Rev. Irvin S. Ditzler, at her home in Thomasville, North Carolina, at 5:30 a. m. Tuesday, the result of heart failure. Mrs. Ditzler, who was a daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. D. Miller, of Chester county, Pa., formerly of Hanover, was married June 14, 1906, to Rev. Irvin S. Ditzler, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Ditzler, of Hanover, formerly of near this place, who survives her, with one son, Harold, aged 5 months.

George Miller, for a number of years an inmate of the Old Men's Home, died at that institution Monday morning at 2:30 o'clock, of gangrene, from which he suffered for some time. Mr. Miller was in the 89th year of his age. He formerly lived near Hampton. The remains were interred at New Chester Tuesday afternoon.

Hymenial.

W. S. Olewine, proprietor of the National Hotel, Hampton, formerly of this place, and Mrs. White, widow of the late Dr. White, also of Hampton, were united in marriage at Baltimore, at high noon on Wednesday, Sept. 4.

Austin Storm, son of Mr. Jere F. Storm, and Miss Mary Todd, daughter of Mr. Felty Todd, all of Mountpleasant township, were married in Philadelphia recently, where they are employed. A reception was given the young couple at the home of the groom's father at Storm's store, on Thursday evening, at which a large number of young people were present.

Snake in Barn Loft.

One day last week while men were engaged at threshing on the farm of Curtis Miller, at Brush Run Station, on the W. M. R. R., about 3 miles from this place, a copperhead snake nearly three feet in length was discovered in the wheat on the loft over the barn floor, and was promptly killed. It is presumed the snake was placed there when the grain was hauled in from the field. At the same time Mr. Miller's son who was working on the loft, accidentally tread on the end of a loose board and fell upon the hay carriage on a wagon standing on the barn floor, but luckily escaped with a few slight bruises.

Large Barn and Contents Burned.

Cashtown, Sept. 2.—Fire about 7 o'clock this morning destroyed the large barn on the farm of the late A. L. Mickley now owned by the heirs, about a half mile West of town, and burned all the crops. The fire was discovered about 7 o'clock and by 7:30 the building was burned to the ground. A number of farm implements were destroyed but all of the stock was saved. The crops which had just been stored were all burned and the loss is total on part of them as no insurance was carried by the tenant, Jacob Wetzel. The remaining part was insured. The origin of the fire is unknown. The structure which was a large bank barn was insured in the Mummasburg company.

New Cigar Factories.

August was one of the dullest months in the tobacco situation for a number of years. At the York revenue office the receipts roughly approximated \$100,000. This was fully \$5,000 less than the receipts during the same month last year and is about \$2,000 less than the receipts of July. Only ten factories were licensed in the district, among them the following: Lewis S. Culp, McSherrystown; Tiger Cigar Co., Abbotstown; Frank J. Sneringer, Hanover; Keystone Cigar Co., Irish-town.

Runaway; Lady Thrown From Wagon.

Saturday evening while Mrs. Clement Lingg of near town, was on her way to the picnic in Pfeiffer's grove, in a spring wagon, the horse took fright and ran away. Mrs. Lingg was in the act of making the short turn from High street into the alley at the school house to cross over to Philadelphia street, when some other teams came driving at a rapid gait in rear of her team. This caused the animal to run and in making the turn Mrs. Lingg was hurled from the wagon and alighted on her head in the road, but very fortunately escaped with but slight injury to her back. The horse ran to Philadelphia street and turned toward the Square, and at Berlin ave. attempted to go out that thoroughfare when a gentleman made an effort to capture him and he ran upon the pavement in front of the residence of I. I. Smith where the team tore the iron pump from the well and the horse falling was brought to a sudden stop. The damage to wagon was broken shafts and one wheel, and harness slightly torn. Mrs. Smith, Miss Lizzie Pfeiffer, Miss Nettie Swartz and Master Elwood Myers, who were sitting in front of the house made narrow escape from being struck by the team.

Transfer of Priests.

The following priests in this vicinity have been transferred by Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg, during the past week: Rev. Father Welsh of Midway, has been transferred to Wilkes Barre, to succeed Rev. Father Thomas X. Dougherty, who has been appointed to take charge of the new St. Rose of Lima, church, York. Rev. J. A. Mahaney, of the Immaculate Conception charge, this place, has been transferred to take the place of Father Welsh at St. Vincent, Midway. Father Mahaney has been in our midst for a little over one year, and while here became greatly endeared to his people, who were indeed sorry to learn of his being taken away. He is a noble, good man, economical financier, and a most able speaker, and spiritual advisor. His successor here is Rev. Wm. J. Martin, of Cornwall, son of Capt. Wm. J. Martin, of Gettysburg.

Father William Boyle, of Paradise and Spring Grove, has been transferred to Harrisburg. He is succeeded by Rev. John O'Donnell, of Berwick, Pa.

Vulcanizer Exploded.

On Wednesday while Dr. Wm. R. Snyder of Carlisle street, was vulcanizing several set of artificial teeth, the boiler of his vulcanizer exploded, taking part of his house along. The Dr. had just placed it over the flame of the stove used for the purpose, and had gone to his dinner when the explosion took place. It broke the windows in his house, knocked the stove to pieces, and part of the outfit went out through the ceiling. The one set of teeth in the vulcanizer could not be found. The chances are they passed through the ceiling and landed above the lath as the other was found there. Why the instrument exploded cannot be understood, as it was nearly new, and on the flame but about fifteen minutes, when about forty minutes is required to bring it to the necessary temperature for the purpose of hardening rubber. It was very fortunate that no person was in the room at the time or there might have been a most serious accident.

Runaway; Wagon Wrecked.

A commercial traveler, after a day's drive over the country with two horses and large baggage wagon belonging to liveryman J. C. Myers, had backed the team up to the platform at the depot Wednesday evening and was unloading his large sample cases when the horses took a notion to go home and started to walk away. The gentleman called "whoa," but instead of stopping, started on a run with the drummer after them, scattering packages of matted, trunks, etc., along the way. On reaching the alley leading to the Myers stables the team struck a telephone pole, mashing one wheel, breaking the pole, top and other parts of the wagon. The end of the wagon pole struck the 'phone pole first with such force as to free the animals of their harness and one passed on either side of the 'phone pole and ran to the stable uninjured.

Wagon Passed Over His Body.

On Friday evening Mr. Francis Burkee, the leading grocer of McSherrystown, met with accident whereby he was painfully injured. Mr. Burkee was returning from Hanover with a load of goods, when he had occasion to stop. As he attempted to re-enter the wagon his foot slipped from the step and he was thrown to the ground and the rear wheel of the wagon passed over his body. He was taken to his home and it was at first thought that his injuries were of a serious nature, but we learn that he is again able to be about but it will be some time before he will be able to do any work.

PERSONAL.

The following are visiting at the home of C. E. Winand in New Chester: Mrs. Lomon and Al Trostle, of Franklin Grove, Illinois, and Mrs. E. O. Norris, of Middleburg, Md.

Miss Marie Olewine, of Hampton, spent the past week with friends in Baltimore.

Dallas M. Little of Indiana, spent Thursday with his sister, Mrs. Frank Kemper, in Hampton. This was his first visit to Hampton in 18 years.

Misses Elsie Smith, Marie Smith and Nora Myers, of York, were the guests of Miss Bessie Chronister, near Greenridge, Hamilton township.

Mr. Reuben Hoffheins, wife and family, of York, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in this place and near New Chester.

Mr. C. E. McGrail and wife, of East Berlin, spent Saturday with friends in town.

Mr. Chas. G. Miller, and wife, of Camp Hill, near Harrisburg, spent a few days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, East High street.

Misses Laura and Edna Smith, of Lancaster, spent several days at the home of their mother, Mrs. Josephine Smith close to town.

Mr. Harry Barnitz and daughter, of Pittsburg, are spending some time at the home of his mother, Mrs. Maria Barnitz, and other friends here.

Mrs. Agnes Aumen, of York, spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Pitt street.

Misses Katie Winand and Mayne Fleishman, and Messrs. John Myers and John Feiser, started Monday morning to attend Patrick's Commercial school at York.

Mr. Arthur Cashman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. H. Cashman, Hanover street, left Monday morning to attend Pierce's Business College, Philadelphia.

Mr. R. C. Himes and wife, of New Holland, Lancaster county, spent several days with friends in town, having been called here on account of the death of his cousin, W. A. Himes.

Mr. John Byler, wife and family, of near Emmitsburg, spent several days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Sadler, of Quakertown.

Mrs. Wm. H. Kohler, of Pitt street, spent the past week with friends at Atlantic City.

The Misses Morse, who have been spending some time with the families of Messrs. A. G. Lan and J. B. Weaver, returned to their home in Baltimore, Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fitz, of Highfield, visited at the home of her brother, Mr. Walter Miller, Pitt street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Diehl, of Pitt street, left Saturday morning to spend some time with their son in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Geo. Sprinkle of Hanover, Miss Grace Houck and Mr. John Haverstock, of Heidelsburg, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Curtis Diehl, Pitt street.

The following were recent guests of the Misses Emmert, Center Square: Miss Amelia Meltzheimer, Mr. Fisher Ehrhart and Mr. John Shultz, of Hanover, Miss Grace Glascock, of Baltimore, Miss Mabel Wiele, Miss Francis Frick and Mr. Ben. Root, of York.

Miss Marguerite Emmert, after spending some time at Lake Winola, has returned to Bloomsburg to resume her studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Berkholder of Manheim, Lancaster county, are spending some time with Dr. J. L. Sheetz and family, Center Square.

Misses Lizzie and Marie Delone of Harrisburg, spent last week with their grandfather, Mr. Franklin Martin, N. Peters street.

Mr. Franklin Martin, Miss Lizzie Martin and the Misses Lizzie and Marie Delone, spent Thursday at the home of Mrs. Chas. Rinehart, near Irish-town.

Mrs. Sarah Slagle and Miss Lillian Snyder, of Hanover, spent Tuesday at the home of the former's brother, Mr. E. G. Lough, Hanover street.

Edward Adams and wife, of Lancaster, visited at the home of her brother, Mr. C. H. Deatrick, East High street, on Tuesday.

Mr. Francis Noel and sister Miss Lydia Noel, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who have been spending some time at the home of their brother, Mr. P. J. Noel, Hanover street, left for home Wednesday morning.

Racing Matinee.

On Saturday, Sept. 7, another grand racing matinee will take place on the track of the Conevago Driving Park, near New Chester. Some good horses have been entered for this date. The racing will begin promptly at 12 o'clock noon. Refreshments of all kinds will be served in the park. Everybody cordially invited to attend. Music will be furnished by the Littlestown orchestra.

THE JUDGE USES FORCEFUL LANGUAGE.

Judge W. B. Simmons of Fincastle, Va., told the reporter that L. & M. Paint was used on his residence in 1882, and held its color for 21 years; he furthermore said that 3 years ago he was induced to use another paint and is sorry he did, because the other paint didn't make good. The Judge will now always use L. & M. because he knows if any defect exists in L. & M. Paint the house will be repainted for nothing.

The L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes L. & M. Paint wear like iron for 10 to 15 years. Actual cost of L. & M. about \$1.20 per gallon.

Donations of L. & M. made to churches sold by P. A. & S. Small Co., York.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat..... \$ 87
No. 2 76
Raked 50
Rye..... 45 @ 50
Corn..... 55 @ 60
Oats..... 22 @ 25
Clover seed, per lb..... 10 @ 12
Timothy seed 1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw 0 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay 10 00 @ 14 00



The effect of malaria lasts a long time.
You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria.
Strengthen yourself with **Scott's Emulsion**.
It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Mr. Emerson Simpson of near Round Hill, lost a very valuable mule by death on Friday night.

WANTED.—Bright, active boy to learn Drug Business. Apply at Auker's Drug Store.

The property of Reuben Hoffheins, on South Peters street, offered at public sale on Saturday was not sold.

You are now allowed to eat the oyster once again. This month has an "R" if it is the last one in the name.

A peach grown in the orchard of John Laughman, Berwick township, weighed 10 1/2 ounces and measured 10 1/2 inches in circumference.

No tired or sore feet if you use A. D. S. Foot Relief, 25c. We guarantee it. Auker's Drug Store.

Rufus Lauver, of Biglerville, has sold his apple crop, consisting of about one thousand barrels, to a Chicago firm at \$2.35 per barrel.

Miss Mary Emmert, daughter of the postmaster, is the new clerk in the post-office, taking the place of Miss Elsie K. Klingel, who resigned that position.

Why have horses and cows suffer from flies when Lee's Fly Cure will prevent it. Auker's Drug Store.

M. G. Nagle, of Abbotstown, during the season which just closed handled in his incubators 52700 eggs out of which he realized a 70 per cent. hatch or nearly 37,000 chicks.

On Sunday night the smoke house of Harry Y. Chronister, of near East Berlin, was visited by thieves. A ham and a piece of side meat, all that was in the building, were stolen.

The name tells the story—everybody knows it; everybody likes it; everybody uses it—W. H. HARPER whiskey. Sold by C. T. Hersch.

Mr. C. Irvin Blair, Aspers, of the firm of Rex & Blair, lost a very valuable horse by death on Saturday. Mr. Blair recently refused an offer of \$250 for the animal. It is supposed he was poisoned.

Mrs. Geo. M. Bowman, of Hanover, was operated upon last Wednesday at St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, for the removal of gall stones and also for appendicitis. The operations were successful.

While threshing at Harry Rahn's near Abbotstown last Wednesday, Samuel S. Thieret accidentally slipped while feeding the machine and badly lacerated his right hand by getting it in the cylinder.

One night last week a thief entered the chicken house at the home of Andrew J. Byers in Hanover and stole therefrom 30 fine young Plymouth Rock chickens, averaging 2 pounds apiece in weight.

Michael Riley, of East Berlin, has sold his farm to Cornelius Keeney, of Hamilton township. David Bosserman, also of East Berlin, has sold his farm to George Moul, of York. The terms of both sales are private.

The horse belonging to William Beck, of Buchanan Valley, and which was bitten by the mad dog during the mad dog scare at Arendtsville several weeks ago exhibited signs of going mad Thursday and was killed.

Worthington Kohler, formerly of near this place, who was removed from Hanover to the York county almshouse several weeks ago, was removed from that institution to the State asylum at Harrisburg, last Wednesday.

Calvin Hartman, an engineer, of Allegheny, who was badly hurt in a collision three months ago, having one leg broken and a foot crushed, brought to the home of his mother, Mrs. Noah Hartman, near Arendtsville, last week.

A carload of apples was shipped from Bendersville Station last week at 90 cents per cwt. Last year the price was 40 cents per cwt. for the same class of apples. A carload at the above rate will be shipped from that station each week.

The Borough public schools opened Monday morning with the following teachers: No. 1, Prof. Daniel Ruff; No. 2, Miss Margie Brown; No. 3, Miss Nita Cashman. The parochial schools will open on next Monday.

Five shares of Hanover Saving Fund Society stock were sold at public sale Friday afternoon by the Citizens Trust Co., of Gettysburg, to William Arch McLean at \$80 per share. The stock was sold by the Trust Company as trustee of Jeremiah Bender.

J. B. Brecks, a traveling salesman, was arrested on Saturday night at Hanover by officer Duttera, on warrants issued by Squire Lewis D. Sell, charging him, on oath of William S. Holliday, with the larceny of \$210 in money and certified checks, and with assault and battery. Brooks entered bail for hearings in both cases.

Lost.—A lady's silver pocketbook containing \$5.00 and some small change was lost along the road between New Oxford and Waldheim, Friday afternoon about 11:30 o'clock a. m. Name card of Miss Stoner on inside of book. A suitable reward will be given if returned to Dr. Stoner, 661 E. Market Street, York, Pa.

Saturday evening while Mr. Wilmoth Bosserman, residing on the farm of H. G. Wehler, along the Berlin road, was on his way to town in a buggy the animal he was driving, a valuable brood mare, with a colt at home in the stable, dropped dead in the shafts on Berlin street.

Miss Mary M. Lingg, the Carlisle street Milliner, has gone to the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore to study the latest styles, and will return with a fine line of pattern hats. Grand millinery opening Sept. 28-29, to which all are invited to attend and examine for themselves. 3t.

The Cashman farm near Bendersville containing 110 acres was sold Thursday, Aug. 29th at public sale to Harry Pitzer for \$45.50 per acre. Harry Warren, of Martinsburg, W. Va., has purchased the farm of Waybright Rice at Wensville containing two hundred acres for \$3500.

Mr. Eli D. Guise, of Aspers, who recently got such a hard fall in his barn, had a similar experience on Monday while helping to thresh at Mr. Daniel Guise's. He was on a scaffold in the barn when he fell to the floor below on his face, smashing his nose and otherwise bruising himself very badly.

Paul, the 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kink, of Littlestown, while playing on the stone steps leading up to the bridge which spans the N. C. R. R. tracks, fell about half the height of structure Tuesday evening and received several lacerations on the side of his face and was badly bruised on various parts of his body.

Charles F. Minter, of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, formerly of near this place, who is visiting his uncle, Daniel Minter, in Hanover, had a large tumor removed from the front part of his neck last week. Dr. Wesley C. Stick, of Hanover, performed the operation, which was very successful, assisted by his son, Edward W. Stick, a medical student.

Mrs. Dinah Diehl, on account of feebleness, will be removed from her home on Carlisle street, to the home of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Yohe, at Hanover, this week, and her personal effects will be sold at public sale on Saturday, Sept. 7. This move has been made necessary by the recent sudden death of Mrs. Diehl's stepdaughter, Miss Martha Jane Diehl.

Mr. Wm. A. Heltzel, brakeman on the local freight between York and Highfield, met with a painful, though not serious, accident about 7 o'clock Friday morning. The gentleman in jumping from the top of a box car to an open coal car at Thomasville, struck the latter car in such a manner as to badly wrench his back. He was brought to town on the 9:35 train and is now confined to his home on Berlin Ave., but is rapidly improving.

Broke His Leg.

Edward K. Wolf while hewing timber near Hafer's mill, in Reading township, Thursday morning sustained a compound fracture of his right leg below the knee, by being caught under a heavy piece of timber. The fracture was adjusted by Dr. Hoechst, East Berlin.

Mules Ran Away.

Cashtown, Aug. 30.—Yesterday while going to the mill E. B. Cook, of Hilltown, had an ugly experience with two mules which he was driving. The animals had never been hitched together before and it is thought that this, coupled with the noise of the empty wagon in which they were hitched, caused them to become frightened. They ran off throwing Mr. Cook out between them and bruising him up badly.

Thrown From Buggy.

One day last week while Mr. Thomas Stevens, residing on the farm of Mrs. Margaret Miller, near New Chester, was descending a hill near Five Points, the horse switched his tail over one of the lines. Mr. Stevens leaned forward in the buggy to get the line right when a sudden jolt of the vehicle threw him out on the ground, breaking several fingers on one of his hands besides receiving other injuries about the body.

Large Picnic.

The picnic held on Saturday in Pfeiffer's grove for the benefit of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, is considered to be the largest as far attendance is concerned, ever held in the grove. Everybody participating seemed to be enjoying themselves at the different amusements, social conversation, etc. The meals prepared by the good ladies of the congregation, were up to the high standard attained at former picnics and were praised from all sides. All in all it was a grand success in every particular. The net proceeds amounted to \$426.42.

Mr. Fink Appointed Commissioner.

Mr. David H. Fink of near town, was on Wednesday afternoon appointed by the Court to fill the vacancy in the Board of County Commissioners caused by the death of J. C. Group. The constitution of 1874 provides that the Court shall appoint an elector who voted for the Commissioner whose place is to be filled; in other words the new Commissioner to be of the same politics as was the deceased member. Mr. Fink ran for the same office on the Democratic ticket in 1902 and was defeated by only a small majority and therefore was justly entitled to the appointment. Mr. Fink is a gentleman who will guard well the interests of the taxpayers of the county.

William A. Himes Expires Suddenly at Asbury Park.

The citizens of town and vicinity were startled on Thursday evening when a telegram was received here announcing the sudden death at Asbury Park, N. J., of Mr. William Alexander Himes, one of the town's most widely known citizens. His end was dramatic. Officiating as a judge of the famous annual baby parade of the sea shore resort he expired at the foot of the throne of her gracious majesty Queen Titania VII in the presence of thousands of spectators.

Mr. Himes had gone with his wife and several friends to Asbury Park, N. J. He had not only enjoyed a stay at that place last Summer, but seemed to be much benefited and had every reason to expect further benefit at this time, and he had passed a very pleasant and comfortable week, and had met many friends and acquaintances of last season. On Monday morning his son, son-in-law and three daughters arrived at the Park from an automobile tour to Berkshire Hites. It was a pleasant and complete family reunion. All its members were there. They were together, a family group was taken. It was the great day at Asbury Park. The great annual event, the Boley Carnival, for which preparations had been made for weeks and to which visitors always look forward was to take place in the afternoon. He had been solicited to act as a judge. Any event that had children in it or concerned children was always of great interest to him. As he was apparently in good condition and in good spirits he consented to act. He had finished his lunch at the hotel, and set out leisurely accompanied by his son and a daughter and his friend Col. Frank O'Brien, of Birmingham, Alabama, for his position at the reviewing stand, expecting the rest of his family to follow. Everything went well. They were chatting, without reason to anticipate anything but pleasure, when suddenly he threw up his hand with a verbal exclamation of surprise, not of pain, and fell over into the arms of his son. Physicians were immediately summoned and two were soon on the spot, but life was extinct, and in their opinion death was instantaneous. The body was brought to his home in this place on the 6:01 train Friday evening.

Deceased was a son of the late William D. and Magdalene Lanus Himes, and aged 66 years. He was born and reared in the Himes homestead, Cor. Center Square and Pitt Street, which he owned and occupied up to the time of his death. He was educated in the schools here. Then was at the old Moravian School at Nazareth, Pa., and from there went to the Moravian College at Bethlehem, and finished his course at Dickinson College from which he was graduated in 1871. He was always attached to his old Alma Mater. He preferred business to a profession, and quickly after leaving college engaged in the lumber and coal business here. After a few years this was abandoned for other business occupation. He took great pleasure in managing his several farms near town.

He was united in marriage with Miss Kate W. Gitt, daughter of Abdiel F. Gitt well known in this community, and at this time its oldest citizen, on April 19, 1877. The surviving children are Anna K., wife of Robert E. Manley of York, and Amelia E., Helen M. and William D. all residing with the now widowed mother at home. Two brothers, Prof. Charles Himes, of Dickinson College, and Prof. H. O. Himes of Gettysburg, and one sister, Mrs. Helen Keith of Gettysburg, also survive him.

At the organization of the Farmers & Merchants Bank in 1900, he was chosen president in which office he was continued until his decease. He was also President of the Emmitsburg and East Berlin R. R. Companies, and was a director of the York Trust company, Gettysburg Gas company, Hanover & McSherrystown Railway company, Hanover Light, Heat & Power company, York & Gettysburg and Susquehanna & York borough turnpike companies. He was a leading member of Hebron Lodge F. & M., and held numerous borough offices.

The funeral was held at 11 a. m., Sunday, short services being held at the house after which the remains were laid to rest in the family lot in the New Oxford cemetery, Rev. W. W. Hartman officiating. Although the funeral was strictly private large numbers of friends from York, Emmitsburg, Gettysburg, Hanover and other places were here to pay their last respects. Many citizens lined the streets about the residence during the morning and their turn to have a farewell look at their departed friend and fellowman. The floral tributes were elaborate, embracing at least a dozen beautiful and appropriate designs. The pall bearers were W. C. Sheely, Esq., and John L. Hill, Esq., of Gettysburg; Vincent Sebald, of Emmitsburg; C. J. Delone, Esq., and E. M. Fitzer, of Hanover, and J. E. C. Miller, of New Oxford.

Foot Caught in Thresher.

While getting ready to operate a threshing machine on the farm of Jacob Eppley, near Granite Hill, Straban township, Thursday afternoon, Jacob Stover met with a very painful accident. Mr. Stover was walking across the machine when he was caught by the belt, which was being adjusted, and thrown down, his one foot being caught in the cylinder and considerably lacerated, besides receiving minor bruises to his person. The injury was very painful but no serious results are anticipated.

Death's Doings.

Mrs. Mollie Haycock, of Mount Holly Springs died at the home of Reese Heller, near Wensville, at 9 o'clock Wednesday night aged 43 years, 7 months and 2 days. She had been visiting relatives at Mr. Heller's for the past two weeks.

Gertrude Estella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Smucker, of Littlestown, died early Wednesday morning of cholera infantum, aged 10 months and 15 days.

Miss Christina Rimbaugh died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Kuhn, in Littlestown, early Friday morning of tuberculosis, aged 71 years. About a week previous to her death the lady was taken to Littlestown from McSherrystown, where she had resided for a number of years. She is survived by two sisters.

Mildred Thompson the 4-months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, of Gettysburg, died on Thursday.

Charles Williams died at his home in Gettysburg shortly after 4 o'clock Friday afternoon after an illness of several months. He was aged 37 years and a few months. Mr. Williams was a carpenter by trade but for the last ten years had been employed at the Western Maryland freight station. He is survived by his wife and one son; his parents, six sisters and two brothers.

Robert Lehigh, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Lehigh, of Berlin Junction, Oxford township, died on Friday from cholera-morbus, aged 1 year, 6 months and 15 days. Internment was made at Mummert's meeting house, near East Berlin, Sunday morning.

D. H. Ditzler, of Hanover received a telegram Tuesday morning announcing the sudden death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Anna Gertrude, wife of Rev. Irvin S. Ditzler, at her home in Thomasville, North Carolina, at 5:30 a. m. Tuesday, the result of heart failure. Mrs. Ditzler, who was a daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. D. Miller, of Chester county, Pa., formerly of Hanover, was married June 14, 1900, to Rev. Irvin S. Ditzler, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Ditzler, of Hanover, formerly of near this place, who survives her, with one son, Harold, aged 5 months.

George Miller, for a number of years an inmate of the Old Men's Home, died at that institution Monday morning at 2:30 o'clock, of gangrene, from which he suffered for some time. Mr. Miller was in the 89th year of his age. He formerly lived near Hampton. The remains were interred at New Chester Tuesday afternoon.

Hymenial.

W. S. Olewine, proprietor of the National Hotel, Hampton, formerly of this place, and Mrs. White, widow of the late Dr. White, also of Hampton, were united in marriage at Baltimore, at high noon on Wednesday, Sept. 4.

Austin Storm, son of Mr. Jere. F. Storm, and Miss Mary Todt, daughter of Mr. Felty Todt, all of Mountpleasant township, were married in Philadelphia recently, where they are employed. A reception was given the young couple at the home of the groom's father at Storm's store, on Thursday evening, at which a large number of young people were present.

Snake in Barn Loft.

One day last week while men were engaged at threshing on the farm of Curtis Miller, at Brush Run Station, on the W. M. R. R., about 3 miles from this place, a copperhead snake nearly three feet in length was discovered in the wheat on the loft over the barn floor, and was promptly killed. It is presumed the snake was placed there when the grain was hauled in from the field. At the same time Mr. Miller's son who was working on the loft, accidentally tread on the end of a loose board and fell upon the hay carriage on a wagon standing on the barn floor, but luckily escaped with a few slight bruises.

Large Barn and Contents Burned.

Cashtown, Sept. 2.—Fire about 7 o'clock this morning destroyed the large barn on the farm of the late A. L. Mickley now owned by the heirs, about a half mile West of town, and burned all the crops. The fire was discovered about 7 o'clock and by 7:30 the building was burned to the ground. A number of farm implements were destroyed but all of the stock was saved. The crops which had just been stored were all burned and the loss is total on part of them as no insurance was carried by the tenant, Jacob Wetzel. The remaining part was insured. The origin of the fire is unknown. The structure which was a large bank barn was insured in the Mummaburg company.

New Cigar Factories.

August was one of the duller months in the tobacco situation for a number of years. At the York revenue office the receipts roughly approximated \$100,000. This was fully \$5,000 less than the receipts during the same month last year and is about \$2,000 less than the receipts of July. Only ten factories were licensed in the district, among them the following: Lewis S. Culp, McSherrystown; Tiger Cigar Co., Abbotstown; Frank J. Sneeberger, Hanover; Keystone Cigar Co., Irish-town.

Runaway; Lady

Thrown From Wagon.

Saturday evening while Mrs. Clement Lingg of near town, was on her way to the picnic in Pfeiffer's grove, in a spring wagon, the horse took fright and ran away. Mrs. Lingg was in the act of making the short turn from High street into the alley at the school house to cross over to Philadelphia street, when some other teams came driving at a rapid gait in rear of her team. This caused the animal to run and in making the turn Mrs. Lingg was hurled from the wagon and alighted on her head in the road, but very fortunately escaped with but slight injury to her back. The horse ran to Philadelphia street and turned toward the Square, and at Berlin ave. attempted to go out that thoroughfare when a gentleman made an effort to capture him and he ran upon the pavement in front of the residence of H. I. Smith where the team tore the iron pump from the well and the horse falling was brought to a sudden stop. The damage to wagon was broken shafts and one wheel, and harness slightly torn. Mrs. Smith, Miss Lizzie Pfeiffer, Miss Nettie Swartz and Master Elwood Myers, who were sitting in front of the house made narrow escape from being struck by the team.

Transfer of Priests.

The following priests in this vicinity have been transferred by Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg, during the past week:

Rev. Father Welsh of Midway, has been transferred to Wilkes Barre, to succeed Rev. Father Thomas X. Dougherty, who has been appointed to take charge of the new St. Rose of Lima, church, York.

Rev. J. A. Mahaney, of the Immaculate Conception charge, this place, has been transferred to take the place of Father Welsh at St. Vincent, Midway. Father Mahaney has been in our midst for a little over one year, and while here became greatly endeared to his people, who were indeed sorry to learn of his being taken away. He is a noble, good man, economical financier, and a most able speaker, and spiritual advisor. His successor here is Rev. Wm. J. Martin, of Cornwall, son of Capt. Wm. J. Martin, of Gettysburg.

Father William Boyle, of Paradise and Spring Grove, has been transferred to Harrisburg. He is succeeded by Rev. John O'Donnell, of Berwick, Pa.

Vulcanizer Exploded.

On Wednesday while Dr. Wm. R. Snyder of Carlisle street, was vulcanizing several sets of artificial teeth, the boiler of his vulcanizer exploded, taking part of his house along. The Dr. had just placed it over the flame of the stove used for the purpose, and had gone to his dinner when the explosion took place. It broke the windows in his house, knocked the stove to pieces, and part of the outfit went out through the ceiling. The one set of teeth in the vulcanizer could not be found. The chances are they passed through the ceiling and landed above the lath as the other was found there. Why the instrument exploded cannot be understood, as it was nearly new, and on the flame but about fifteen minutes, when about forty minutes is required to bring it to the necessary temperature for the purpose of hardening rubber. It was very fortunate that no person was in the room at the time or there might have been a most serious accident.

Runaway; Wagon Wrecked.

A commercial traveler, after a day's drive over the country with two horses and large baggage wagon belonging to liveryman J. C. Myers had backed the team up to the platform at the depot Wednesday evening and was unloading his large sample cases when the horses took a notion to go home and started to walk away. The gentleman called "whoa," but instead of stopping, started on a run with the drummer after them, scattering packages of matting, trunks, etc., along the way. On reaching the alley leading to the Myers stables the team struck a telephone pole, mashing one wheel, breaking the pole, top and other parts of the wagon. The end of the wagon pole struck the telephone pole first with such force as to free the animals of their harness and one passed on either side of the telephone pole and ran to the stable uninjured.

Wagon Passed Over His Body.

On Friday evening Mr. Francis Burkee, the leading grocer of McSherrystown, met with accident whereby he was painfully injured. Mr. Burkee was returning from Hanover with a load of goods, when he had occasion to stop. As he attempted to re-enter the wagon his foot slipped from the step and he was thrown to the ground and the rear wheel of the wagon passed over his body. He was taken to his home and it was at first thought that his injuries were of a serious nature, but we learn that he is again able to be about but it will be some time before he will be able to do any work.

PERSONAL.

The following are visiting at the home of C. E. Winand in New Chester: Mrs. Lemon and Al Troselle, of Franklin Grove, Illinois, and Mrs. E. O. Norris, of Middleburg, Md.

Miss Marie Olewine, of Hampton, spent the past week with friends in Baltimore. Dallas M. Little of Indiana, spent Thursday with his sister, Mrs. Frank Kemper, in Hampton. This was his first visit to Hampton in 18 years.

Misses Elsie Smith, Marie Smith and Nora Myers, of York, were the guests of Miss Bessie Chronister, near Greenridge, Hamilton township.

Mr. Reuben Hoffheins, wife and family, of York, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in this place and near New Chester.

Mr. C. E. McGrail and wife, of East Berlin, spent Saturday with friends in town.

Mr. Chas. G. Miller, and wife, of Camp Hill, near Harrisburg, spent a few days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, East High street.

Misses Laura and Edna Smith, of Lancaster, spent several days at the home of their mother, Mrs. Josephine Smith close to town.

Mr. Harry Barnitz and daughter, of Pittsburg, are spending some time at the home of his mother, Mrs. Maria Barnitz, and other friends here.

Mrs. Agnes Aumen, of York, spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Pitt street.

Misses Katie Winand and Mayne Fleishman, and Messrs. John Myers and John Feiser, started Monday morning to attend Patrick's Commercial school at York.

Mr. Arthur Cashman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. H. Cashman, Hanover street, left Monday morning to attend Pierce's Business College, Philadelphia.

Mr. R. C. Himes and wife, of New Holland, Lancaster county, spent several days with friends in town, having been called here on account of the death of his cousin, W. A. Himes.

Mr. John Eyer, wife and family, of near Emmitsburg, spent several days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Sadler, at Qualityville.

Mrs. Wm. H. Kohler, of Pitt street, spent the past week with friends at Atlantic City.

The Misses Morse, who have been spending some time with the families of Messrs. A. G. Lutz and J. B. Weaver, returned to their home in Baltimore, Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fittz, of Highfield, visited at the home of her brother, Mr. Walter Miller, Pitt street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Diehl, of Pitt street, left Saturday morning to spend some time with their son in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Geo. Sprenkle of Hanover, Miss Grace Houck and Mr. John Laverstock, of Heidersburg, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Curtis Diehl, Pitt street.

The following were recent guests of the Misses Emmert, Center Square: Miss Amelia Meltzheim, Mr. Fisher Ehrenhart and Mr. John Shultz, of Hanover, Miss Grace Glasscock, of Baltimore, Miss Mabel Wiele, Miss Francis Frick and Mr. Ben. Root, of York.

Miss Marguerite Emmert, after spending some time at Lake Winola, has returned to Bloomsburg to resume her studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Berkholder of Manheim, Lancaster county, are spending some time with Dr. J. L. Sheetz and family, Center Square.

Misses Lizzie and Marie Delone of Harrisburg, spent last week with their grandfather, Mr. Franklin Martin, N. Peters street.

Mr. Franklin Martin, Miss Lizzie Martin and the Misses Lizzie and Marie Delone, spent Thursday at the home of Mrs. Chas. Rinehart, near Irish-town.

Mrs. Sarah Slagle and Miss Lillian Snyder, of Hanover, spent Tuesday at the home of the former's brother, Mr. E. G. Lough, Hanover street.

Edward Adams and wife, of Lancaster, visited at the home of her brother, Mr. C. H. Deatrick, East High street, on Tuesday.

Mr. Francis Noel and sister, Miss Lydia Noel, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who have been spending some time at the home of their brother, Mr. P. J. Noel, Hanover street, left for home, Wednesday morning.

Racing Matinee.

On Saturday, Sept. 7, another grand racing matinee will take place on the track of the Coneyago Driving Park, near New Chester. Some good horses have been entered for this date. The racing will begin promptly at 12 o'clock noon. Refreshments of all kinds will be served in the park. Everybody cordially invited to attend. Music will be furnished by the Littlestown orchestra.

THE JUDGE USES FORCEFUL LANGUAGE. Judge W. B. Simmons of Pinecastle, Va., told the reporter that L. & M. Paint was used on his residence in 1882, and held its color for 21 years; he furthermore said that 3 years ago he was induced to use another paint and is sorry he did, because the other paint didn't make good. The Judge will now always use L. & M. because he knows if any defect exists in L. & M. Paint the house will be repainted for nothing.

The L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes L. & M. Paint wear like iron for 10 to 15 years.

Actual cost of L. & M. about \$1.20 per gallon.

Donations of L. & M. made to churches Sold by P. A. & S. Small Co., York.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat..... \$ 87
No. 2 " "..... 75
Raked " "..... 60
Rye..... 45 @ 60
Corn..... 55 @ 60
Oats..... 23 @ 28
Clover seed, per lb..... 10 @ 12
Timothy seed..... 1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw..... 6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay..... 10 00 @ 14 00



The effect of malaria lasts a long time. You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria. Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion. It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.

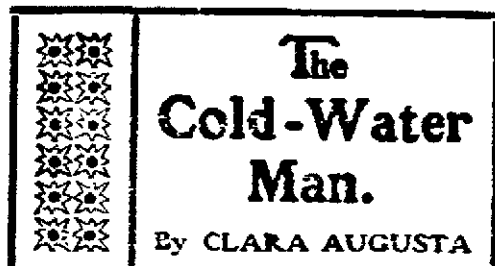
ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

LOVE IS MOST GLAD.

Love is most glad with cruel hands
To bind his tender feet and hands;
To scourge himself, to know all loss,
To carry far his heavy cross
Into the vaguest distant lands.

To suffer—oh, love understands
The awful waste of desert sands;
Strange that on beds of thorns to toss,
Love is most glad!
And for his service love demands

No sacrifices. Lo! he stands
Calling his golden deeds but dross.
Flaunting the proud world's precious gloss,
When fayed and wounded on life's strands,
Love is most glad!
—Charles Hanson Towne, in the Reader.



The Cold-Water Man.

By CLARA AUGUSTA

GEORGE RONE was a firm believer in the medicinal virtues of cold water. What cold water would not effect, in the way of curing the ills which flesh is heir to, might as well be given up as impossible.

According to George's theory, if a man only drank enough cold water, and soaked himself enough in cold water, he would live forever, if no accident took him off suddenly.

He set up a sort of cold-water cure at his house, obtaining his supply of water from a well dug at a height sufficient to throw the water to the second floor of his dwelling, for George lived in the country, where water in the house is a rare luxury.

In the bathroom was a large upright tub, five or six feet higher than a fair-sized man's head, and in this tub George passed a large part of his time, doctoring himself.

His wife was a timid, yielding little woman, and she was constantly made the subject of her husband's experiments in the cold-water business.

She had neuralgia, and though she bore it for a long time in silence, preferring the pain to George's doctoring, in an unguarded hour she groaned aloud, and her fate was sealed. A patient to coddle was Rone's pet desire, and he began the business with vigor. Poor Mrs. Rone was showered, and packed, and sponged and submerged, until she was pretty much soaked away, and one day George turned on too much water, and it went over her head, and washed the life entirely out of her.

Poor woman, after she went to her long home—which was, properly speaking, a short home, seeing as she was only four feet five—her husband lamented her departure, but stuck to his first assertion that she died from lack of cold water, instead of from superabundance. For, if she had only done her duty by herself, and bathed properly, she would have had strength enough to have cried out, or burst open the door of the bathing tub, and so have been saved.

When she had been dead a year Mr. Rone made arrangements for supplying her place. Time was short, he said, and if he ever calculated on having a second wife now was his time.

His choice fell on Patty Fields, a spinster of forty, with a temper like a ten-horse power steam engine, though she generally kept it under, and was all the better woman for having it.

She was not a believer in the cold-water doctrine, but George liked her quite as well. He should convert her, he said, and thus add another member to the cold-water clique.

The wedding day came, the feast was spread and the guests assembled. The ceremony was to take place at 8 o'clock in the evening, and the appointed time arrived, and still the bridegroom tarried.

The guests began to whisper together and look grave; the parson took to reading the Bible; Patty shed a few tears, as in duty bound, and spotted her lavender tie with the salt water, and old Major Fields, her father, who had "seen service," and was as plucky as a boy of twenty, put on his slouch hat, shouldered his old rifle, and proceeded to Rone's house, with vengeance in his heart.

The servant girl giggled when she opened the door and saw him, and when he asked for Mr. Rone she conducted him to the bathroom with alacrity. There he found the missing bridegroom, up to his chin in water, splashing about like a frog, and evidently enjoying himself much on the same principle.

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried old Fields. "What do you mean by keeping my darter in suspense, and the wedding folks a waiting?"

"Good gracious, Major!" exclaimed George. "It can't be 8 o'clock, can it?"

The Major held out to him the old "bull's-eye" watch, which had belonged to his grandfather, and its hand pointed to the ominous hour of 9.

"Well, well," exclaimed George, springing out of the bath and putting himself inside his clothes with no waste of time, "did ever anybody see the beat of that? Why, I got into the bath at just 6 o'clock, and I would have sworn it was only 7 now. Tim, passes quickly when a man is engaged in the cause of science. I was observing the beautiful effects of cold water in opening the pores of the epidermis—"

"Upper dermis and lower dermis be cursed!" cried old Fields, angrily. "A man that has to soak himself three hours afore he can come to his own wedding deserves a horse-whipping. Are you caulkating, sir, to be married or not?"

"Certainly, Major, certainly—to be sure!" said George, hurrying up to his toilet, under the supervision of his intended father-in-law and the old ride.

The wedding was a little later than

the time appointed, but the guests had better appetites in consequence of the delay.

Mr. and Mrs. Rone had no bridal tour but went at once to housekeeping. George did not find a very pliant subject for cold-water experiments in his second wife. She had a will of her own, and absolutely declined to submit to any cold-water doctoring.

George felt personally aggrieved over her conduct, for he was sure that she had symptoms of biliousness, and he had great faith in cold water for that difficulty. Various were the experiments which he adopted to induce her to try his specific—she was obstinate.

One night Mrs. Rone went to bed unusually exhausted from a hard day's work. She slept like a top, but some time in the night she was awakened by a sensation of extreme coldness.

She put out her head, and lo! there were evidences of a deluge all around her. She always had matches under her pillow, and she scratched one. Its light showed her that her bed had been moved into the bathroom, and the water had been turned on and had risen to the height of her bed. Everything was soaking wet and the water was steadily rising.

Mrs. Rone was a woman of action. She knew that George must be at the bottom of it, and she got a light and padded around up to her knees in water to find him. He was hidden in the bathtub, peeping out through a hole at the side, near the top, laughing at the success of his experiment to give his wife a bath.

Mrs. Rone's temper was aroused. She very quietly fastened the door of the tub on the outside and let in the water. It poured over the wretched prisoner in torrents, and in a few minutes would have been above his head, but for the fact that he had climbed to the top of the tub and was clinging on with both hands to a bar across the top.

"Let me out, Patty. For heaven's sake, let me out!" he shouted.

"Not by a long chalk!" cried Patty. "I want to soak you clean through. You know you've always insisted upon it that the beauty of bathing was in being well soaked. Make yourself easy and try to bear it. It's all in the cause of science."

It was cold weather, and the hard-hearted Patty carried the matter so far that it came near being the death of poor George, who was beginning to congeal, and whose teeth chattered like castanets before he was let out. He had an attack of rheumatism which lasted for six weeks, and during that time his wife had the well which supplied the bathroom filled up, and thus the supply of water was cut off.

George wisely deciding that it was no use to pursue science under such difficulties, has turned his attention to raising squashes, at which he is very successful.

But whenever he sees any water he always shakes his head and sighs, probably with the remembrance of what "might have been."—New York Weekly.

Still Demand For Whips.

To one who is not acquainted with the extent of the business it seems a mystery where all the whips go. One concern is able to turn out about 20,000 whips in a single day under favorable conditions, and it is only one of many companies. Weirfield is, of course, the centre of the whip-making industry of the world, and there are many horses in that world. Some of the local whip men have studied the automobile question to quite an extent, endeavoring to find out the possible effect upon the whip business. Some thought a few years ago that the bicycle was responsible in a measure for the dull times in the whip business, and it may have had some effect.

At that time there was less demand for livery teams than previously, and there was consequently little use for whips. The bicycle is not so much in demand as in former years, but the automobile and electric cars are taking its place. One would suppose the rapid construction of electric roads all over the country would tend to injure the whip trade, but in spite of automobiles and electric cars, the output of whips continues year after year. One of the local whip men said recently that he had no fear of bicycles, automobiles or electric cars ruining the whip business.

—Springfield Republican.

An Opportunist.

The late Professor O. C. Marsh, who for many years occupied the chair of paleontology at Yale, and who at his death left a scientific collection of great value to the university, used to delight in telling the following story:

One morning he was walking down a New Haven street when he met a negro driving a horse which had a curiously malformed hoof.

"When your horse dies," said the professor to the old man, "I will give you \$3 for that hoof if you will cut it off and bring it to me."

"Very well, sah," was the reply, and horse and driver disappeared.

Two hours later, when the professor reached home, he found the negro, who had been impatiently awaiting him for an hour. Handing a carefully wrapped package to the professor the negro said, "De hoss is daid, sah."

Family Ages Totalled 1218 Years.

Lutterworth, near Leicester, claims the distinction of having been the home of the longest-lived large family in the kingdom. The last member of this remarkable family has just died at the age of eighty-eight. Her name was Ruth Moore, and she was one of a family of thirteen children, three of whom died at the age of seventy-five, one at seventy-six, one at seventy-seven, one at eighty, one at eighty-one, one at eighty-three, two at eighty-five, two at eighty-eight, and one at ninety. Each of the parents died at eighty, and the united ages of the family of fifteen to total 1218 years.

AN OLD TIMER'S STORY OF A SAVAGE INDIAN BATTLE.

In my thirty-four years of territorial life I have seen many things to be remembered as well as things to be forgotten. First it was the naked frontier with its Indian troubles, then the brawling mining camps and later that peace and safety of life and property incident to the westward march of law and order. It is not of these things I care to write. Cabo Blanco has exploited his frontier experiences most enterprisingly. Many others have furrowed the same field. Largely this has been of white man against Indian and Indian against white man, but the following little story is of a scrap between the reds. It was fought somewhere near the west end of the Pima-Maricopa villages, about 175 miles, in a direct line, east of here, and much further if following the various windings of the Gila along which the attacking party marched.

In 1854, when the California gold fever was at white heat, the Government established Fort Yuma, the first post of its kind in the Southwest. It was located on an ingenious bluff overlooking the Colorado River. It was built for the suppression of lawlessness at that particular place. It was at this point the old Yuma trail crossed the river. Robbery and murder were of common occurrence. In this work the hostile Indians had but little advantage over some of his white brethren, who infested the crossing of the Colorado. Life was held lightly in those days by the men who rough-hewed the way civilization was to follow in the Southwest.

Shortly after the location of the post an effort was made to chastise the Indians, and thus put an end to their continuous devilry. The post is on the California side of the river and the Indians to be punished were in Arizona—then New Mexico. The troops crossed the river and made a campaign of five days without seeing so much as a hostile Indian, but no sooner had they returned to quarters than the Indians showed up on the opposite side of the river and went into camp in full view of their would-be pursuers. It was later learned that the hostiles had fallen in behind the troops, marched when they marched, camped when they camped, without the soldiers being aware of it. The principal anchery of the Yuma Indians, then, as now, was on the Arizona side of the river, about 100 miles to the north of the post. As depredations continued to go on it became necessary to teach them a salutary lesson in good manners. This was done at the upper rancharia in the way of burned villages, wasted crops and dead Indians. It was hitting them where they lived and was too much for paint and feathers. A peace with the white man was made and never broken.

At the time when the post was established the Yuma Indians—sometimes known as Cuchans—were under the command of a noted war chief known as Caballo y Pelo (Horse and Hair). He is said to have been one of the greatest war chiefs the Yumas ever had. He died in 1853 and was succeeded by Pasqual.

Then, as now, the Indians on the Colorado burned their dead, and with the body all personal belongings of the dead and such articles in the way of weapons, food and finery as friends and relatives contributed to comfort the departed one in his fateful journey to the spirit land. Horses were stolen from the whites, sacrificed over the ashes of the dead chief, and then roasted and eaten. With much feasting, loud lamentations and wild outbursts of wild barbaric grief the assembled people recalled his parting admonition to the dead men of his tribe to "never make peace with the Maricopas."

The upper river men were their friends, but the men of the desert were their enemies, and among them the Maricopas were never to be trusted. The dead chief had been a man of much authority in his day, and his parting injunction sank deep into the hearts of the fighting men of his tribe. Councils of war were held, and it was decided to destroy the Maricopas. To this end assistance was asked of the Chimehuevas, Mojave and Yavapai, friendly tribes living to the north and northeast of the Yumas. The two former were river Indians, but the Yavapais were one of the hill tribes that did much to make the name of Arizona a synonym for blood and murder. The most noted fighting men of these tribes offered themselves for the occasion, and to this force of several hundred men, the pick and pride of these several peoples, was assigned the destruction of the Maricopas. They rendezvoused at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, within the limits of the present town of Yuma. From that point they began their fateful march against the Maricopas.

The Pima and Maricopa Indians lived in scattered villages along the Gila River, the nearest village being distant about 175 miles east of the place of rendezvous. To the south and southeast of them lived the Papagos, a tribe of desert Indians to whom they were closely allied by blood and marriage. Collectively the three tribes could gather together a fighting force of about 1000 men, but the Yumas and their allies had no thought of meeting such a combination. The Pima-Maricopas were to be surprised and slaughtered in full settlement of centuries of accumulated grievances. Big with ex-

pectation of easy victory the allies left the Colorado and followed the Gila till they reached the first Maricopa village. This they believed to have been near where the Phoenix & Maricopa Railroad now crosses the river.

In the gray dawn of early morning they struck the west end of the village with terrible shock. To their surprise they found only a few old squaws, whom they ruthlessly butchered, and still a few others a little further in, an additional whet to their thirst for blood. Suddenly in front and on both sides the allies were attacked by an overwhelming force. With terrific yells they closed in on the invaders and then began one of the most desperate and bloody battles ever fought by Indians in the Southwest. Finding themselves trapped, the allies faced about and heroically struggled to extricate themselves. The overlapping flanks of the Maricopas and their allies, the Pimas and Papagos, darkened the way with flights of arrows, spears and stones, but in the agony of desperation the Colorado Indians succeeded in breaking through only to be clubbed, speared or shot in the running fight that followed. This is known to have continued for forty miles. Of all that left the Colorado River with such high hopes, but few lived to return, and those to die of exhaustion and wounds. They had put up a hard fight, but went down under the weight of numbers. The fatal trap had been barbarously baited with a few old squaws. The invaders unsuspectingly entered it and their doom was sealed. Quarter was neither asked nor given, and the brains of the wounded and exhausted were beaten out by the savage women that followed in the line of pursuit.

Never in the lives of the allied tribes had they lost so many of their best men. In anticipation of easy victory and consequent plunder many of their squaws had gone far to meet them. They were frenzied with grief over the unexpected results. It is said that their wailings and lamentations could be heard for miles. Among the noted Yumas killed was Francisco, a chief well known to the few whites then living in the country. It was through his influence that the famous Olive Oatman had been given her liberty by the Mojaves, she having been purchased by them from the Apaches.

For a time it was feared that the Maricopas, emboldened by their successes, would attack the Yumas on the Colorado, and all available warriors were held in readiness to meet them. The women and children were sent to the rancharia on the California side of the river, and numerous rafts were prepared for the crossing of the warriors in case they were again beaten; but the victors were satisfied to let well enough alone. Beyond an occasional meeting of a few bold spirits, this battle ended hostilities between the two tribes, and animosities have so far been forgotten that intermarriages have taken place between them. This has been due mostly to the schools at which the young people of the different tribes are in attendance.

The Maricopas had been advised of the proposed raid of the Yumas by the Cocopahs. These were also river Indians, but residents of Lower California. From "all time," they say, they have been at enmity with the Yumas. A strip of land twenty-five miles along the river, between the two tribes, was considered neutral ground, but between the Cocopahs and Maricopas friendly intercourse had long been kept. Cocopahs were employed on the steamers that occasionally found their way up the river with Government freight. These the Yumas invariably killed if they were indiscreet enough to leave the protection of the white man's boat. It was while so employed that the Cocopahs learned of the intentions of the Yumas to raid and massacre the Maricopas. Certain it is that Maricopa scouts kept their people informed of every move made by the invaders, for at least two days before they reached the villages, where they were impatiently awaited in overpowering numbers.—Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

Jique Wood Ties.

Mahogany is often used for ties by the railroads in Cuba, as well as in other tropical countries, but Sir William Van Horne has forbidden it on his road. He considers it a crime to cut small mahogany trees, as there is plenty of other timber in the forests suitable for construction purposes.

Jique (pronounced hickey), acana, jucaro negro, all hard woods which do not grow large and cannot be utilized for cabinet work, are just as good as mahogany for ties and will outlast steel rails in this climate, because they won't rust. On the railroad between Neuvas and Camaguey, the oldest in Cuba, which was built in 1835, are jique ties which have been taken out and used for fence posts after fifty years. Some of them have been taken out and used for fence posts after thirty years in the railroad bed. There is a tramway at Camaguey with rails of jique wood, over which the cars have been running for more than a quarter of a century and they do not show wear any more than steel after the same service. Much of the wood is so hard and heavy that it will sink in water.—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Canary Islands many buildings are constructed of pumice stone, and in Ceylon a stone called "cabook," a species of pumice, is employed for the same purpose.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Philadelphia is to have a new \$100,000 art gallery.

The Missouri State University now has a "chair of poultry."

Japanese guards have been placed along the Korean railway lines.

Japan's speculative bubble burst and many banks and business concerns failed.

The Rock Island Railroad announces that it is going to oust its political lobby.

"Old Home Weeks" are growing more and more popular in the New England States.

The Venezuelan Government, replying to the recent note of Secretary Root, refused to arbitrate the American claims.

J. M. Bell, a New York tailor, declares that London craftsmen now come to America for their styles in men's attire.

President Mellen says the New Haven road appropriated the Boston & Maine to save it from the New York Central.

Despite the expose made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is doubted that E. H. Harriman will be prosecuted.

Target records with Whitehead torpedoes were broken by the submarine boats Octopus and Cuttlefish at Newport, R. I.

Congratulations on the victory of the State over the railroads in the rate war poured in on Governor Glenn, of North Carolina.

Filipino students at the Cornell University summer school declared that their fellow countrymen at home would welcome a Japanese invasion.

Commissioner Bingham ordered the police of New York City to stand at attention when a citizen asks a question, and touch his hat if the questioner be a woman.

LABOR WORLD.

Denmark has 1156 local unions, with a total membership of 90,911. Winnipeg (Canada) carpenters are asking for an increase of ten cents an hour.

The dockmen at Duluth refused to accept the terms offered and voted to continue the strike.

The Federated Butchers' Employees' Union, of Australasia, has now a membership of 4000.

In the last session of the British Parliament £200,000 was voted to assist the unemployed.

The Plumbers' Union, of San Jose, Cal., has made a demand for an increase of wages to \$6 a day.

The strike of 2500 members of the Timber Workers' Union in West Australia for a living wage still continues. By abolishing the piece work system the Lake Shore Railroad settled its difference with striking boiler-makers.

The Austrian Typographical Union recently voted 15,000 crowns to support the Social Democrat candidates for Parliament.

St. Paul tailors, who have been affiliated with an independent union for a long time, have concluded to become a regular organization. President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, was asked to use his influence to persuade the striking longshoremen to agree to arbitration.

Foreign musicians in Chicago are to be investigated by the American Federation of Musicians because, it is said, they are engaged to labor in violation of the contract labor laws.

The latest and most up-to-date form of government sick insurance is being considered by Holland, and is now before the second chamber of the States-General. The proposed insurance is obligatory and extends to all laborers employed regularly.

Squirrel Ran Down Tree and Bit Him.

Eugene Oliver, a carrier boy, is recovering from a severe wound received in a peculiar manner. He was standing beside one of the trees in the park a few days since when a squirrel ran down and took hold of the top of his right ear.

The boy ran away screaming for help, but the little animal held on. In fact, took hold tighter, until it had bitten a hole clear through and half across the top of the boy's ear.—Iola correspondence Topeka Capital.

The beauties of the English language are again evident, to the Washington Post, in the case of that western man who had slipped with the town funds and was described as "six feet tall and \$10,000 short."

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House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

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More Money for Eggs

under most any conditions. There is a lot of money to be made in the egg business if conditions are right. There is no reason why Farmers and Poultry Raisers should not make just as good profits on their investments as any other line of business, and it is possible for them to do so. The price of eggs during the winter months is double and sometimes more than double that paid during the summer months. The only way to take advantage of this advance is to hold summer eggs for winter prices. That fresh eggs can be kept from six to nine months or more has been proven by careful testing with

HAGER'S EGG PRESERVATIVE
and anyone using this Preservative need never sell a dozen eggs for anything but the highest market price. Send for Sample and Circulars telling you all about it.

HAGER EGG PRESERVING CO., - St. Louis, Mo.

It's not myself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining
(He's a good man, is Michael, and I've never felt his frown),
But there's sorrow beating on me like a long day's raining
For the little wrinkled face of her I left in Kerrydown.

It's just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other—
Do you mind the moans we waited to Miss when all the fields were green?
"Twas I that plumed your kerchief, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the world between!

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to up and follow
It's a fair land we've come to, and there plenty here for all;
It's not the homelick longing that turns me like a swallow,
But the one voice across the world that draws me to its call.

It's just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other,
Do you mind the tales you told me when the turf was blazing bright?
"Me head upon your shoulder, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
The broad seas between us and yourself alone tonight!

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming and there's going;
It's kind souls will be about me when the little one is here;
But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort I'd be knowing,
And her blessing on the two of us to drive away the fear.

It's just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other,
Do you mind the soft spring mornings when you stitched the wedding gown?
The little, careful stitches, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
Me self beyond the broad seas and you in Kerrydown!
—Theodosia Garrison, in McClure's Magazine.

The Harp of Life.

By
L. LOVEGROVE.

"Where's Nan?"

That was the usual cry at the Coverdale's if the eldest daughter disappeared for more than five minutes. The vicar needed her to write for him; the sweet-faced mother missed her girl's affectionate care; and one or another of the five boys and girls were sure to want the help which only Nan could give.

It was sweet to feel herself the prop of the household, to know that she was necessary to them all, from the grave, tender father down to wee Flo, the pet of the family; yet, brave lifter of burdens as she was, Nan sometimes felt the strain of it all, and felt, also, that it would be good at times to be a "leaner" if—ah! if—

"Where's Nan?" again demanded Fred. His kite wanted mending and he was eager to be off, for the wind was glorious and the boys were waiting for him.

"She has gone for a run down to auntie's," said Mrs. Coverdale, from the couch where so much of her life was spent.

Fred grumblingly departed. It was a query if he would find another willing helper. Then the vicar looked up from his book to say, "My dear, I am glad Nan is out of the way for once, for I'm afraid between us we demand too much of her." The mother sighed as she agreed with him, for her own helplessness troubled her greatly.

He heard the sigh, and love interpreted its meaning for him, for theirs were love-linked hearts. In the talk which followed the mother heart was comforted, for she was made to feel how great a place she held in the lives of all the family, and, most of all, how precious she was to this, her husband.

Meanwhile, could they have seen Annie, how amazed they would have been.

Swiftly walking along the country road, ignoring its loneliness, and heedless of the gathering gloom, she was fighting a lonely heart battle.

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And now face to face with her trouble, and how she despised herself (yet why should she?) because it was a trouble! She was trying with measured tramp to beat down the pain in her heart. She had given her love unsought, and self-contempt raged in her heart for the jealous feelings which would arise against her much-loved sister. Above all rose the dread of self-betrayal! If she remained at home that might come at any moment.

"I must go away," she said it half aloud in her earnestness. "I can see how well that is coming, and I cannot stay to see it through."

And then the thought of her mother, and of how unkind she was to meet the cares of the household, swept like an overwhelming wave over her troubled heart.

"Oh, I can't go, and yet I must! I must! I never have left them; they

must manage without me," she thought, and still the battle raged.

Minding physical energy at last giving out, she retraced her steps, and wearied in body and mind found her way to her aunt's, where all this time she had been supposed to be. She seemed too tired and spent to make up her mind to anything, but as she stepped into the cosy room a sense of rest stole into her weary heart.

This was the "home," using that sweet word in its truest sense, of her father's maiden sister, Aunt Dorothea, gave one look at the girl's white weary face, then her arms went out, and in a moment later, like an over-spent child in the arms of its mother, Nan rested there until soothed and comforted by deep, unspoken sympathy, she sank on to a footstool at her aunt's feet, feeling that the tension was relieved, and her burden already lightened.

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"Yes, dear, I am not afraid to let you know that I think the bestowal of a good man's love brings to a true woman the highest and purest of earthly happiness. I believe that without the gift, a woman's life is, and must be, incomplete, for the grand range of feelings which come to a wife and mother cannot be hers, and, therefore, one side of her nature must ever go hungry; but," and the words which followed left Nan feeling that the highest still remained for her, and the message, "I am among you as He that serveth" took on a new meaning. The dear home life she saw in a new light, and the home love seemed worthy of any sacrifice.

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"Nan," said Mrs. Coverdale, one afternoon as they sat alone, "do you know what Douglas and father are talking about all this long time?" Before Nan could answer voices were heard in the hall, and a moment after, through the open window, she saw the curate walk hastily down the garden path. Then the room door opened to admit her father.

"What is it, father?" exclaimed the mother, for the vicar's face spoke of unusual happenings.

Then Nan felt again the burden of her cross, as in happy tones the first love story of the family was told. She saw what happiness the revelation had brought to their hearts. They were both glad, though a natural regret dimmed the mother's eye. They had no thought of excluding Nan from this discussion. Was she not the natural helper of them both?

By-and-by Amy strayed into the room, and, instinctively, father and sister left her alone with the mother, who, in spite of her helplessness, was indeed "mother" with all that sacred name implied. When Douglas came

for his answer an ecstatic time followed, during which poor Nan's armour was penetrated by all sorts of arrows.

"My word, Nan," cried Fred, coming in one day with a hop, skip and a jump. "Such a lark! I ran into the Summer-house just now, and I'll be jiggered if Gray wasn't kissing our Amy! Oo-oo! You should have seen their faces when they saw me."

Fred, boy like, squirmed with delight at the uncommon discovery, and the embarrassment he had caused.

"Nannie," said little Flo, for as of old "little pitchers have long ears," "s'ud'oo 'like a bid man to kiss 'oo, too?"

"Not while I can have your kisses, darling," said Nan, the sore-hearted.

"It is beautiful to see those two together," said Mrs. Coverdale, next day, next day.

"Nan dear, I'm glad no one has come yet to waken your heart's love, for I couldn't spare you."

There was sweet and bitter strangely mingled for Nan in that little speech.

But Amy's bed-time confidences were hardest of all to bear, for Nan had filled the place of confident too long to lose it now. It was rather bitter to hear the winsome girlish voice say, "Dear old Nan, I expect, since you've never been in love, you can't enter into it all, and that I'm silly to so idealize Douglas, but you'll understand some day."

Perhaps, though, the bitterest moment was when she submitted to receive "a brother's kiss" from Douglas, "for I feel as if you had always been my sister; I have never had one, you know, Nan. I may call you 'Nan' now, may I not?"

He felt the unresponsiveness of Nan's somewhat abrupt reply, "Don't you think you'd better wait a bit, and take us 'on approval' first, before adopting the family in this wholesale fashion?"

It was a heartless little joke, and Nan went away pained by the puzzled look in the eyes she loved, but she couldn't help it, really, for she was but human, and the Valley of Humiliation is hard to tread.

The time of preparation for the wedding sped gaily on, for there was little to wait for. The offer of a comfortable living had given Douglas the right to ask for his bride and it was decided that the wedding should take place in the following Spring.

It was a hard time for Nan, and only the quiet hours she snatched from the busy days to spend with Aunt Dorothea kept her calm and steady.

They did not have another long talk, for some subjects do not bear too free a discussion, but many a word of comfort or counsel, indirectly given, did Nan carry away with her from that quiet home. Besides, the sense of relaxation which came with the presence of the only one who knew what she was bearing, was very sweet to her.

And so, at last, the wedding day came, and all the village was gay. The mother's quiet kiss was given from her couch of suffering, and Nan determined not to spoil their happiness, or betray her secret, watched the ceremony, kissed the dear little bride, played hostess to the guests, and altogether was the life of the party.

But that night her pillow was wet with bitter tears. No one witnessed that "giving way," and only Aunt Dorothea guessed that in the silence of the night, a girl's heart was nigh unto breaking. Truly "every heart knoweth its own bitterness."

"There is a happy sequel to my little tale, else would I not have told it, for the world is full of sadness.

The wedding day closed the page of Nan's life, for was not Douglas Amy's husband now? Nan bravely took up the battle of life, and found plenty of active service.

What a comfort it was in after years to know that she had been the stay and support of her mother's last days. That she had been able to watch over, and see safely into manhood and womanhood the children left by that mother to her care. That, when Fred got into trouble through sowing too plentiful a crop of wild oats, she was the means of extricating him, at what sacrifice only herself knew.

And then, one day, when she had thought for a long time that she was too old for "romancing," how surprised she was to find that the legend about Time having such power to heal was, after all, quite true, for did not her heart thrill with pleasure when she became aware that Francis Gordon fought delight in her company?

How young she began to feel again! How she blushed to find herself one day actually studying her wrinkles in the mirror!

Francis Gordon was a well-known author, and the son of an old friend of her father's. He had come down to Ingletton for a quiet rest. Why had he chosen Ingletton? Nan learned the secret one glorious moonlight evening in the old garden.

"For years your father's letters have been permeated with the name 'Nan,'" said he. "Some time ago, when Flo's engagement was announced, he wrote my father, 'So now, dear Nan, after all her sacrifice and devotion is left alone with her old father; she will not have me, but I feel it is very lonely for her.' When I read that, dear (for the Ingletton letters were always passed on to me), I realized afresh how I wanted you. All these years I have been so interested in those references to you. I had an idea that you'd tire of it all in time, and strike out for yourself some day, for in the old times I know you map-

ped out a very different life for yourself. I remember the flash in your eye as you spoke of the future. But you kept true to your trust, and instinctively I admired you for it, and when that letter came, then a deeper current was touched, and I came to Ingletton to find you. I know I am not young, but because my love is the growth of years, will you not believe it all the more true and steady, Nan?" That was a glorious evening, and Nan had a rapture all to herself in the silent night. Now she had another to minister to, and—ah, beautiful, fresh experience—someone to return the ministry. What a comfort to have a strong, firm, human friend to lean on.

One more glimpse. Two little ones are playing in the old garden. The dear old vicar, white-haired now, and growing very old, watches them tenderly. The little girl has Nan's faithful eye; the boy the pride of his grandfather's heart is "daddy's boy."

From the window where Nan watched Douglas and Amy with such pain—how far distant it all seems now—"Daddy" raises his eyes from his writing, to exchange loving glances with the wife he loves so well.

Every week the children pay a loving visit to the grave of Aunt Dorothea in the old churchyard. The last time they went little Frank spelt out the words on the stone which marks the spot.

"Why did you choose that, mother?" he asked, in his old-fashioned way. But for answer the mother only clasped closer the hands of herself and tiny Dorothea, and in her eyes was the far-distant expression which told that for a few minutes her heart was with "dead days beyond recall."—London S. S. Times.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

From Smyrna (Asia Minor) Consul Ernest L. Harris writes: "Photography is growing to be the most popular hobby of the educated classes in Turkey."

Sikhs are beginning to invade British Columbia, which is certainly not like India. Three thousand of them are in the province and more are coming.

In the fjords on the Norway coast the clearness of the water is wonderful. Objects the size of a shilling may be seen at a depth of twenty-five to thirty fathoms.

An interesting relic of Napoleon Bonaparte has been placed in the Nottingham Castle Museum. It consists of a lock of hair of the emperor which was cut off about an hour after his death.

The baby Prince of Spain's name has been entered upon the roll of a regiment and he wears the number of it, in gold, pinned on his bib. A bed in the barracks is reserved for him as the latest recruit.

Japanese auctions are conducted in the following manner: Each bidder at an auction writes his name and bid on a slip of paper, which he puts in a box. When the bidding is over the box is opened, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

During his last illness Curran, the great Irish wit, was one day told by the medical attendant that he seemed to cough with more difficulty than he had done the previous day. "That's odd enough," replied the sick one, "because I've been practicing all night."

The ostrich is a timid bird, easily frightened and easily excited. When excited or angered he is a dangerous antagonist, because he is strong enough to kill a man with one kick of his powerful leg.

Most of the ostriches in American farms are hatched in incubators. This is not new, for the Egyptians did it some 3000 years ago. If the eggs are taken from the nest the hen will lay as many as 30. Nearly all of them are fertile and hatch out an ostrich chick, which is worth a hundred dollars when he is six months old and is past the age of baby diseases.

Nature Faking at Home.

The American habit of carelessly speaking of a Frankfurter or other kind of incased sausage as "dog" is general, not only at the race track, the country fair, the beach resorts, etc., but even at home. One of the prettiest little girls, age 11, in a great public school, read a composition in which occurred the following: Some sausages are made of pig and some of dogs. Once in a while the butcher mixes beef or lamb, or sheep with the pig meat and hog meat to make it cheaper. But most of the sausages that we buy in cases are made of dogs. The dogs, I suppose, come from the Pound.

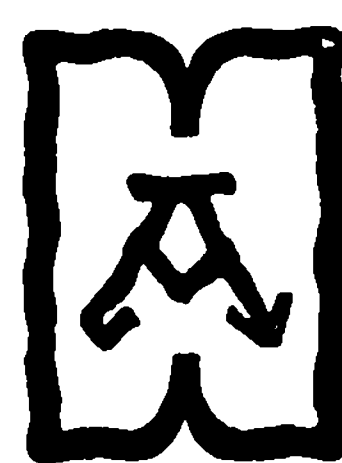
The father of this brilliant little woman admits that he fell into the American habit of saying at breakfast: "Daughter, will you bring a dog?" when helping her. Children, we all ought to know by this time, take things seriously.—New York Press.

Down in Old Mexico.

An irate reader in Coahuila, an old dafo of the old school, says that the first time he has time to get away he is coming to the city of Mexico to thrust a Toledo blade down our throat. Calmese Vd., hombre! Don't spoil a family heirloom.—Mexican Herald.

"This Is So Sudden"

By Winifred Black.



CERTAIN well-known and most estimable woman is going round the country telling all the women's clubs that it is time for woman to seize upon her rights and do her own proposing.

Tish, tush and pooh; also tut.

If I wasn't woman enough to make any man who cared enough for me to marry me propose to me without his ever dreaming that I had the faintest idea he'd ever even noticed the color of my eyes, I'd put on a diving suit and go down into the deep, blue sea and take lessons of the merry, merry mermaids.

Time for woman to propose, indeed! As if every woman who really is a woman doesn't do her own proposing right straight along, and hasn't ever since the world began—all but the actual talking or writing of it.

The woman who says "This is so sudden" when a man asks her to be his wife may look as innocent as a lamb when she says it, but, oh, my, what a tarradiddle she's telling.

Any real woman knows it the very instant any real man falls in love with her, and if she'd be frank with you she could tell you the time to a second when you first noticed that there was something rather pleasing about the expression of her eye.

The modern woman knows enough to keep some of her knowledge to herself, but she has it just the same, and if I had a daughter who was so stupid and so lacking in every feminine attribute that she didn't know enough to know what a man's eyes mean, no matter what his voice says, I'd down her down to Texas to live in the manless Eden that has just been started there. I hate an attitudinizing, simpering, would-be coquette, who thinks every man who addresses a civil word to her is dying with love for her, but the next person worse to her is the sexless woman, who doesn't know when a man is going to propose and can't help him along a little without letting him see what she's doing.

A man who was so little in love with me that I had to do the proposing would strike me as a very bad bargain in the husband line, even if he blushed and stammered yes when I asked him the fatal question. He might be too diffident to propose to me, but I'd be haunted all the time with curiosity to know what he was going to say to the real woman he really fell in love with when he really met her.

Should women propose, my dear club woman? Indeed, she should not, and she'll never have to, either, as long as there are men enough to go round.—New York American.

Women as Frauds

By Marie Corelli.

SHOULD just like to say one word respecting a "right" which no woman appears eager to seize upon and defend—the right to protest against the vulgar and indecent manner in which she is given away as a great Sham in all her own special fashion books and pictorials. There man sees woman as the Fool Rampant. The advertisements catering for her patronage show her at her worst. She is depicted as semi-bald, holding her wig (they call it "transformation" nowadays, in one hand, ready to put on. She is shown in a half-

nude state, very thin and scraggy, but again unblushingly holding the artificially modelled plump portions of her body which nature has failed to supply, in readiness to fasten over the hollow places. She is exhibited plainly and pitilessly as a Swindle. Do women imagine that men never look at such papers, and never perceive the bold and prominent challenge of these degrading advertisements which instruct them as to what a painted, powdered, padded, dyed, frizzled, shameless creature a woman may be, and often is? The natural woman, with health's own glow upon her cheeks, and heaven's own brightness in her hair, is likely to be wronged by doubts as to her genuineness, while the fashion books of today everywhere proclaim the fraud of the "female form divine," as built up, with woman's own approval, by the costurier and the perruquier—a think with surely as little sense of the noblest "rights" of womanhood as the doll in a hairdresser's window. A casual study of four modern ladies' pictorials will convince the most optimistic male supporter of "women's rights" that the majority of the fair sex are not in any way fitted for the franchise, and, after all, it is the majority that counts.—Harper's Bazar.

Are American Boys

Too Forward, Irreverent, Bold
and Self-Assertive?

By Justice Leverone,
Of the Juvenile Court of New York.

If we concede that the American boy has all these faults, we only concede that he is typical of his age. He partakes of the greatly increased freedom of the individual in our time, and he shares the much more marked activity of his period.

It is true that juvenile offenses against the law are as frequent as they ever were, more frequent than they sometimes have been, but they are not more serious, and they are directly attributable to the increased complexity of our latter-day civilization. This complex character of modern society, which furnishes more abundant opportunity for the development of the talents and capabilities of the growing youth, provides also increased temptations to the energetic, ambitious boy.

It is an inevitable condition of increased freedom that it brings with it increased temptation and responsibility. The American boy, even as the American adult, possesses more freedom than any boy ever had before. On the whole, he has risen to the obligations which this greater freedom has imposed.

The Man Who Runs the Railroad

By Thornton Oakley.

A MILE down the track the express comes round the bend. You watch it as it grows rapidly larger, then in a moment it thunders by. The tower trembles and you gasp in smoke. The signal-operator glances at his clock, then leans out and shakes two fingers at the engineer, who nods and pulls his throttle in a bit. He is two minutes ahead of time.

As the express vanishes in a blue haze of steam and dust, a heavy freight comes lumbering down the south-bound track, the big black engine shaking and belching

smoke and cinders. The operator turns and tugs upon his levers. Out upon the track there is a clanging among the switches, and upon the signal bridge the green and yellow semaphores rise and fall. The panting locomotive halts. The signal is against him. Far back at the caboose a brakeman drops off, and you can see him running up the track, waving a spot of red. The engineer, in green overalls, swings down from his cab and hurries to the tower. The operator shouts to him that there is a freight wreck at Upland Crossing, and after the Southshore Limited has passed he is to proceed on the passenger track.—Harper's Magazine.

THE DAUGHTER.

It's not myself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining
(He's a good man, is Michael, and I've never felt his frown),
But there's sorrow beating on me like a lone day's raining
For the little wrinkled face of her I left in Kerrydown.

It's just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other—
Do you mind the moans we walked to Mass when all the fields were green?—
'Twas I that plucked your kerchief, oh, my mother, mother, mother,
The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the world between!

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to up and follow
(It's a fair land we've come to, and there's plenty here for all);
It's not the homesick longing that lures me like a swallow,
But the one voice across the world that draws me to its call.

It's just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other,
Do you mind the tales you told me when the turf was blazing bright?—
Me head upon your shoulder, oh, my mother, mother, mother,
The broad seas between us and yourself alone tonight!

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming and there's going;
It's kind souls will be about me when the little one is here;
But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort I'd be knowing,
And her blessing on the two of us to drive away the fear.

It's just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other,
Do you mind the soft spring mornings when you stitched the wedding gown?—
The little, careful stitches, oh, my mother, mother, mother,
Me self beyond the broad seas and you in Kerrydown!

—Theodosia Garrison, in McClure's Magazine.

The Harp of Life.

By
L. LOVEGROVE.

"Where's Nan?"
That was the usual cry at the Coverdale's if the eldest daughter disappeared for more than five minutes. The vicar needed her to write for him; the sweet-faced mother missed her girl's affectionate care; and one or another of the five boys and girls were sure to want the help which only Nan could give.

It was sweet to feel herself the prop of the household, to know that she was necessary to them all, from the grave, tender father down to wee Flo, the pet of the family; yet, brave lifter of burdens as she was, Nan sometimes felt the strain of it all, and felt, also, that it would be good at times to be a "leaner" if—ah! if—

"Where's Nan?" again demanded Fred. His kite wanted mending and he was eager to be off, for the wind was glorious and the boys were waiting for him.

"She has gone for a run down to auntie's," said Mrs. Coverdale, from the couch where so much of her life was spent.

Fred grumblingly departed. It was a query if he would find another willing helper. Then the vicar looked up from his book to say, "My dear, I am glad Nan is out of the way for once, for I'm afraid between us we demand too much of her." The mother sighed as she agreed with him, for her own helplessness troubled her greatly.

He heard the sigh, and love interpreted its meaning for him, for theirs were love-linked hearts. In the talk which followed the mother's heart was comforted, for she was made to feel how great a place she held in the lives of all the family, and, most of all, how precious she was to this, her husband.

Meanwhile, could they have seen Annie, how amazed they would have been.

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By-and-by Amy had bent over to cut a rose, and the watchful eyes at the window had noted the ardent expression of love on the man's face as he gazed watching. It only needed that Nan should, after the curate's departure, happen upon her sister seated under one of the old garden trees—lost in a happy day dream. The disillusionment was complete.

And now face to face with her trouble, and how she despised herself (yet why should she?) but use it was a trouble! She was trying with measured tramp to beat down the pain in her heart. She had given her love unsought, and self-contempt raged in her heart for the jealous feelings which would arise against her much-loved sister. Above all rose the dread of self-betrayal! If she remained at home that might come at any moment.

"I must go away," she said it half aloud in her earnestness. "I can see as well what is coming, and I cannot stay to see it through."

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And there, in the firelight, she unburdened her heart, and told that which but an hour before she had only resolved should never meet the ear of any human soul. Such is the potency of sympathy. The words of that conversation need not be recorded. Words are important, but in those rare heart-to-heart talks of which life gives so few, that which matters most is the love-lit eye, the tender tone, and the sacred unveiling of the recesses of human hearts. At such times "spirit with spirit can meet," and only then do we realize how closely two human souls can touch, and how deep and far-reaching is the influence of one personality on another.

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By-and-by Amy strayed into the room, and, instinctively, father and sister left her alone with the mother, who, in spite of her helplessness, was indeed "mother" with all that sacred name implied. When Douglas came

for his answer an ecstatic time followed, during which poor Nan's armour was penetrated by all sorts of arrows.

"My word, Nan," cried Fred, coming in one day, with a hop, skip and a jump. "Such a lark! I ran into the Summer-house just now, and I'll be jiggered if Gray wasn't kissing our Amy! Oo-oo! You should have seen their faces when they saw me."

Fred, boy like, squirmed with delight at the uncommon discovery, and the embarrassment he had caused.

"Nannie," said little Flo, for as of old "little pitchers have long ears," "s'ud'oo 'ike a bid man to kiss 'oo, too?"

"Not while I can have your kisses, darling," said Nan, the sore-hearted. "It is beautiful to see those two together," said Mrs. Coverdale, next day, next day.

"Nan dear, I'm glad no one has come yet to waken your heart's love, for I couldn't spare you."

There was sweet and bitter strangely mingled for Nan in that little speech.

But Amy's bed-time confidences were hardest of all to bear, for Nan had filled the place of confident too long to lose it now. It was rather bitter to hear the winsome girlish voice say, "Dear old Nan, I expect, since you've never been in love, you can't enter into it all, and that I'm silly to so idealize Douglas, but you'll understand some day."

Perhaps, though, the bitterest moment was when she submitted to receive "a brother's kiss" from Douglas, "for I feel as if you had always been my sister; I have never had one, you know, Nan. I may call you 'Nan' now, may I not?"

He felt the unresponsiveness of Nan's somewhat abrupt reply, "Don't you think you'd better wait a bit, and take us 'on approval' first, before adopting the family in this wholesale fashion?"

It was a heartless little joke, and Nan went away pained by the puzzled look in the eyes she loved, but she couldn't help it, really, for she was but human, and the Valley of Humiliation is hard to tread.

The time of preparation for the wedding sped gaily on, for there was little to wait for. The offer of a comfortable living had given Douglas the right to ask for his bride and it was decided that the wedding should take place in the following Spring.

It was a hard time for Nan, and only the quiet hours she snatched from the busy days to spend with Aunt Dorothea kept her calm and steady.

They did not have another long talk, for some subjects do not bear too free a discussion, but many a word of comfort or counsel, indirectly given, did Nan carry away with her from that quiet home. Besides, the sense of relaxation which came with the presence of the only one who knew what she was bearing, was very sweet to her.

And so, at last, the wedding day came, and all the village was gay. The mother's quiet kiss was given from her couch of suffering, and Nan determined not to spoil their happiness, or betray her secret, watched the ceremony, kissed the dear little bride, played hostess to the guests, and altogether was the life of the party.

But that night her pillow was wet with bitter tears. No one witnessed that "giving way," and only Aunt Dorothea guessed that in the silence of the night, a girl's heart was nigh unto breaking. Truly "every heart knoweth its own bitterness."

"There is a happy sequel to my little tale, else would I not have told it, for the world is full of sadness.

The wedding day closed the page of Nan's life, for was not Douglas Amy's husband now? Nan bravely took up the battle of life, and found plenty of active service.

What a comfort it was in after years to know that she had been the stay and support of her mother's last days. That she had been able to watch over, and see safely into manhood and womanhood the children left by that mother to her care. That, when Fred got into trouble through sowing too plentiful a crop of wild oats, she was the means of extricating him, at what sacrifice only herself knew.

And then, one day, when she had thought for a long time that she was too old for "romancing," how surprised she was to find that the legend about Time having such power to heal was, after all, quite true, for did not her heart thrill with pleasure when she became aware that Francis Gordon fought delight in her company?

How young she began to feel again! How she blushed to find herself one day actually studying her wrinkles in the mirror!

Francis Gordon was a well-known author, and the son of an old friend of her father's. He had come down to Ingletton for a quiet rest. Why had he chosen Ingletton? Nan learned the secret one glorious moonlight evening in the old garden.

"For years your father's letters have been permeated with the name 'Nan,'" said he. "Some time ago, when Flo's engagement was announced, he wrote my father, 'So now, dear Nan, after all her sacrifice and devotion is left alone with her old father; she will not leave me, but I feel it is very lonely for her.' When I read that, dear (for the Ingletton letters were always passed on to me), I realized afresh how I wanted you. All these years I have been so interested in those references to you. I had an idea that you'd tire of it all in time, and strike out for yourself some day, for in the old times I know you map-

ped out a very different life for yourself. I remember the flash in your eye as you spoke of the future. But you kept true to your trust, and instinctively I admired you for it, and when that letter came, then a deeper current was touched, and I came to Ingletton to find you. I know I am not young, but because my love is the growth of years, will you not believe it all the more true and steady, Nan?"

That was a glorious evening, and Nan had a rapture all to herself in the silent night. Now she had another to minister to, and—ah, beautiful, fresh experience—someone to return the ministry. What a comfort to have a strong, firm, human friend to lean on.

One more glimpse.

Two little ones are playing in the old garden. The dear old vicar, white-haired now, and growing very old, watches them tenderly. The little girl has Nan's faithful eye; the boy, the pride of his grandfather's heart is "daddy's boy."

From the window where Nan watched Douglas and Amy with such pain—how far distant it all seems now!—"Daddy" raises his eyes from his writing, to exchange loving glances with the wife he loves so well.

Every week the children pay a loving visit to the grave of Aunt Dorothea in the old churchyard. The last time they went little Frank spelt out the words on the stone which marks the spot.

"Why did you choose that, mother" he asked, in his old-fashioned way. But for answer the mother only clasped closer the hands of herself and tiny Dorothea, and in her eyes was the far-distant expression which told that for a few minutes her heart was with "dead days beyond recall."—London S. S. Times.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

From Smyrna (Asia Minor) Consul Ernest L. Harris writes: "Photography is growing to be the most popular hobby of the educated classes in Turkey."

Sikhs are beginning to invade British Columbia, which is certainly not like India. Three thousand of them are in the province and more are coming.

In the floods on the Norway coast the clearness of the water is wonderful. Objects the size of a shilling may be seen at a depth of twenty-five to thirty fathoms.

An interesting relic of Napoleon Bonaparte has been placed in the Nottingham Castle Museum. It consists of a lock of hair of the emperor which was cut off about an hour after his death.

The baby Prince of Spain's name has been entered upon the roll of a regiment and he wears the number of it, in gold, pinned on his bib. A bed in the barracks is reserved for him as the latest recruit.

Japanese auctions are conducted in the following manner: Each bidder at an auction writes his name and bid on a slip of paper, which he puts in a box. When the bidding is over the box is opened, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

During his last illness Curran, the great Irish wit, was one day told by the medical attendant that he seemed to cough with more difficulty than he had done the previous day. "That's odd enough," replied the sick one, "because I've been practicing all night."

The ostrich is a timid bird, easily frightened and easily excited. When excited or angered he is a dangerous antagonist, because he is strong enough to kill a man with one kick of his powerful leg.

Most of the ostriches in American farms are hatched in incubators. This is not new, for the Egyptians did it some 3000 years ago. If the eggs are taken from the nest the hen will lay as many as 30. Nearly all of them are fertile and hatch out an ostrich chick, which is worth a hundred dollars when he is six months old and is past the age of baby diseases.

Nature Faking at Home.

The American habit of carelessly speaking of a Frankfurter or other kind of incased sausage as "dog" is general, not only at the race track, the country fair, the beach resorts, etc., but even at home. One of the prettiest little girls, age 11, in a great public school, read a composition in which occurred the following:

Some sausages are made of pig and some of hogs. Once in a while the butcher mixes beef or lamb, or sheep with the pig meat and hog meat to make it cheaper. But most of the sausages that we buy in cases are made of dogs. The dogs, I suppose, come from the Pound.

The father of this brilliant little woman admits that he fell into the American habit of saying at breakfast: "Daughter, will you bring me a dog?" when helping her. Children, we all ought to know by this time, take things seriously.—New York Press.

Down in Old Mexico.

An irate reader in Coahuila, an old dago of the old school, says that the first time he has time to get away he is coming to the city of Mexico to thrust a Toledo blade down our throat. Calmese Vd, hombre! Don't spoil a family heirloom.—Mexican Herald.

"This Is So Sudden"

By Winifred Black.



CERTAIN well-known and most estimable woman is going round the country telling all the women's clubs that it is time for woman to seize upon her rights and do her own proposing.

Tish, tush and pooh; also tut.

If I wasn't woman enough to make any man who cared enough for me to marry me propose to me without his ever dreaming that I had the faintest idea he'd ever even noticed the color of my eyes, I'd put on a diving suit and go down into the deep, blue sea and take lessons of the merry, merry mermaids.

Time for woman to propose, indeed!

As if every woman who really is a woman doesn't do her own proposing right straight along, and hasn't ever since the world began—all but the actual talking or writing of it.

The woman who says "This is so sudden" when a man asks her to be his wife may look as innocent as a lamb when she says it, but, oh, my, what a tarradiddle she's telling.

Any real woman knows it the very instant any real man falls in love with her, and if she'd be frank with you she could tell you the time to a second when you first noticed that there was something rather pleasing about the expression of her eye.

The modern woman knows enough to keep some of her knowledge to herself, but she has it just the same, and if I had a daughter who was so stupid and so lacking in every feminine attribute that she didn't know enough to know what a man's eyes mean, no matter what his voice says, I'd disown her down to Texas to live in the manless Eden that has just been started there.

I hate an attitudinizing, simpering, would-be coquette, who thinks every man who addresses a civil word to her is dying with love for her, but the next person worse to her is the sexless woman, who doesn't know when a man is going to propose and can't help him along a little without letting him see what she's doing.

A man who was so little in love with me that I had to do the proposing would strike me as a very bad bargain in the husband line, even if he blushed and stammered yes when I asked him the fatal question. He might be too diffident to propose to me, but I'd be haunted all the time with curiosity to know what he was going to say to the real woman he really fell in love with when he really met her.

Should women propose, my dear club woman? Indeed, she should not, and she'll never have to, either, as long as there are men enough to go round.—New York American.

Women as Frauds

By Marie Corelli.



SHOULD just like to say one word respecting a "right" which no woman appears eager to seize upon and defend—the right to protest against the vulgar and indecent manner in which she is given away as a great Sham in all her own special fashion books and pictorials. There man sees woman as the Fool Rampant. The advertisements catering for her patronage show her at her worst. She is depicted as semi-bald, holding her wig (they call it "transformation" nowadays, in one hand, ready to put on. She is shown in a half-nude state, very thin and scraggy, but again unblushingly holding the artificially mo-ided plump portions of her body which nature has failed to supply, in readiness to fasten over the hollow places. She is exhibited plainly and pitilessly as a Swindle. Do women imagine that men never look at such papers, and never perceive the bold and prominent challenge of these degrading advertisements which instruct them as to what a painted, powdered, padded, dyed, frizzled, shameless creature a woman may be, and often is? The natural woman, with health's own glow upon her cheeks, and heaven's own brightness in her hair, is likely to be wronged by doubts as to her genuineness, while the fashion books of today everywhere proclaim the fraud of the "female form divine," as built up, with woman's own approval, by the costlier and the perruquier—a think with surely as little sense of the noblest "rights" of womanhood as the doll in a hairdresser's window. A casual study of four modern ladies' pictorials will convince the most optimistic male supporter of "women's rights" that the majority of the fair sex are not in any way fitted for the franchise, and, after all, it is the majority that counts.—Harper's Bazar.

Are American Boys

Too Forward, Irreverent, Bold
and Self-Assertive?

By Justice Leverone,
Of the Juvenile Court of New York.

I F we concede that the American boy has all these faults, we only concede that he is typical of his age. He partakes of the greatly increased freedom of the individual in our time, and he shares the much more marked activity of his period.

It is true that juvenile offenses against the law are as frequent as they ever were, more frequent than they sometimes have been, but they are not more serious, and they are directly attributable to the increased complexity of our latter-day civilization. This complex character of modern society, which furnishes more abundant opportunity for the development of the talents and capabilities of the growing youth, provides also increased temptations to the energetic, ambitious boy.

It is an inevitable condition of increased freedom that it brings with it increased temptation and responsibility. The American boy, even as the American adult, possesses more freedom than any boy ever had before. On the whole, he has risen to the obligations which this greater freedom has imposed.

The Man Who Runs the Railroad

By Thornton Oakley.

A MILE down the track the express comes round the bend. You watch it as it grows rapidly larger, then in a moment it thunders by. The tower trembles and you gasp in smoke. The signal-operator glances at his clock, then leans out and shakes two fingers at the engineer, who nods and pulls his throttle in a bit. He is two minutes ahead of time.

As the express vanishes in a blue haze of steam and dust, a heavy freight comes lumbering down the south-bound track, the big black engine shaking and belching smoke and cinders. The operator turns and tugs upon his levers. Out upon the track there is a clanging among the switches, and upon the signal bridge the green and yellow semaphores rise and fall. The panting locomotive halts. The signal is against him. Far back at the caboose a brakeman drops off, and you can see him running up the track, waving a spot of red. The engineer, in green overalls, swings down from his cab and hurries to the tower. The operator shouts to him that there is a freight wreck at Upland Crossing, and after the Southshore Limited has passed he is to proceed on the passenger track.—Harper's Magazine.

DEMONSTRATION IN RAISING WHEAT SUCCESSFUL.

With the assistance of Hon A. L. Martin, Deputy Secretary of Agriculture and manager of farmers institutes, of Pennsylvania, and by the co-operation of nine successful wheat farmers of various sections of the county, a series of wheat raising demonstrations to increase the quantity and improve the quality of wheat, have been conducted in York county, under the direction of Prof. Franklin Menges. Only farmers who live on and farm their own farms are connected with these demonstrations, so that all that is said and done can be verified. These demonstrations have been made on the different soils of this section, not that they are regarded any better than those of other sections of the state, but that one person could easily oversee them without consuming too much time. These soils received only the regular treatment accorded all the soils on which wheat is raised by these farmers and therefore other farmers can do what these men have done.

The wheat used for seed has always been carefully selected and cleaned. The varieties here given have yielded from 25 to 40 bushels per acre for the last four years usually from 30 to 40 bushels per acre. It is the desire of Hon. A. L. Martin and Prof. Menges to assist the farmers of Pennsylvania to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the wheat raised. And for this reason would suggest that a few wheat farmers in each of the wheat raising counties where wheat is not doing as well as it might to get some seed of one or more of these varieties. The farmers who have been doing this work on wheat will thoroughly clean the seed and they will therefore ask from 15 to 25 cents a bushel more than market price. We have the following varieties: Old Lancaster red, red shale gravel and clay soils; rural New York, red, smooth, limestone clay, shaly soils; blue stem red, smooth, shaly gravel and clay soils; Turkish Roumanian red, bearded, gravel and shaly clay soils. The methods of wheat raising followed by these farmers together with their names and addresses and the quantities of wheat raised this year will be published later when all have threshed and all the facts are compiled.

Cash should accompany all orders, it should be specifically stated whether the order shall be sent by freight or express. All orders will be promptly filled. All orders and communications should be addressed to Franklin Menges, York, Pa.

FROM HAMPTON

The Hampton Independent and Reading Twp. school boards have added improvements to some of their buildings of paint.

Raymond Myers and wife of Chicago, who have spent a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Myers, have returned home.

Albert Howe and son George of York Springs, spent Sunday with his father, David Howe.

We have a new enterprise in town in the shape of a laundry. Miss Carry Hantz and Hubert Hoffman being the obliging proprietors.

Fred Thorn, barber of Gettysburg, is thinking of establishing a branch shop in this town.

Dr. G. Emanuel Spetz, the champion angler of this community, has just placed another feather in his hat by catching a 6 1/2 lb bass. Doctor says he did not weigh him but the scales on his back indicated that he would have weighed from 6 to 7 lbs.

W. F. Resser and son, Edwin, of York, spent Sunday with Mrs. Emanuel Chronister.

Miss Fannie Williams, of York, a former resident of this place, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in and around town.

Quite a number of friends and relatives gathered at the home of R. K. Sipe and wife on Sunday, it being Mrs. Sipe's birthday.

A HUMANE APPEAL.—A human citizen of Richmond, Ind., Mr. C. D. Williams, 107 West Main St., says: "I appeal to all persons with weak lungs to take Dr. King's New Discovery, the only remedy that has helped me and fully comes up to the proprietor's recommendation." It saves more lives than all other throat and lung remedies put together. Used as a cough and cold cure the world over. Cures asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, hoarseness, and phthisis stops hemorrhages of the lungs and builds them up. Guaranteed at ALEX. DRUG STORE, 50c and \$1.00.

For no apparent reason the waters of the Yellow Breeches Creek, which passes the Williams Grove picnic grounds, which are usually of a dull yellow color, having changed to a deep red, and samples have been taken and chemists will ascertain the cause. Several days ago the creek waters changed hue and assumed a pink and later a brick color. This coloring had gradually deepened until the water now resembles the troughs of a slaughtering house.

Suit for \$10,000 damages was brought by Harry Romech and wife, of Lehigh county, against Alfred Keefer, who, they claim, broke his promise to marry their daughter, causing her to die of a "broken heart."

HEALTH IN THE CANAL ZONE.—The high wages paid make it a mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workmen needed to construct the Panama Canal. Many are restrained however by the fear of fevers and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric Bitters, who go there without this fear, well knowing they are safe from malarious influence with Electric Bitters on hand. Cures blood poison too, biliousness, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Guaranteed by ED. T. ALEX. DRUGGIST, 50c.

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

Have your watches, clocks, Jewelry, etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C. A. Blocher, 7 18-19 Center Square, Gettysburg.

IT PAYS TO READ THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS!

For three dollars and seventy-five cents The Philadelphia Press will mail without additional cost the daily edition of their interesting publication one full year a guaranteed razor made from best Sheffield steel (name not mentioned of trade arrangement) and a stroop made from oiled pot-pole leather and webbing, flat handle, army swivel 2 1/2 x 22 inch. If you will figure this combination offer you get a result of \$6.00 Value, as follows: Razor \$2.00, stroop \$1.00, The Daily Press one year \$3.00, all for \$3.75. Your order addressed Circulation Department, THE PRESS, Philadelphia, Pa., will receive immediate attention.

\$5,000 Reward

Will be paid to any person who can find one atom of opium, chloral, morphine, cocaine, ether, chloroform, heroin, alpha and beta eucaine, cannabis indica, or chloral hydrate or any of their derivatives, in any of Dr. Miles' Remedies. This applies to goods in original packages, unopened, and not tampered with. Certain unscrupulous persons are making false statements about these remedies.

"I have been troubled with a terrible headache for the last ten years, the doctors could do me no good. I saw Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills advertised in the Sunday magazine, so I thought I would try a sample. I did so, and they helped me wonderfully. I had headache so badly I could hardly see to work, so I sent to the drug store and got a box. In a couple of hours I was all right, it was the first medicine to do me any good."

A. A. J. LUG, Philadelphia, Pa. 5382 Tacoma Street. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money, 25 doses, 25 cents. New and in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

WONDERSALVE

The Great Remedy for Family Use.

All that the name implies.

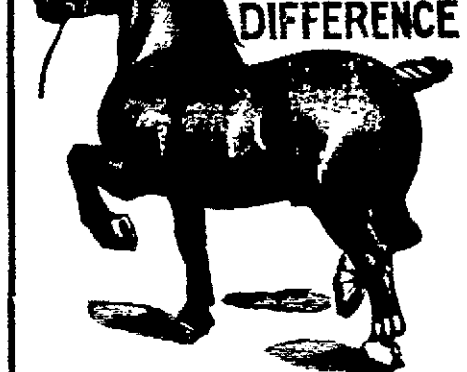
A Marvelous Remedy for all External Purposes.

Absolutely Free from all Poisonous Ingredients.

Cures Burns, Boils, Cuts, Sores, Sore Throat, Piles, Eczema, Corns, Chapped Hands, Scabs, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Felons, Carbuncles, Cancerous Sores, Barber's Itch, Blood Poison resulting from rusty nails or other causes, Bites from poisonous animals or insects, and all Wounds and Skin Diseases.

AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL POSTPAID 25c. per Box. HAARER & SONS, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A HORSE KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE



between good and poor feed. Buy the best.

FARMERS' STOCK FOOD

also for Cows, Hogs, Sheep and Cattle.

Saves Hay, Corn and Oats. A substitute for grass. A great saving to the Farmer and Stockman. It has double strength. Don't class this with the many worthless stock foods on the market. Guaranteed as represented. Give it a trial. Insist on having Farmers' Stock Food. Take no other. If your dealer does not handle it send direct to D. S. RACON STOCK FOOD CO., Evansville, Ind.

Barber Shop Removed.

GEORGE F. RABINE has removed his Barber Shop from the Eagle Hotel building to a commodious room at his residence a few doors from Center Sq., on Philadelphia street, where he will be ready at all times to give all satisfaction in his line.

If you need a Watch, Clock or Jewelry, Go To

Boadenhamer's

Fountain Square. Hanover, Penn'a.



I handle the Howard, Hamilton, Elgin, Waltham, South Bend, Hampden and many other makes. Also do

Repairing.

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP, MIDDINGS, POTATOES, COARSE AND FINE SALT, &c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Lumber and Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr., 4-23-1y. New Oxford, Pa.

Get rid of your bad bread once for all. Use

BANNER FLOUR

You know what time and labor it requires to bake flour that is properly milled. In the first place you have not the life in the flour to start a sponge, then you realize what you are up against. After hours of worry the outcome is a poor baking of bread. You know all that. Then why not substitute a flour that is milled with up-to-date machinery, making a sweet natty flour, a feature contained in

THE BANNER.

J. R. HARTMAN, Proprietor of New Oxford Flouring Mills, NEW OXFORD, PA.

JULY Clearance Sale.

As you may know it, it is our invariable policy to dispose of all left overs at the end of the season at prices that barely cover actual cost. Owing to the protracted cool weather this Spring you will find here a far greater variety of styles and fabrics than offered in previous years, including the celebrated Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothing. \$27 to \$25 Sack Suits, now \$18 \$22.50 to \$20 Sack Suits, \$16.50 \$19 to \$18 Sack Suits, \$14.50 \$17 to \$16 Sack Suits, \$13.75 \$15 to \$14 Suits, \$11.50 \$12 Suits, \$8.50 \$10 to \$9 Suits, \$6.75 \$8 to \$7 Suits, \$5.50 Odd Lots—\$2, \$3 and \$4.

SALE NOW ON.

N. B. Carver & Sons. HANOVER PA.

No More Trouble To Get REPAIRS

FOR ANY KIND OF Stove, Range, Heater or Furnace. ALSO PIPE AND FIXTURES.

Just Mention Your Wants to WEAVER MFG CO., Hanover St. New Oxford.

G. R. THOMPSON,

Practical Auctioneer.

Desires to inform all who intend having public sale that he open for engagements at all times. Several years experience; satisfaction guaranteed. P.O. Address—GRANITE HILL, PA.

Sore Nipples and Chapped Hands. Are quickly cured by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Try it; it is a success. Price 25 cents.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ.

Physician and Surgeon. NEW OXFORD, PA. Calls answered eight or day



G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,

—SPECIALIST IN—

Lenses For The Eyes,

—WILL BE AT—

Eagle Hotel, New Oxford,

Tuesday, Sept. 24th.

OHIO & KENTUCKY HORSES.

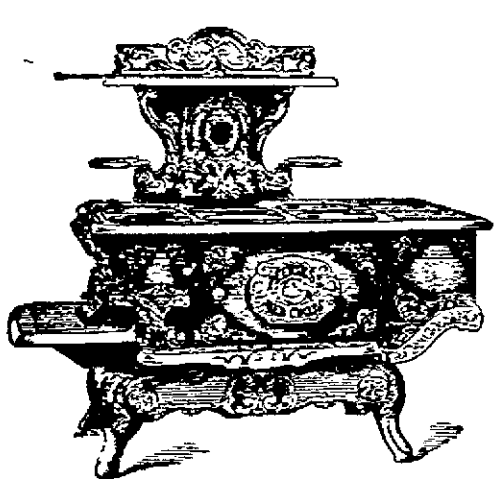


Saturday, Sept. 7th, 1907,

The undersigned will receive one car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horses—workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them.

Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern markets. H. W. PARR, Hanover.

H. B. FAIR.



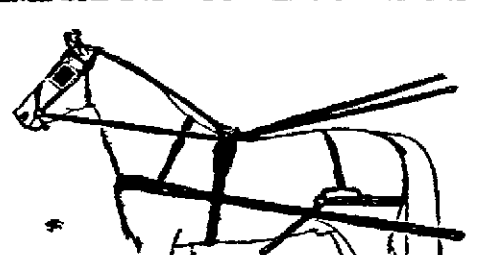
—DEALER IN—

STOVES, RANGES & FURNACES,

Roofing and Spouting, Enameled and Tinware, &c.

Repairing Promptly Done. PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD.

Mules & Horses.



The undersigned will receive at his stables in Hanover, two carloads of fine young Kentucky mules every Saturday, and one carload of Horses every other Saturday—for sale or exchange. H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

Meat Market.

Fresh and Smoked Meats OF ALL KINDS.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

MIDDLE ROOM, LIVINGSTON BUILDING, CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

B. F. Gise, PROPRIETOR.

How About Furnishing Your House?

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of FURNITURE AND HOME FURNISHINGS but we are quoting Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty R. J. FEISER, Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed at the ITEM office. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Special Sale!

The Katz Furniture Co., of Hanover, Pa., are now located at their new quarters and are offering

At Special Sale FOR 20 DAYS,

FURNITURE, STOVES & CARPETS.

Come to see us and we will save you money. We pay the freight.

Katz Furniture Company.

—New Location— 130 Carlisle Street, HANOVER, PA.

West End Store News.

Brubaker's Poultry Powders.

A Sure Cure for Cholera, Roup and other diseases fowls Gives strength and vigor to growing fowls. Keeps hens healthy while moulting and improves the coat and gloss of feathers. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Brubaker's Poultry Powders. We have it in 50c sacks; 15 lb. pails at \$1.75; 25 lb. pails at \$2.50. Give it a trial and be convinced.

I. W. LIVINGSTON,

THE LEADING GROCER.

Pitt Street, New Oxford.



"Pittsburg Perfect Fence."

Sold by GILBERT & SON,

DEALERS IN

General Hardware, Paints,

Oils, Glass, Cutlery, &c., &c.

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LOVE IS MOST GLAD.

Love is most glad with cruel hands
To bind his tender feet and hands;
To scourge himself, to know all loss,
To carry far his heavy cross
Into the vaguest distant lands.

To suffer—oh, love understands
The awful waste of desert sands;
Strange that on beds of thorns to toss,
Love is most glad!

And for his service love demands
No sacrifices. Lo! he stands
Calling his golden deeds but cross,
Planting the proud world's piteous gloss,
When flayed and wounded on life's strands,
Love is most glad!

—Charles Hanson Towne, in the Reader.

The Cold-Water Man.

By CLARA AUGUSTA

GEORGE RONE was a firm believer in the medicinal virtues of cold water. What cold water would not effect, in the way of curing the ills which flesh is heir to, might as well be given up as impossible.

According to George's theory, if a man only drank enough cold water, and soaked himself enough in cold water, he would live forever, if no accident took him off suddenly.

He set up a sort of cold-water cure at his house, obtaining his supply of water from a well dug at a height sufficient to throw the water to the second floor of his dwelling, for George lived in the country, where water in the house is a rare luxury.

In the bathroom was a large upright tub, five or six feet higher than a fair-sized man's head, and in this tub George passed a large part of his time, doctoring himself.

His wife was a timid, yielding little woman, and she was constantly made the subject of her husband's experiments in the cold-water business.

She had neuralgia, and though she bore it for a long time in silence, preferring the pain to George's doctoring. In an unguarded hour she groaned aloud, and her fate was sealed. A patient to coddle was Rone's pet desire, and he began the business with vigor. Poor Mrs. Rone was showered, and packed, and sponged and submerged, until she was pretty much soaked away, and one day George turned on too much water, and it went over her head, and washed the life entirely out of her.

Poor woman, after she went to her long home—which was, properly speaking, a short home, seeing as she was only four feet five—her husband lamented her departure, but stuck to his first assertion that she died from lack of cold water, instead of from superabundance. For, if she had only done her duty by herself, and bathed properly, she would have had strength enough to have cried out, or burst open the door of the bathing tub, and so have been saved.

When she had been dead a year Mr. Rone made arrangements for supplying her place. Time was short, he said, and if he ever calculated on having a second wife now was his time.

His choice fell on Patty Fields, a spinster of forty, with a temper like a ten-horse power steam engine, though she generally kept it under, and was all the better woman for having it.

She was not a believer in the cold-water doctrine, but George liked her quite as well. He should convert her, he said, and thus add another member to the cold-water clique.

The wedding day came, the feast was spread and the guests assembled. The ceremony was to take place at 8 o'clock in the evening, and the appointed time arrived, and still the bridegroom tarried.

The guests began to whisper together and look grave; the parson took to reading the Bible; Patty shed a few tears, as in duty bound, and spotted her lavender tie with the salt water, and old Major Fields, her father, who had "seen service," and was as plucky as a boy of twenty, put on his slouch hat, shouldered his old rifle, and proceeded to Rone's house, with vengeance in his heart.

The servant girl giggled when she opened the door and saw him, and when he asked for Mr. Rone she conducted him to the bathroom with alacrity. There he found the missing bridegroom, up to his chin in water, splashing about like a frog, and evidently enjoying himself much on the same principle.

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried old Fields, "what do you mean by keeping my darter in suspense, and the wedding folks a waitin'?"

"Good gracious, Major!" exclaimed George; "it can't be 8 o'clock, can it?" The Major held out to him the old "bull's-eye" watch, which had belonged to his grandfather, and its hand pointed to the ominous hour of 9.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed George, springing out of the bath and putting himself inside his clothes with no waste of time, "did ever anybody see the beat of that? Why, I got into the bath at just 6 o'clock, and I would have sworn it was only 7 now. Time passes quickly when a man is engaged in the cause of science. I was observing the beautiful effects of cold water in opening the pores of the epidermis."

"Upper dermis and lower dermis be cursed!" cried old Fields, angrily. "A man that has to soak himself three hours afore he can come to his own wedding deserves a hoss-whipping. Are you calculating, sir, to be married or not?"

"Certainly, Major, certainly—to be sure!" said George, hurrying up his toilet, under the supervision of his intended father-in-law and the old rifle.

The wedding was a little later than

the time appointed, but the guests had better appetites in consequence of the delay.

Mr. and Mrs. Rone had no bridal tour but went at once to housekeeping. George did not find a very pliant subject for cold-water experiments in his second wife. She had a will of her own, and absolutely declined to submit to any cold-water doctoring.

George felt personally aggrieved over her conduct, for he was sure that she had symptoms of biliousness, and he had great faith in cold water for that difficulty. Various were the experiments which he adopted to induce her to try his specific—she was obstinate.

One night Mrs. Rone went to bed unusually exhausted from a hard day's work. She slept like a top, but some time in the night she was awakened by a sensation of extreme coldness.

She put out her head, and lo! there were evidences of a deluge all around her. She always had matches under her pillow, and she scratched one. Its light showed her that her bed had been moved into the bathroom, and the water had been turned on and had risen to the height of her bed. Everything was soaking wet and the water was steadily rising.

Mrs. Rone was a woman of action. She knew that George must be at the bottom of it, and she got a light and paddled around up to her knees in water to find him. He was hidden in the bathtub, peeping out through a hole at the side, near the top, laughing at the success of his experiment to give his wife a bath.

Mrs. Rone's temper was aroused. She very quietly fastened the door of the tub on the outside and let in the water. It poured over the wretched prisoner in torrents, and in a few minutes would have been above his head, but for the fact that he had climbed to the top of the tub and was clinging on with both hands to a bar across the top.

"Let me out, Patty. For heaven's sake, let me out!" he shouted.

"Not by a long chalk!" cried Patty. "I want to soak you clean through. You know you've always insisted upon it that the beauty of bathing was in being well soaked. Make yourself easy and try to bear it. It's all in the cause of science."

It was cold weather, and the hard-hearted Patty carried the matter so far that it came near being the death of poor George, who was beginning to congeal, and whose teeth chattered like castanets before he was let out. He had an attack of rheumatism which lasted for six weeks, and during that time his wife had the well which supplied the bathroom filled up, and thus the supply of water was cut off.

George wisely deciding that it was no use to pursue science under such difficulties, has turned his attention to raising squashes, at which he is very successful.

But whenever he sees any water he always shakes his head and sighs, probably with the remembrance of what "might have been."—New York Weekly.

Still Demand For Whips.

To one who is not acquainted with the extent of the business it seems a mystery where all the whips go. One concern is able to turn out about 20,000 whips in a single day under favorable conditions, and it is only one of many companies. Westfield is, of course, the center of the whip-making industry of the world, and there are many horses in that world. Some of the local whip men have studied the automobile question to quite an extent, endeavoring to find out the possible effect upon the whip business. Some thought a few years ago that the bicycle was responsible in a measure for the dull times in the whip business, and it may have had some effect.

At that time there was less demand for lively teams than previously, and there was consequently little use for whips. The bicycle is not so much in demand as in former years, but the automobile and electric cars are taking its place. One would suppose the rapid construction of electric roads all over the country would tend to injure the whip trade, but in spite of automobiles and electric cars, the output of whips continues year after year. One of the local whip men said recently that he had no fear of bicycles, automobiles or electric cars ruining the whip business. —Springfield Republican.

An Opportunist.

The late Professor O. C. Marsh, who for many years occupied the chair of paleontology at Yale, and who at the death left a scientific collection of great value to the university, used to delight in telling the following story:

One morning he was walking down a New Haven street when he met a negro driving a horse which had a curiously malformed hoof.

"When your horse dies," said the professor to the old man, "I will give you \$2 for that hoof if you will cut it off and bring it to me."

"Very well, sah," was the reply, and horse and driver disappeared.

Two hours later, when the professor reached home, he found the negro, who had been impatiently awaiting him for an hour, handing a carefully wrapped package to the professor the negro said, "De hoss is daid, sah."

Family Ages Totalled 1216 Years.

Lutterworth, near Leicester, claims the distinction of having been the home of the longest-lived large family in the kingdom. The last member of this remarkable family has just died at the age of eighty-eight. Her name was Ruth Moore, and she was one of a family of thirteen children, three of whom died at the age of seventy-five, one at seventy-six, one at seventy-seven, one at eighty, one at eighty-one, one at eighty-three, two at eighty-five, two at eighty-eight, and one at ninety. Each of the parents died at eighty, and the united ages of the family of fifteen total 1216 years.

AN OLD TIMER'S STORY OF A SAVAGE INDIAN BATTLE.

In my thirty-four years of territorial life I have seen many things to be remembered as well as things to be forgotten. First it was the naked frontier with its Indian troubles, then the brawling mining camps and later that peace and safety of life and property incident to the westward march of law and order. It is not of these things I care to write. Cabo Blanco has exploited his frontier experiences most enterprisingly. Many others have furrowed the same field. Largely this has been of white man against Indian and Indian against white man, but the following little story is of a scrap between the reds. It was fought somewhere near the west end of the Pima-Maricopa villages, about 175 miles, in a direct line, east of here, and much further if following the various windings of the Gila along which the attacking party marched.

In 1854, when the California gold fever was at white heat, the Government established Fort Yuma, the first post of its kind in the Southwest. It was located on an ingenious bluff overlooking the Colorado River. It was built for the suppression of lawlessness at that particular place. It was at this point the old Yuma trail crossed the river. Robbery and murder were of common occurrence. In this work the hostile Indians had but little advantage over some of his white brethren, who infested the crossing of the Colorado. Life was held lightly in those days by the men who rough-hewed the way civilization was to follow in the Southwest.

Shortly after the location of the post an effort was made to chastise the Indians, and thus put an end to their continuous deviltry. The post is on the California side of the river and the Indians to be punished were in Arizona—then New Mexico. The troops crossed the river and made a campaign of five days without seeing so much as a hostile Indian, but no sooner had they returned to quarters than the Indians showed up on the opposite side of the river and went into camp in full view of their would-be pursuers. It was later learned that the hostiles had fallen in behind the troops, marched when they marched, camped when they camped, without the soldiers being aware of it. The principal anchery of the Yuma Indians, then, as now, was on the Arizona side of the river, about 100 miles to the north of the post. As depredations continued to go on it became necessary to teach them a salutary lesson in good manners. This was done at the upper rancharia in the way of burned villages, wasted crops and dead Indians. It was hitting them where they lived and was too much for paint and feathers. A peace with the white man was made and never broken.

At the time when the post was established the Yuma Indians—sometimes known as Cuchans—were under the command of a noted war chief known as Caballo y Pelo (Horse and Hair). He is said to have been one of the greatest war chiefs the Yumas ever had. He died in 1853 and was succeeded by Pasqual.

Then, as now, the Indians on the Colorado burned their dead, and with the body all personal belongings of the dead and such articles in the way of weapons, food and finery as friends and relatives contributed to comfort the departed one in his fateful journey to the spirit land. Horses were stolen from the whites, sacrificed over the ashes of the dead chief, and then roasted and eaten. With much feasting, loud lamentations and wild outbursts of wild barbaric grief the assembled people recalled his parting admonition to the head men of his tribe to "never make peace with the Maricopas."

The upper river men were their friends, but the men of the desert were their enemies, and among them the Maricopas were never to be trusted. The dead chief had been a man of much authority in his day, and his parting injunction sank deep into the hearts of the fighting men of his tribe. Councils of war were held, and it was decided to destroy the Maricopas. To this end assistance was asked of the Chimehuwas, Mojave and Yavonais, friendly tribes living to the north and northeast of the Yumas. The two former were river Indians, but the Yavonais were one of the hill tribes that did much to make the name of Arizona a synonym for blood and murder. The most noted fighting men of these tribes offered themselves for the occasion, and to this force of several hundred men, the pick and pride of these several peoples, was assigned the destruction of the Maricopas. They rendezvoused at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, within the limits of the present town of Yuma. From that point they began their fateful march against the Maricopas.

The Pima and Maricopa Indians lived in scattered villages along the Gila River, the nearest village being distant about 175 miles east of the place of rendezvous. To the south and southeast of them lived the Papagos, a tribe of desert Indians to whom they were closely allied by blood and marriage. Collectively the three tribes could gather together a fighting force of about 1000 men, but the Yumas and their allies had no thought of meeting such a combination. The Pima-Maricopas were to be surprised and slaughtered in full settlement of centuries of accumulated grievances. Big with expectation of easy victory the allies left the Colorado and followed the Gila till they reached the first Maricopa village. This they believed to have been near where the Phoenix & Maricopa Railroad now crosses the river.

In the gray dawn of early morning they struck the west end of the village with terrible shock. To their surprise they found only a few old squaws, whom they ruthlessly butchered, and still a few others a little further in, an additional whet to their thirst for blood. Suddenly in front and on both sides the allies were attacked by an overwhelming force. With terrific yells they closed in on the invaders and then began one of the most desperate and bloody battles ever fought by Indians in the Southwest. Finding themselves trapped, the allies faced about and heroically struggled to extricate themselves. The overlapping flanks of the Maricopas and their allies, the Pimas and Papagos, darkened the way with flights of arrows, spears and stones, but in the agony of desperation the Colorado Indians succeeded in breaking through only to be clubbed, speared or shot in the running fight that followed. This is known to have continued for forty miles. Of all that left the Colorado River with such high hopes, but few lived to return, and those to die of exhaustion and wounds. They had put up a hard fight, but went down under the weight of numbers. The fatal trap had been barbarously baited with a few old squaws. The invaders unsuspectingly entered it and their doom was sealed. Quarter was neither asked nor given, and the brains of the wounded and exhausted were beaten out by the savage women that followed in the line of pursuit.

Never in the lives of the allied tribes had they lost so many of their best men. In anticipation of easy victory and consequent plunder many of their squaws had gone far to meet them. They were frenzied with grief over the unexpected results. It is said that their wailings and lamentations could be heard for miles. Among the noted Yumas killed was Francisco, a chief well known to the few whites then living in the country. It was through his influence that the famous Olive Oatman had been given her liberty by the Mojaves, she having been purchased by them from the Apaches.

For a time it was feared that the Maricopas, emboldened by their successes, would attack the Yumas on the Colorado, and all available warriors were held in readiness to meet them. The women and children were sent to the rancharia on the California side of the river, and numerous rafts were prepared for the crossing of the warriors in case they were again beaten; but the victors were satisfied to let well enough alone. Beyond an occasional meeting of a few bold spirits, this battle ended hostilities between the two tribes, and animosities have so far been forgotten that intermarriages have taken place between them. This has been due mostly to the schools at which the young people of the different tribes are in attendance.

The Maricopas had been advised of the proposed raid of the Yumas by the Cocopahs. These were also river Indians, but residents of Lower California. From "all time," they say, they have been at enmity with the Yumas. A strip of land twenty-five miles along the river, between the two tribes, was considered neutral ground, but between the Cocopahs and Maricopas friendly intercourse had long been kept. Cocopahs were employed on the steamers that occasionally found their way up the river with Government freight. These the Yumas invariably killed if they were indiscreet enough to leave the protection of the white man's boat. It was while so employed that the Cocopahs learned of the intentions of the Yumas to raid and massacre the Maricopas. Certain it is that Maricopa scouts kept their people informed of every move made by the invaders, for at least two days before they reached the villages, where they were impatiently awaited in overpowering numbers. Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

Jique Wood Ties.

Mahogany is often used for ties by the railroads in Cuba, as well as in other tropical countries, but Sir William Van Horne has forbidden it on his road. He considers it a crime to cut small mahogany trees, as there is plenty of other timber in the forests suitable for construction purposes.

Jique (pronounced hickey), acana, jucaro negro, all hard woods which do not grow large and cannot be utilized for cabinet work, are just as good as mahogany for ties and will outlast steel rails in this climate, because they won't rust. On the railroad between Neuvas and Camaguey, the oldest in Cuba, which was built in 1833, are jique ties which have been taken out and used for fence posts after fifty years. Some of them have been taken out and used for fence posts after thirty years in the railroad bed. There is a tramway at Camaguey with rails of jique wood, over which the cars have been running for more than a quarter of a century and they do not show wear any more than steel after the same service. Much of the wood is so hard and heavy that it will sink in water.—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Canary Islands many buildings are constructed of pumice stone, and in Ceylon a stone called "cabook," a species of pumice, is employed for the same purpose.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Philadelphia is to have a new \$10,000,000 art gallery.

The Missouri State University now has a "chair of poultry."

Japanese guards have been placed along the Korean railway lines.

Japan's speculative bubble burst and many banks and business concerns failed.

The Rock Island Railroad announces that it is going to oust its political lobby.

"Old Home Weeks" are growing more and more popular in the New England States.

The Venezuelan Government, replying to the recent note of Secretary Root, refused to arbitrate the American claims.

J. M. Bell, a New York tailor, declares that London craftsmen now come to America for their styles in men's attire.

President Mellen says the New Haven road appropriated the Boston & Maine to save it from the New York Central.

Despite the expose made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is doubted that E. H. Harriman will be prosecuted.

Target records with Whitehead torpedoes were broken by the submarine boats Octopus and Cuttlefish at Newport, R. I.

Congratulations on the victory of the State over the railroads in the rate war poured in on Governor Glenn, of North Carolina.

Filipino students at the Cornell University summer school declared that their fellow countrymen at home would welcome a Japanese invasion.

Commissioner Bingham ordered the police of New York City to stand at attention when a citizen asks a question, and touch his hat if the questioner be a woman.

LABOR WORLD.

Denmark has 1156 local unions, with a total membership of 90,911.

Winnipeg (Canada) carpenters are asking for an increase of ten cents an hour.

The dockmen at Duluth refused to accept the terms offered and voted to continue the strike.

The Federated Butchers' Employees' Union, of Australasia, has now a membership of 4000.

In the last session of the British Parliament £200,000 was voted to assist the unemployed.

The Plumbers' Union, of San Jose, Cal., has made a demand for an increase of wages to \$6 a day.

The strike of 2500 members of the Timber Workers' Union in West Australia for a living wage still continues.

By abolishing the piece work system the Lake Shore Railroad settled its difference with striking boiler-makers.

The Austrian Typographical Union recently voted 15,000 crowns to support the Social Democrat candidates for Parliament.

St. Paul tailors, who have been affiliated with an independent union for a long time, have concluded to become a regular organization.

President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, was asked to use his influence to persuade the striking longshoremen to agree to arbitration.

Foreign musicians in Chicago are to be investigated by the American Federation of Musicians because, it is said, they are engaged to labor in violation of the contract labor laws.

The latest and most up-to-date form of government sick insurance is being considered by Holland, and is now before the second chamber of the States-General. The proposed insurance is obligatory and extends to all laborers employed regularly.

Squirrel Ran Down Tree and Bit Him. Eugene Oliver, a carrier boy, is recovering from a severe wound received in a peculiar manner. He was standing beside one of the trees in the park a few days since when a squirrel ran down and took hold of the top of his right ear.

The boy ran away screaming for help, but the little animal held on. In fact, took hold tighter, until it had bitten a hole clear through and half across the top of the boy's ear.—Iola correspondence Topeka Capital.

The beauties of the English language are again evident, to the Washington Post, in the case of that western man who had shipped with the town funds and was described as "six feet tall and \$10,000 short."

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HAGER ECC PRESERVING CO., - St. Louis, Mo.

LOVE IS MOST GLAD.

Love is most glad with cruel hands
To bind his tender feet and hands;
To scourge himself, to know all loss,
To carry far his heavy cross
Into the vaguest distant lands.

To suffer—oh, love understands
The awful waste of desert sands;
Strange that on beds of thorns to toss,
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And for his service love demands

No sacrifices. Lo! he stands
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By CLARA AUGUSTA

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The guests began to whisper together and look grave; the parson took to reading the Bible; Patty shed a few tears, as in duty bound, and spotted her lavender dress with the salt water, and old Major Fields, her father, who had "seen service," and was as plucky as a boy of twenty, put on his slouch hat, shouldered his old rifle, and proceeded to Rone's house, with vengeance in his heart.

The servant girl giggled when she opened the door and saw him, and when he asked for Mr. Rone she conducted him to the bathroom with alacrity. There he found the missing bridegroom, up to his chin in water, splashing about like a frog, and evidently enjoying himself much on the same principle.

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried old Fields, "what do you mean by keeping my darter in suspense, and the wedding folks a waiting?"

"Good gracious, Major!" exclaimed George; "it can't be 8 o'clock, can it?" The Major held out to him the old "bull's-eye" watch, which had belonged to his grandfather, and its hand pointed to the ominous hour of 9.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed George, springing out of the bath and putting himself inside his clothes with no waste of time, "did ever anybody see the beat of that? Why, I got into the bath at just 6 o'clock, and I would have sworn it was only 7 now. Time passes quickly when a man is engaged in the cause of science. I was observing the beautiful effects of cold water in opening the pores of the epidermis—"

"Upper dermis and lower dermis be cursed!" cried old Fields, angrily. "A man that has to soak himself three hours afore he can come to his own wedding deserves a hoss-whipping. Are you kalkulating, sir, to be married or not?"

"Certainly, Major, certainly—to be sure!" said George, hurrying up his toilet, under the supervision of his intended father-in-law and the old rifle.

The wedding was a little later than

the time appointed, but the guests had better appetites in consequence of the delay.

Mr. and Mrs. Rone had no bridal tour but went at once to housekeeping. George did not find a very pliant subject for cold-water experiments in his second wife. She had a will of her own, and absolutely declined to submit to any cold-water doctoring.

George felt personally aggrieved over her conduct, for he was sure that she had symptoms of billiousness, and he had great faith in cold water for that difficulty. Various were the experiments which he adopted to induce her to try his specific—she was obdurate.

One night Mrs. Rone went to bed unusually exhausted from a hard day's work. She slept like a top, but some time in the night she was awakened by a sensation of extreme coldness.

She put out her head, and lo! there were evidences of a deluge all around her. She always had matches under her pillow, and she scratched one. Its light showed her that her bed had been moved into the bathroom, and the water had been turned on and had risen to the height of her bed. Everything was soaking wet and the water was steadily rising.

Mrs. Rone was a woman of action. She knew that George must be at the bottom of it, and she got a light and paddled around up to her knees in water to find him. He was hidden in the bathtub, peeping out through a hole at the side, near the top, laughing at the success of his experiment to give his wife a bath.

Mrs. Rone's temper was aroused. She very quietly fastened the door of the tub on the outside and let in the water. It poured over the wretched prisoner in torrents, and in a few minutes would have been above his head, but for the fact that he had climbed to the top of the tub and was clinging on with both hands to a bar across the top.

"Let me out, Patty. For heaven's sake, let me out!" he shouted.

"Not by a long chalk!" cried Patty. "I want to soak you clean through. You know you've always insisted upon it that the beauty of bathing was in being well soaked. Make yourself easy and try to beak it. It's all in the cause of science."

It was cold weather, and the hard-hearted Patty carried the matter so far that it came near being the death of poor George, who was beginning to congeal, and whose teeth chattered like castanets before he was let out. He had an attack of rheumatism which lasted for six weeks, and during that time his wife had the well which supplied the bathroom filled up, and thus the supply of water was cut off.

George wisely deciding that it was no use to pursue science under such difficulties, has turned his attention to raising squashes, at which he is very successful.

But whenever he sees any water he always shakes his head and sighs, probably with the remembrance of what "might have been."—New York Weekly.

Still Demand For Whips.

To one who is not acquainted with the extent of the business it seems a mystery where all the whips go. One concern is able to turn out about 20,000 whips in a single day under favorable conditions, and it is only one of many companies. Westfield is, of course, the centre of the whip-making industry of the world, and there are many horses in that world. Some of the local whip men have studied the automobile question to quite an extent, endeavoring to find out the possible effect upon the whip business. Some thought a few years ago that the bicycle was responsible in a measure for the dull times in the whip business, and it may have had some effect.

At that time there was less demand for livery teams than previously, and there was consequently little use for whips. The bicycle is not so much in demand as in former years, but the automobile and electric cars are taking its place. One would suppose the rapid construction of electric roads all over the country would tend to injure the whip trade, but in spite of automobiles and electric cars, the output of whips continues year after year. One of the local whip men said recently that he had no fear of bicycles, automobiles or electric cars ruining the whip business. —Springfield Republican.

An Opportunist.

The late Professor O. C. Marsh, who for many years occupied the chair of paleontology at Yale, and who at his death left a scientific collection of great value to the university, used to delight in telling the following story:

One morning he was walking down a New Haven street when he met a negro driving a horse which had a curiously malformed hoof.

"When your horse dies," said the professor to the old man, "I will give you \$3 for that hoof if you will cut it off and bring it to me."

"Very well, sah," was the reply, and horse and driver disappeared.

Two hours later, when the professor reached home, he found the negro, who had been impatiently awaiting him for an hour. Handing a carefully wrapped package to the professor the negro said, "De hooss is daid, sah."

Family Ages Totalled 1218 Years.

Lutterworth, near Leicester, claims the distinction of having been the home of the longest-lived large family in the kingdom. The last member of this remarkable family has just died at the age of eighty-eight. Her name was Ruth Moore, and she was one of a family of thirteen children, three of whom died at the age of seventy-five, one at seventy-six, one at seventy-seven, one at eighty, one at eighty-one, one at eighty-three, two at eighty-five, two at eighty-eight, and one at ninety. Each of the parents died at eighty, and the united ages of the family of fifteen to

A N OLD TIMER'S STORY OF A SAVAGE INDIAN BATTLE.

In my thirty-four years of territorial life I have seen many things to be remembered as well as things to be forgotten. First it was the naked frontier with its Indian troubles, then the brawling mining camps and later that peace and safety of life and property incident to the westward march of law and order. It is not of these things I care to write. Cabio Blanco has exploited his frontier experiences most enterprisingly. Many others have furrowed the same field. Largely this has been of white man against Indian and Indian against white man, but the following little story is of a scrap between the reds. It was fought somewhere near the west end of the Pima-Maricopa villages, about 175 miles, in a direct line, east of here, and much further if following the various windings of the Gila along which the attacking party marched.

In 1854, when the California gold fever was at white heat, the Government established Fort Yuma, the first post of its kind in the Southwest. It was located on an ingenious bluff overlooking the Colorado River. It was built for the suppression of lawlessness at that particular place. It was at this point the old Yuma trail crossed the river. Robbery and murder were of common occurrence. In this work the hostile Indians had but little advantage over some of his white brethren, who infested the crossing of the Colorado. Life was held lightly in those days by the men who rough-hewed the way civilization was to follow in the Southwest.

Shortly after the location of the post an effort was made to chastise the Indians, and thus put an end to their continuous deviltry. The post is on the California side of the river and the Indians to be punished were in Arizona—then New Mexico. The troops crossed the river and made a campaign of five days without seeing so much as a hostile Indian, but no sooner had they returned to quarters than the Indians showed up on the opposite side of the river and went into camp in full view of their would-be pursuers. It was later learned that the hostiles had fallen in behind the troops, marched when they marched, camped when they camped, without the soldiers being aware of it. The principal chief of the Yuma Indians, then, as now, was on the Arizona side of the river, about 100 miles to the north of the post. As depredations continued to go on it became necessary to teach them a salutary lesson in good manners. This was done at the upper rancheria in the way of burned villages, wasted crops and dead Indians. It was hitting them where they lived and was too much for paint and feathers. A peace with the white man was made and never broken.

At the time when the post was established the Yuma Indians—sometimes known as Cuchans—were under the command of a noted war chief known as Caballo y Pelo (Horse and Hair). He is said to have been one of the greatest war chiefs the Yumas ever had. He died in 1853 and was succeeded by Pasqual.

Then, as now, the Indians on the Colorado burned their dead, and with the body all personal belongings of the dead and such articles in the way of weapons, food and finery as friends and relatives contributed to comfort the departed one in his fateful journey to the spirit land. Horses were stolen from the whites, sacrificed over the ashes of the dead chief, and then roasted and eaten. With much feasting, loud lamentations and wild outbursts of wild barbaric grief the assembled people recalled his parting admonition to the head men of his tribe to "never make peace with the Maricopas."

The upper river men were their friends, but the men of the desert were their enemies, and among them the Maricopas were never to be trusted. The dead chief had been a man of much authority in his day, and his parting injunction sank deep into the hearts of the fighting men of his tribe. Councils of war were held, and it was decided to destroy the Maricopas. To this end assistance was asked of the Chimehuevas, Mojave and Yavapai, friendly tribes living to the north and northeast of the Yumas. The two former were river Indians, but the Yavapai were one of the hill tribes that did much to make the name of Arizona a synonym for blood and murder. The most noted fighting men of these tribes offered themselves for the occasion, and to this force of several hundred men, the pick and pride of these several peoples, was assigned the destruction of the Maricopas. They rendezvoused at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, within the limits of the present town of Yuma. From that point they began their fateful march against the Maricopas.

The Pima and Maricopa Indians lived in scattered villages along the Gila River, the nearest village being distant about 175 miles east of the place of rendezvous. To the south and southeast of them lived the Papagos, a tribe of desert Indians to whom they were closely allied by blood and marriage. Collectively the three tribes could gather together a fighting force of about 1000 men, but the Yumas and their allies had no thought of meeting such a combination. The Pima-Maricopas were to be surprised and slaughtered in full settlement of centuries of accumulated grievances. Big with ex-

pectation of easy victory the allies left the Colorado and followed the Gila till they reached the first Maricopa village. This they believed to have been near where the Phoenix & Maricopa Railroad now crosses the river.

In the gray dawn of early morning they struck the west end of the village with terrible shock. To their surprise they found only a few old squaws, whom they ruthlessly butchered, and still a few others a little further in, an additional whet to their thirst for blood. Suddenly in front and on both sides the allies were attacked by an overwhelming force. With terrific yells they closed in on the invaders and then began one of the most desperate and bloody battles ever fought by Indians in the Southwest. Finding themselves trapped, the allies faced about and heroically struggled to extricate themselves. The overlapping flanks of the Maricopas and their allies, the Pimas and Papagos, darkened the way with flights of arrows, spears and stones, but in the agony of desperation the Colorado Indians succeeded in breaking through only to be clubbed, speared or shot in the running fight that followed. This is known to have continued for forty miles. Of all that left the Colorado River with such high hopes, but few lived to return, and those to die of exhaustion and wounds. They had put up a hard fight, but went down under the weight of numbers. The fatal trap had been barbarously baited with a few old squaws. The invaders unsuspectingly entered it and their doom was sealed. Quarter was neither asked nor given, and the brains of the wounded and exhausted were beaten out by the savage women that followed in the line of pursuit.

Never in the lives of the allied tribes had they lost so many of their best men. In anticipation of easy victory and consequent plunder many of their squaws had gone far to meet them. They were frenzied with grief over the unexpected results. It is said that their wallings and lamentations could be heard for miles. Among the noted Yumas killed was Francisco, a chief well known to the few whites then living in the country. It was through his influence that the famous Olive Oatman had been given her liberty by the Mojaves, she having been purchased by them from the Apaches.

For a time it was feared that the Maricopas, emboldened by their successes, would attack the Yumas on the Colorado, and all available warriors were held in readiness to meet them. The women and children were sent to the rancheria on the California side of the river, and numerous rafts were prepared for the crossing of the warriors in case they were again beaten; but the victors were satisfied to let well enough alone. Beyond an occasional meeting of a few bold spirits, this battle ended hostilities between the two tribes, and animosities have so far been forgotten that intermarriages have taken place between them. This has been due mostly to the schools at which the young people of the different tribes are in attendance.

The Maricopas had been advised of the proposed raid of the Yumas by the Cocopahs. These were also river Indians, but residents of Lower California. From "all time," they say, they have been at enmity with the Yumas. A strip of land twenty-five miles along the river, between the two tribes, was considered neutral ground, but between the Cocopahs and Maricopas friendly intercourse had long been kept. Cocopahs were employed on the steamers that occasionally found their way up the river with Government freight. These the Yumas invariably killed if they were indiscreet enough to leave the protection of the white man's boat. It was while so employed that the Cocopahs learned of the intentions of the Yumas to raid and massacre the Maricopas. Certain it is that Maricopa scouts kept their people informed of every move made by the invaders, for at least two days before they reached the villages, where they were impatiently awaited in overpowering numbers. Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

Jique Wood Ties.

Mahogany is often used for ties by the railroads in Cuba, as well as in other tropical countries, but Sir William Van Horne has forbidden it on his road. He considers it a crime to cut small mahogany trees, as there is plenty of other timber in the forests suitable for construction purposes.

Jique (pronounced hickey), acana, jucaro negro, all hard woods which do not grow large and cannot be utilized for cabinet work, are just as good as mahogany for ties and will outlast steel rails in this climate, because they won't rust. On the railroad between Neuvas and Camaguey, the oldest in Cuba, which was built in 1833, are jique ties which have been taken out and used for fence posts after fifty years. Some of them have been taken out and used for fence posts after thirty years in the railroad bed. There is a tramway at Camaguey with rails of jique wood, over which the cars have been running for more than a quarter of a century and they do not show wear any more than steel after the same service. Much of the wood is so hard and heavy that it will sink in water.—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Canary Islands many buildings are constructed of pumice stone, and in Ceylon a stone called "cabo," a species of pumice, is employed for the same purpose.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Philadelphia is to have a new \$10.-000,000 art gallery.

The Missouri State University now has a "chair of poultry."

Japanese guards have been placed along the Korean railway lines.

Japan's speculative bubble burst and many banks and business concerns failed.

The Rock Island Railroad announces that it is going to oust its political lobby.

"Old Home Weeks" are growing more and more popular in the New England States.

The Venezuelan Government, replying to the recent note of Secretary Root, refused to arbitrate the American claims.

J. M. Bell, a New York tailor, declares that London craftsmen now come to America for their styles in men's attire.

President Mellen says the New Haven road appropriated the Boston & Maine to save it from the New York Central.

Despite the expose made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is doubted that E. H. Harriman will be prosecuted.

Target records with Whitehead torpedoes were broken by the submarine boats Octopus and Cuttlefish at Newport, R. I.

Congratulations on the victory of the State over the railroads in the rate war poured in on Governor Glenn, of North Carolina.

Filipino students at the Cornell University summer school declared that their fellow countrymen at home would welcome a Japanese invasion.

Commissioner Bingham ordered the police of New York City to stand at attention when a citizen asks a question, and touch his hat if the questioner be a woman.

LABOR WORLD.

Denmark has 1156 local unions, with a total membership of 90,911.

Winnipeg (Canada) carpenters are asking for an increase of ten cents an hour.

The dockmen at Duluth refused to accept the terms offered and voted to continue the strike.

The Federated Butchers' Employees' Union, of Australasia, has now a membership of 4000.

In the last session of the British Parliament £200,000 was voted to assist the unemployed.

The Plumbers' Union, of San Jose, Cal., has made a demand for an increase of wages to \$6 a day.

The strike of 2500 members of the Timber Workers' Union in West Australia for a living wage still continues.

By abolishing the piece work system the Lake Shore Railroad settled its difference with striking boiler-makers.

The Austrian Typographical Union recently voted 15,000 crowns to support the Social Democrat candidates for Parliament.

St. Paul tailors, who have been affiliated with an independent union for a long time, have concluded to become a regular organization.

President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, was asked to use his influence to persuade the striking longshoremen to agree to arbitration.

Foreign musicians in Chicago are to be investigated by the American Federation of Musicians because, it is said, they are engaged to labor in violation of the contract labor laws.

The latest and most up-to-date form of government sick insurance is being considered by Holland, and is now before the second chamber of the States-General. The proposed insurance is obligatory and extends to all laborers employed regularly.

Squirrel Ran Down Tree and Bit Him.

Eugene Oliver, a carrier boy, is recovering from a severe wound received in a peculiar manner. He was standing beside one of the trees in the park a few days since when a squirrel ran down and took hold of the top of his right ear.

The boy ran away screaming for help, but the little animal held on. In fact, took hold tighter, until it had bitten a hole clear through and half across the top of the boy's ear.—Iola correspondence Topeka Capital.

The beauties of the English language are again evident, to the Washington Post, in the case of that western man who had skipped with the town funds and was described as "six feet tall and \$10,000 short."

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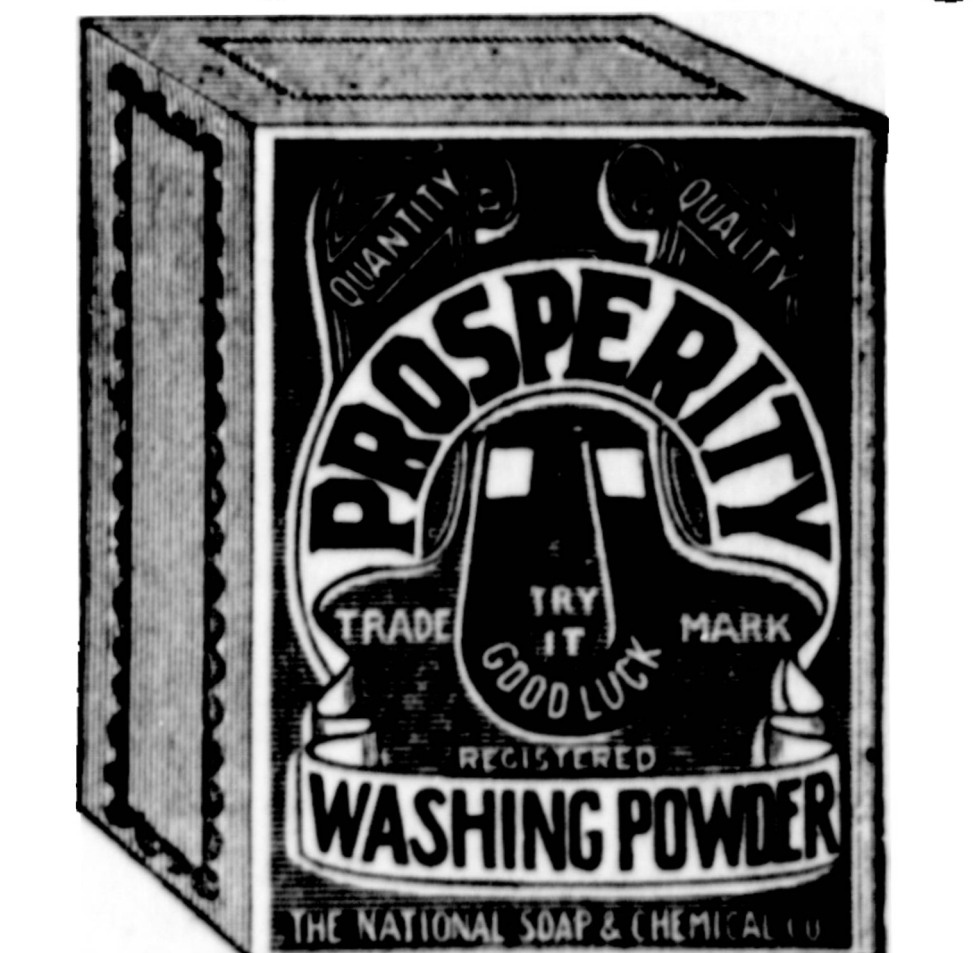
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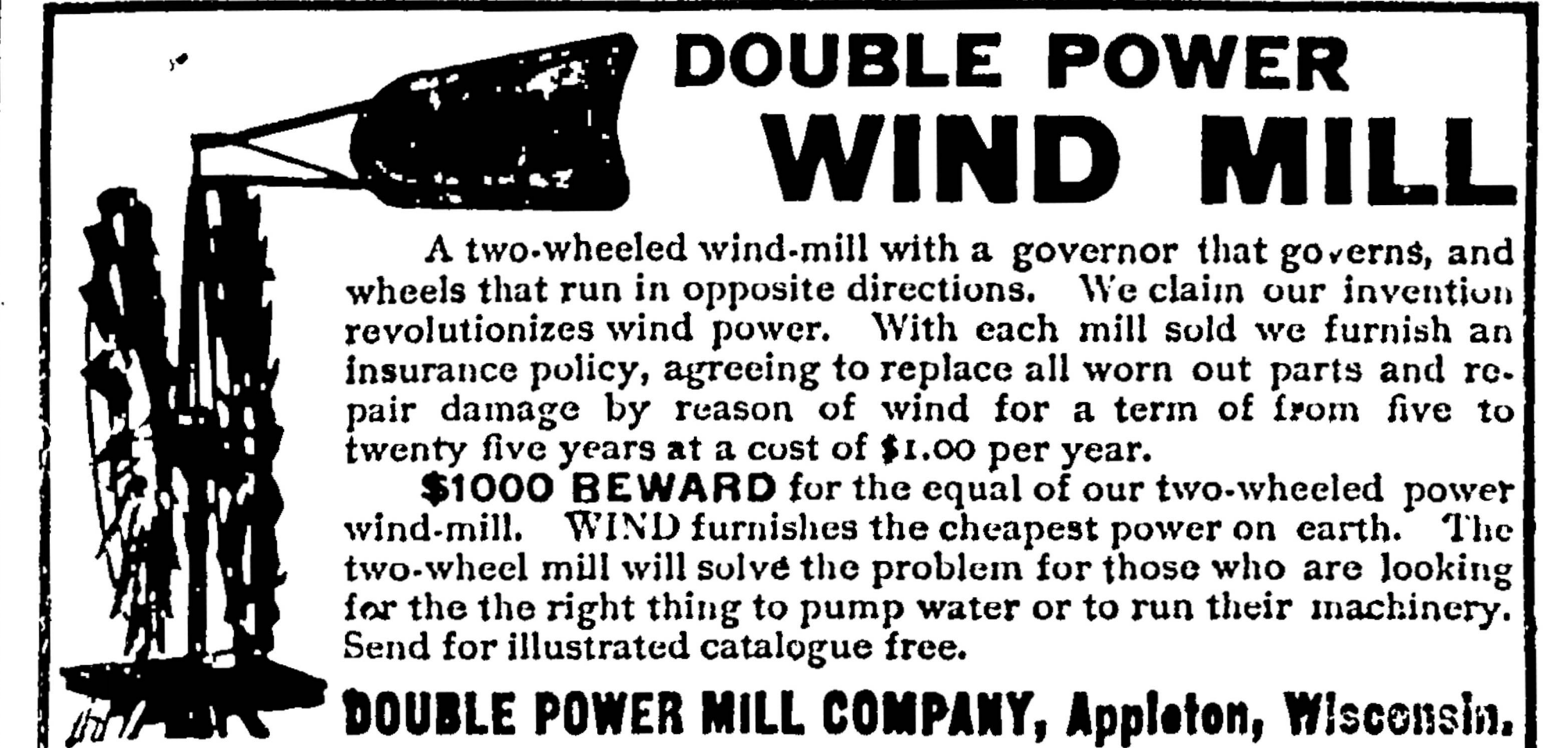
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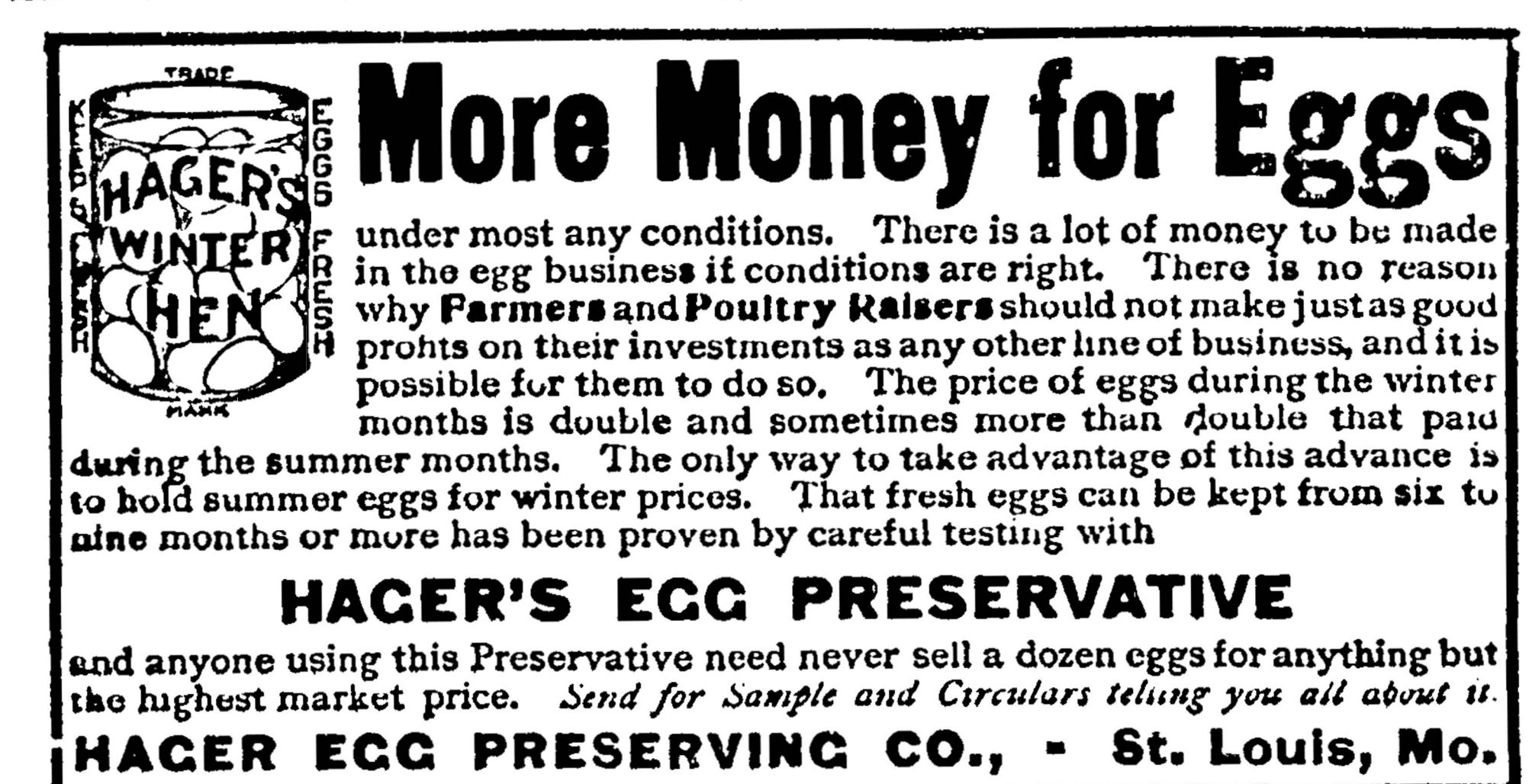


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THE AFTERGLOW.

When soft footed twilight creeps
From the bushes of the west,
And the first fair jewel leaps
Into radiance on night's breast;
Ere the myriad stars have made
Arabesques of rich display,
Through the brooding, silent shade
Gleams the afterglow of day.

Mystic figures come, and paint
Marvel hues across the sky
Which change subtly as they faint
Into all the dark, and die—
Altar fires that flamed at dawn,
Silver whiteness of the moon,
Gleam anew ere day is gone
And the dusk's first voices croon.

So with life. When down the path
We fare on with lagging feet,
All of childhood's aftermath,
Fragments of old songs and sweet,
Half formed memories of days
Shape themselves and slowly rise
When we walk the shadowed ways
Where we see the sunset skies.

Days that gemmed the olden rose,
Wayward whispers of the wind,
Olden suns and olden snows,
Of the days we left behind
Blend into a wondrous view
When we face the coming night—
Blend in glories we once knew—
In the evening there is light.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

IKE BROWNFIELD'S CLAIM

By WILL LIENBEE.

KE BROWNFIELD stopped his mule team and uttered an exclamation of surprise. The object that called forth the exclamation was a box house that nestled against the side of a little hill, a few rods from the dim, prairie road.

"That's what I call pure, unadulterated gaff," he said, surveying the structure with a look of anger and incredulity. "I'll be hanged if it don't take the cake," he continued. "Who could have had the cheek to jump my claim as soon as my back was turned and build a house on it without so much as saying 'By your leave'?"

He cracked the heavy whip vigorously over the sleepy mules, and the vehicle crawled forward.

A little further on he pulled out of the road and drove up in front of the new building and stopped.

"Hello, there!" he shouted, but no response came in answer. Then he got out and went up to the door and knocked loudly with the handle of his whip; but no sound came in answer to give evidence that the house had an occupant.

"No one here, I guess," he muttered. A pine box, that had evidently been used to ship goods in recently, lay open by the door. On one end of this box was printed, "J. Bradford, Attica, Kansas."

"J. Bradford," he muttered. "Well, I'll see you later, Mr. Bradford." Then taking out a note-book from his pocket, he tore out a leaf and wrote the following notice on it and pinned it to the door:

"J. Bradford, Esq.:—
You are hereby notified to leave this claim immediately. It was taken over a month ago by the undersigned, as you can easily determine by directing your attention to the foundation on south part of claim."

"IKE BROWNFIELD."
Then, mounting his seat on the wagon, he drove back into the road and continued his journey.

Ike Brownfield had come west from Illinois, two years before, and had engaged in the cattle business with Dave Ford, an honest, kind-hearted man, who had formerly been a cowboy in Texas, but, by economy and industry, had acquired sufficient means to enable him to go into business for himself. His superior knowledge of the business made him a valuable partner for Ike, and their affairs prospered to such an extent that, at the time of the opening of our story, they were considered the leading cattle dealers of Western Kansas.

Their ranch was on the eastern border of a vast tract of grazing land, in the western part of the State.

As time went by emigrants from all parts of the Union began to pour in and settle up the vacant tracts.

Prior to this Ike and Dave, who were content to use the public domain for grazing purposes only, discovered that all the land in that vicinity would soon be taken up and settled on unless they laid claim to some particular quarter-sections; so they each took a claim of 160 acres, Dave entering the one the cattle ranch was on, and Ike staking one two miles further east.

Ike placed a foundation on his claim, which was sufficient to hold it until he could have a house erected.

Shortly afterward he went to the nearest town, Attica, a distance of some twenty miles, on business, which kept him absent from the ranch nearly two weeks. When he returned it can well be imagined that he was surprised to find a new house built on his claim and a stranger in possession.

A couple of miles further on Ike stopped his team below a low, wide building, surrounded by numerous barbed-wire corrals.

A half-dozen cowboys were moving about the premises, and from the open door of the rude structure came the savory odors of frying bacon and hot coffee.

Ike Brownfield climbed down from the wagon and threw the lines to a sabled darky, who came forward to meet him, and turning, entered the house.

"Hello, Ike!" exclaimed Dave Ford, delightedly. "Back again! an' blasted glad I am uv hit. We've been livin' on tough beef an' bacon till we're almost

dyin' fer a taste o' civilizzed grub. I guess ye didn't fergit the jelly an' pickles an' can'd corn, did ye? Can'd corn an' pickles! Hang my looks, Ike, if the very mention uv them don't make a feller feel kinder relig'us and civilizzed like. Makes him think uv the Adyondax, an' hammocks, an' perly wimmen, hanged it hit don't! Talk about yer books, an' missionaries, an' yer newspapers civilizin' the world! I say hit's pickles an' can'd corn—that's what I say hit it."

"Oh, do hush, Dave!" said Ike, taking a seat in the first chair he came to. "I got all the canned corn in Attica before I left, and I do hope it will have the good effect of checking that copious flow of culinary oratory."

At this Dave gave vent to a low, prolonged whistle.

"Hit's gittin' in hits work on him," he muttered. "Talks as if he'd been raised in a cannin' factory;" with which he disappeared through the open door and commenced exploring the boxes of groceries Ike had brought from town.

"Dave," said Ike, that evening after supper, "some sneaking scoundrel has jumped my claim, since I left."

"You don't tell me!" Dave exclaimed. "Yes," continued Ike, "and he's got a house built on it! Do you know anybody by the name of J. Bradford?"

"Oh, w'y, yes! I've hearn o' him. An' hit's him that's jumped yer claim?"

"Yes, that's what was on the boxes brought to the house."

"Wal, wal!" ejaculated Dave; "he's up ter his ole tricks ag'in."

"What tricks? What do you know about him?" asked Ike.

"Regular p'izen, he is," returned Dave. "Never knowed him ter be afraid uv anybody. I tell yer, he'll give ye trouble if ye try ter bull-doze him."

"Oh, he's one of these bad men, is he? I've seen such before. They usually deal in other people's cattle under cover of darkness, and spend the remainder of their time in drinking bad whiskey and telling how bad they are. I'll call on him to-morrow and give him just five minutes to get off of my claim."

"He'll not go, I'll bet ye," ventured Dave.

"He won't?" echoed Ike, his anger rising. "What do you mean by taking sides with that scoundrel?"

"I'm not takin' sides. I only sed he'd not go, and I say so yit."

"You do? Well, now, as you seem to have so much faith in this friend of yours, I'll wager you twenty dollars that he leaves my claim within ten minutes after I get there."

"Nuff sed," returned Dave, promptly extracting a twenty from his pocket-book and placing it in the hands of one of the cowboys.

Ike "covered" it, adding: "If he's not off the claim in the time mentioned the money is yours."

The next morning Dave drove away to look after some cattle that had got separated from the main herd, and Ike remained at the ranch.

"After noon," he said, "I'll go over and see Mr. Bradford, and invite him to pull out."

At noon Dave returned and handed Ike a letter.

"Hit's from Bradford," he explained. "an' mebbe hit's somethin' about the claim."

Ike tore open the letter and read:

"Mr. Brownfield:—
Dear Sir—I have received your notice. When you get ready to put me off by force I'll be here waiting for you.
J. BRADFORD."

"The impudent puppy!" exclaimed Ike, crushing the letter and thrusting it in his pocket. "I'll go over and see him right away."

A half-hour later he was on his way to the claim—a heavy .45 Colt's in his belt and an improved Winchester swung across his saddle.

There was a look of resolution and cool determination in his eye as he approached the new house.

"The impudent scoundrel!" he muttered. "To jump a man's claim and then write him a letter invitin' a quarrel. I have half a mind—"

A dozen children came dashing through the open door, racing and shouting at the top of their voices.

Ike reined in his horse before the door, speechless with surprise. He dismounted and approached the house. A young woman of some twenty summers came to the door. She was dressed in a pretty suit of dark-blue flannel, with a white collar about her throat, and a profusion of blonde hair twisted artistically about her well-shaped head.

Ike, who was not accustomed to meeting beautiful young women out in the wild West, was completely taken off his guard. He took off his hat and stammered out an apology.

"I have called," he said, "to see Mr. J. Bradford, but—if he is not in, it don't matter."

"I am J. Bradford," she answered. "You!" exclaimed Ike. "I thought—that is—"

"I had taken your claim," broke in the young girl, with a merry peal of laughter. "Well, I haven't. Didn't my mean old Uncle Dave, your partner, tell you that this was a school-house, put here temporarily, by his permission, as it is the nearest point for all the children in the settlement?"

"And Dave is your uncle? Why, he never told me he had a niece in this country. I'm sure I—"

"I only arrived two weeks ago, and am living with a married sister on an adjoining claim. I'm only a teacher, and you're not going to make me leave, are you?"

"Make you leave? Why—why—who ever said anything of the kind?"

She pointed to his notice on the door, and looked at him with a roguish smile.

"Miss Bradford," he said humbly. "I am the victim of a deep-laid plot, and am afraid I've acted rudely."

"Please don't," she replied, stopping him. "It's all Uncle's fault. He should have told you instead of getting me to write that hateful letter this morning; but we'll get even with him by being the best of friends, won't we?" appealingly.

"If you will only allow me that privilege," he stammered, "after I have acted so very rudely—"

"But you mustn't speak of that again," she protested, stopping him with a gesture of command.

When Ike returned home that evening Dave was standing in front of the shanty.

"Hello, Ike!" he said, gravely. "Did you see Mr. Bradford?"

Then he moved out of Ike's way, and went and laid down in the grass and laughed till Ike came out and told him he'd kill him if he did not hush up or promise to keep the story from getting out among the boys.

Dave agreed to the latter, providing Ike would give up the twenty dollars he had wagered, which he declared should be added to the young school-marm's first month's salary.

This was readily agreed to by Ike, and it is only fair toward Dave to state that it was fully two days before the story became generally known throughout the range.

Ike Brownfield's first visit to the little school-house was not his last; and, later on, when he brought a new buggy from town, and was often seen driving with the young school-marm. Dave "lowed that Ike was gittin' perty sweet on Mr. Bradford, bein' as he'd jumped Ike's claim."

The very next Christmas Eve a brilliant wedding took place, and Ike Brownfield was the bridegroom, and the pretty little school-marm, whom Dave always insisted on calling Mr. Bradford, was the bride.

In the evening a splendid banquet was spread for the guests in the large dining room at Ike's new mansion, on the "claim" that had first brought about their acquaintance which had turned out so happily.

"And to think," observed the bride, "that you were going to drive me off of this place only a short time ago!"

"And that in the end," added the happy Ike, "you not only got the claim, but pre-empted the owner also."

And Dave Ford, the most prominent figure among the guests, poisoning a spoonful of his favorite canned corn before him, observed:

"I used to think this 'ere corn was the source of all civilization; but when I see the improvement in Ike, in the last six months, I'll be hanged if I don't haf ter own that a school-marm, fer a rapid an' universal civilizer, don't knock canned corn colder 'an a blizzard."—Good Literature.

Seemed to Have Him Cornered.

The teacher was discoursing to the class on the wonders of nature. "Take the familiar illustration of the sting of a wasp," he said, "as compared with the finest needle. When examined through a microscope the sting is still sharp, smooth and polished, while the needle appears blunt and rough."

"It is so with everything. The works of nature are infinitely superior to those of art. Try how we may, we cannot improve on nature."

"It isn't so with my eyes, teacher," said a little girl in the class.

"Why, how is that, Nellie?" he asked.

"'Cause nature made me cross-eyed," she said, "and the doctors fixed my eyes all right."—Youth's Companion.

Argentina's stock of gold now amounts to \$81,400,000.

SAUSAGE MYSTERY SOLVED

What the Berlin Article Is Really Composed Of.

Several provision merchants of Berlin, Germany, have been on trial for some days past on charges of adulteration and their trial has revealed an almost incredible state of affairs. A leading member of this confraternity of worthies, named Perschke, is a man in a very large way of business. Perschke's chief business was sausage making, and his co-defendants aided and abetted him in their manufacture and sale. After the revelations of the trial the Berlin sausage is no longer a mystery. Witnesses formerly in Perschke's employ state that fat of all sorts in an advanced state of decomposition, scraps of refuse of all kinds of flesh, rancid butter, margarine, and various other obnoxious ingredients were promiscuously cast into seething caldrons for the manufacture of the "finest Berlin sausages." When the caldrons were emptied six inches of sediment remained, "mostly sand and filth." Perschke used chemicals extensively to arrest putrefaction after it had set in, and when customers returned tainted sausages a little chemical treatment made them all right again. Defendants were large exporters of sausages to various German towns, as well as to foreign countries, but their best customers seem to have been the military authorities, who purchased extensively for the garrisons in Thorn, Graudenz, Torgau, Spandau, etc. Witnesses stated that Perschke bought 18,000 marks' worth of horseflesh sausage every three months, which was either sold as prime beef sausage or mixed in with rotten pork as a special delicacy. The profits made by Perschke & Co. were fabulous. Buying for twenty pennings a pound and selling for five times this amount was quite a common occurrence. The trial will last some days yet, as several medical experts and analysts have been summoned to give evidence.—London Telegraph.

WISE WORDS.

To the good man all life is the voice of God's love.

The object of service is society rather than science.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Great abundance of riches cannot by any man be both gathered and kept without sin.—Erasmus.

The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely.—Emerson.

Our endurance, our self-sacrifice, our bitter conquest of wrong, are latent forces that, set free in a changed air, become strength, ecstasy, the peace that passeth understanding.—Stopford A. Brooke.

Duty wins more than beauty. Love is better than art; and within the range of common life, fulfilling a daughter's and a wife's devotion, may be embraced all sweetest traits of womanhood.—W. D. Simonds.

The week-day side of our life has a great deal more to do with our spiritual life, with the building of our character, with our growth in grace, than many of us think. Some people seem to imagine that there is no moral or spiritual quality whatever in life's common task-work. On the other hand, no day can be made beautiful whose secular side is not as full and complete as its religious side.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Unanimous.

The late Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, once had a chance to learn something about himself that perhaps he had not suspected. His chance came to him at a picture gallery, where his painting, "Helen of Troy," was on exhibition.

He joined a group of ladies who were standing before it just in time to hear one of the number say:

"It is a horrid picture, simply horrid."

"I'm sorry; but it's mine!" Lord Leighton exclaimed, involuntarily. "You don't mean to say you've bought the thing?" questioned the same lady.

"No, I—painted it," the artist humbly replied.

The critical lady was momentarily abashed; then she said, easily:

"Oh, you mustn't mind what I say." "No, indeed, you mustn't," another began, earnestly. "She only said what everybody else is saying!"—Youth's Companion.

The Rural Telephone.

The country telephone is the greatest gossip stimulator and patent eaves-dropper of the age. A youth may "call up" his "best girl" and find his conversation printed in the local paper next week. This is from a Missouri exchange: "They do say that John Piper would rather talk over the 'phone than eat. They say that he has worn the ringer off the 'phone and is thinking of getting just a plain gold ring. They also say that, while talk is cheap, it will soon take cash to buy groceries, and that, while one or two chairs may suffice now, he will soon be furnishing a house complete. Now, Johnnie, if you are going to need cards for the affair, we would be tickled to death to print them. We don't mean telephone cards, either, Johnnie."—Kansas City Star.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



KAFFEE-KUCHEN.

One pint of bread sponge; one tablespoonful of molasses; one teaspoon of sugar; one teaspoon of seeded raisins; one half teaspoonful of soda; one egg; butter the size of an egg. Spice to suit the taste. Flour to make as stiff as pound cake. Mix with spoon, let rise until light, and bake as bread.

SCOTCH TOAST.

Break the eggs into a small saucepan and beat up well with a spoon; season with pepper and salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Toast the bread crisp and brown. Put the saucepan containing the eggs into another containing hot water, and when they are cooler turn them over the toast, which has been nicely buttered.

TURKEY IN CUPS.

Butter half a dozen teacups, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and fill them half way to the top with turkey meat chopped finely. Whip two eggs gently and season with one saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, a few drops of onion juice and a little finely chopped parsley. Now add one cupful of milk, and after mixing well pour into the cups holding the turkey. Set the cups in a pan of hot water, cover them over tightly and steam. As soon as the milk and eggs have become slightly stiff turn the turkey molds into slices of toast and serve accompanied by boiled rice.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

Soak two tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca in sweet milk to cover over night; or, if in a hurry, in hot water to cover in the top of the double boiler set on the back of the stove. When the water is absorbed, or in the morning, as the case may be, add a generous pint of boiling milk and cook until the tapioca is soft and transparent. Add the yolks of two beaten eggs, a half saltspoonful of salt and a scant half cup of sugar, and cook two or three moments only, until thickened like boiled custard. Flavor with vanilla or nutmeg, take from the fire and beat in the whites of the eggs already whipped to a stiff foam. When cold place upon the ice to chill. A change is sometimes made by beating the whites of the eggs stiff, allowing a tablespoonful of sugar to each egg, then spreading over the top of the custard, which has been poured into the dish from which it is to be served. Set in a cool oven to make the meringue puff and become a delicate brown. Another nice way to fix the tapioca is after boiling to pour into individual moulds that have been well buttered, then bake in a moderate oven, the cups set in a pan of water like baked custards. When done spread over the top of each a small quantity of currant or other acid jelly, then cover with the meringue. Set back again in the pan and into the oven, which must be cool. If too hot leave the door open. Let the meringue rise slowly and color.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

When making corn meat mush sift a tablespoonful of flour with the meat to prevent the mush sticking.

If boiled or roasted meat that is to be used cold is wrapped in a moist cloth it will be more tender.

In molding fancy jellies brush the inside of the mold with white of egg, and the jelly will turn out easily.

Let the water in which cabbages have been boiled cool before throwing it down the sink. This will avoid an unpleasant smell in the kitchen.

When making gravy remove the pan from the fire while the thickening is being stirred in, and when smooth return to the fire to cook. This method prevents lumps forming.

To scale fish easily pour on hot water slowly till the scales curl, then scrape quickly. Wash in several waters, having the last cold and well salted so no slime will be left.

The water from every kind of vegetable, except cabbage and potatoes, may be added to the stock-pot, since every vegetable imparts a certain amount of flavor to the water it is boiled in.

Cauliflowers should be turned flower downward to prevent any scum settling on the white portion. The water should always be skimmed when it comes to the boil after the vegetables have been put in. Green vegetables should always be cooked in boiling water and served very hot.

Potatoes will boil more quickly if two kettles of boiling water are prepared, one of which is poured over the vegetables, and after a moment the potatoes are lifted into the other kettle, and boiling will not cease. When potatoes are to be baked, if they are thoroughly heated on the top of the stove (turning them once) they will bake in half the usual time.

DEMONSTRATION IN RAISING WHEAT SUCCESSFUL.

With the assistance of Hon. A. L. Martin, deputy secretary of Agriculture and manager of farmers institutes, of Pennsylvania, and by the co-operation of nine successful wheat farmers of various sections of the county, a series of wheat raising demonstrations to increase the quantity and improve the quality of wheat, have been conducted in York county, under the direction of Prof. Franklin Menges. Only farmers who live on and farm their own farms are connected with these demonstrations, so that all that is said and done can be verified. These demonstrations have been made on the different soils of this section, not that they are regarded any better than those of other sections of the state, but that one person could easily oversee them without consuming too much time. These soils received only the regular treatment accorded all the soils on which wheat is raised by these farmers and therefore other farmers can do what these men have done.

The wheat used for seed has always been carefully selected and cleaned. The varieties here given have yielded from 25 to 40 bushels per acre for the last four years usually from 30 to 40 bushels per acre. It is the desire of Hon. A. L. Martin and Prof. Menges to assist the farmers of Pennsylvania to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the wheat raised. And for this reason would suggest that a few wheat farmers in each of the wheat raising counties where wheat is not doing as well as it might to get some seed of one or more of these varieties. The farmers who have been doing this work on wheat will thoroughly clean the seed and they will therefore ask from 15 to 25 cents a bushel more than market price. We have the following varieties: Old Lancaster red, red shale gravel and clay soils; rural New York, red, smooth, limestone clay, shaly soils; blue stem red, smooth, shaly gravel and clay soils; Turkish Roumanian red, bearded, gravel and shaly clay soils. The methods of wheat raising followed by these farmers together with their names and addresses and the quantities of wheat raised this year will be published later when all have threshed and all the facts are compiled.

Cash should accompany all orders, it should be specifically stated whether the order shall be sent by freight or express, all orders will be promptly filled. All orders and communications should be addressed to Franklin Menges, York, Pa.

FROM HAMPTON

The Hampton Independent and Reading Twp. school boards have added improvements to some of their buildings of paint.

Raymond Myers and wife of Chicago, who have spent a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Myers, have returned home.

Albert Howe and son, George of York Springs, spent Sunday with his father, David Howe.

We have a new enterprise in town in the shape of a laundry. Miss Carry Hantz and Hubert Hoffman being the obliging proprietors.

Fred Thorn, barber, of Gettysburg, is thinking of establishing a branch shop in this town.

Dr. G. Emanuel Spatz, the champion angler of this community, has just placed another feather in his hat by catching a 4 lb bass. Doctor says he did not weigh him but the scales on his back indicated that he would have weighed from 6 to 7 lbs.

W. F. Resser and son, Edwin, of York, spent Sunday with Mrs. Emanuel Chronister.

Miss Fannie Williams, of York, a former resident of this place, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in and around town.

Quite a number of friends and relatives gathered at the home of R. K. Sipe and wife on Sunday, it being Mrs. Sipe's birthday.

A HUMANE APPEAL—A human citizen of Richmond, Ind., Mr. U. D. Williams, 107 West Main St., says: "I appeal to all persons with weak lungs to take Dr. King's New Discovery, the only remedy that has helped me and fully comes up to the proprietor's recommendation." It saves more lives than all other drugs and lung remedies put together. Used as a cough and cold cure the world over. Cures asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, hoarseness, and all phthisic, stops hemorrhages of the lungs and builds them up. Guaranteed at AUER'S drug store, 50c and \$1.00.

For no apparent reason the waters of the Yellow Breeches Creek, which passes the Williams Grove picnic grounds, which are usually of a dull yellow color, having changed to a deep red, and samples have been taken and chemists will ascertain the cause. Several days ago the creek waters changed hue and assumed a pink and later a brick color. This coloring had gradually deepened until the water now resembles the troughs of a slaughtering house.

Suit for \$10,000 damages was brought by Harry Romech and wife, of Lehigh county, against Alfred Keefe, who, they claim, broke his promise to marry their daughter, causing her to die of a "broken heart."

HEALTH IN THE CANAL ZONE—The high wages paid make it a mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workmen needed to construct the Panama Canal. Many are restrained however by the fear of fevers and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric Bitters—who go there without this fear, well knowing they are safe from malarious influence with Electric Bitters on hand. Cures blood poison, too, biliousness, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Guaranteed by Ed. T. AUER, druggist, 50c.

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

Have your watches, clocks, jewelry, etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C. A. BLOCHER, 7 18-14 Center Square, Gettysburg.

IT PAYS TO READ THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS!

For three dollars and seventy-five cents The Philadelphia Press will mail without additional cost the daily edition of their interesting publication one full year a guaranteed razor made from best Sheffield steel (name not mentioned of trade arrangement) and a strap made from oiled porpoise leather and webbing, flat handle, army swivel 2 1/2 x 22 inch.

If you will figure this combination offer you get a result of \$6.00 Value, as follows: Razor \$2.00, strap \$1.00, The Daily Press one year \$3.00, all for \$3.75. Your order addressed Circulation Department, THE PRESS, Philadelphia, Pa., will receive immediate attention.

\$5,000 Reward

Will be paid to any person who can find one atom of opium, chloral, morphine, cocaine, ether, chloroform, heroin, alpha and beta eucaine, cannabis indica, or chloral hydrate or any of their derivatives, in any of Dr. Miles' Remedies. This applies to goods in original packages, unopened, and not tampered with. Certain unscrupulous persons are making false statements about these remedies.

"I have been troubled with a terrible headache for the last ten years; the doctors could do me no good. I saw Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills advertised in the Sunday magazine, so I thought I would try a sample. I did so, and they helped me wonderfully. I had headache so badly I could hardly see to work, so I sent to the drug store and got a box. In a couple of hours I was all right. It was the first medicine to do me any good." A. L. LIG, Philadelphia, Pa. 5362 Tacoma Street.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that this first package will benefit you. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

WONDERSALVE

The Great Remedy for Family Use.

All that the name implies.

A Marvelous Remedy for all External Purposes.

Absolutely Free from all Poisonous Ingredients.

Cures Burns, Boils, Cuts, Sores, Sore Throat, Piles, Eczema, Corns, Chapped Hands, Scabs, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Felons, Carbuncles, Cancerous Sores, Barber's Itch, Blood Poison resulting from rusty nails or other causes, Bites from poisonous animals or insects, and all Wounds and Skin Diseases.

AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL POSTPAID 25c. per Box. HAARER & SONS, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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between good and poor feed. Buy the best **FARMERS' STOCK FOOD** also for Cows, Hogs, Sheep and Cattle. **Saves Hay, Corn and Oats.** A substitute for grain. A great saving to the Farmer and Stockman. It has double strength. Don't class this with the many worthless stock foods on the market. Guaranteed as represented. Give it a trial. Issues on having **Farmers' Stock Food**. Take no other. If your dealer does not handle it send direct to **D. S. RACON STOCK FOOD CO.** Evansville, Ind.

Barber Shop Removed. GEO. F. RABINE has removed his Barber Shop from the Eagle Hotel building to a commodious room at his residence a few doors from Center Sq., on Philadelphia street, where he will be ready at all times to give all satisfaction in his line.

If you need a Watch, Clock or Jewelry, Go To

Boadenhamer's

Fountain Square, Hanover, Penn'a.



I handle the Howard, Hamilton, Elgin, Waltham, South Bend, Hampden and many other makes. Also do

Repairing.

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP, MIDDINGS, POTATOES, COARSE AND FINE SALT, &c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the Best BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Lumber and Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom prices. J. H. Duttera, Jr., New Oxford, Pa. 4-23-ly.

Get rid of your bad bread once for all. Use

BANNER FLOUR

You know what time and labor it requires to bake flour that is properly milled. In the first place you have not the life in the flour to start a sponge, then you realize what you are up against. After hours of worry the outcome is a poor baking of bread. You know all that. Then why not substitute a flour that is milled with up-to-date machinery, making a sweet nutty flour, a feature contained in

THE BANNER.

J. R. HARTMAN.

Proprietor of New Oxford Flouring Mills, NEW OXFORD, PA.

JULY Clearance Sale.

As you may know it, it is our invariable policy to dispose of all left overs at the end of the season at prices that barely cover actual cost. Owing to the protracted cool weather this Spring you will find here a far greater variety of styles and fabrics than offered in previous years, including the celebrated Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothing. \$27 to \$35 Sack Suits, now \$18 \$22.50 to \$30 Sack Suits, \$16.50 \$17 to \$18 Sack Suits, \$14.50 \$15 to \$16 Sack Suits, \$13.75 \$12 to \$14 Suits, \$11.50 \$12 Suits, \$9.50 \$10 to \$12 Suits, \$8.75 \$8 to \$7 Suits, \$6.50 Odd Lots—\$2, \$3 and \$4. SALE NOW ON.

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Lenses For The Eyes,

—WILL BE AT—

Eagle Hotel, New Oxford,

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OHIO & KENTUCKY

HORSES.



Saturday, Sept. 7th, 1907,

The undersigned will receive one car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horses—workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them.

Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern markets.

H. W. PARR, Hanover.

H. B. FAIR,



—DEALER IN—

STOVES, RANGES & FURNACES,

Roofing and Spouting,

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Repairing Promptly Done.

PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD.

Mules & Horses.

The undersigned will receive at his stables in Hanover, two carloads of fine young Kentucky mules every Saturday, and one carload of Horses every other Saturday—for sale or exchange. H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

Meat Market.

Fresh and

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OF ALL KINDS.

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The complete line of goods

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The Katz Furniture Co., of Hanover, Pa., are now located at their new quarters and are offering

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Come to see us and we will save you money. We pay the freight.

Katz Furniture Company,

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West End Store News.

Brubaker's Poultry Powders.

A Sure Cure for Cholera, Roup and other diseases of fowls.

Gives strength and vigor to growing fowls. Keeps hens healthy while moulting and improves the coat and gloss of feathers.

Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Brubaker's Poultry Powders.

We have it in 50c sacks; 15 lb. pails at \$1.75; 25 lb. pails at \$2.50. Give it a trial and be convinced.

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Book Case and Writing Desk at \$13.50, worth \$18.00

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HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD.

FINE WESTERN HORSES at Private Sale!

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The undersigned will receive a car load of Fine Western Horses to sell at private sale or exchange. If you are wanting a good animal come and see this lot.

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Have your Job Printing done at the ITEM office. Prices the lowest.



HER DEPARTURE.

She took a train at Sunrise, it was five o'clock p. m.; She'd a bird cage and three satchels And, of course, took all of them. At Sunrise in the evening— Do you ask how that could be? She took a train at Sunrise— Down at Sunrise, Tennessee.

HIS ALTERED WANTS

"A month ago the Senator was holler- ing for a vindication." "And now?" "He'd like to have a new trial."

STRIVING TO PLEASE.

Guest—"What can you do, Alphonse, for a man who has no appetite?" Waiter—"Monsieur, we permit him to eat everything on the bill of fare. We can do no more, monsieur."

HE CERTAINLY DID.

"Just back from Europe, are you? Did you have a rough passage over?" "Several of 'em. I had to lick the steward three or four times in order to get any attention at all."—Chicago Tribune.

CORRECTED.

Mrs. Oldrich—"I understand your husband is very influential." Mrs. Newrich—"Dear me, no; he hadn't had any since the time he had the grip three years ago."—New York Evening Sun.

ACTION OF GRAVITY.

"Senator, how did you get your start in life?" asked the reporter. "I was born on a hillside farm in Vermont," said the eminent statesman, "and at an early age I rolled down."—Chicago Tribune.

A SUSPICIOUS AGREEMENT.

"I guess your watch is wrong." "What! My watch doesn't vary a quarter of a minute!" "Well, I don't know how much it's out of the way, but your time is too blamed near mine to be right."

ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

Mrs. Jenkins—"My son writes that he is at the head of his class at college." Mrs. Jones—"Oh, the freshman class, isn't it?" Mrs. Jenkins—"No. He calls it the 'welter-weight.'"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

HIS STRONG FACE.

"What a remarkably strong face young Buckenhard has." "Yes. At the game the other day I saw two players jump right on it, but apparently neither of them succeeded in making the least impression."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SUFFICIENT.

He—"Do you remember your old school friend?" She—"Yes. A most absurd looking thing. So silly, too. What became of her?" He—"I, nothing. Only I married her."—New York Press.

TEMPORARILY SILENCED.

"Why did you insist on sending that young man to Congress?" "Got tired of his speechmaking," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "We thought we'd put him where the speaker would keep him quiet for a few years."—Washington Star.

CAT!

Miss Angles—"While I was shopping to-day I happened to stop in front of one of those convex mirrors at Bargain & Co.'s. It was laughable; it made my figure look so ridiculous." Miss Speitz—"Are you sure, dear, that it wasn't just an ordinary mirror?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

LEFT ON THE PORCH.

Mr. Staylate—"My! it's 10 o'clock. However, my train doesn't go till 11.10 and it's very pleasant here on the porch." Miss Subbubs—"I'm glad you like it." Mr. Staylate—"Yes, but—er—perhaps I'm keeping you up?" Miss Subbubs—"Not at all. I'm going to lock up and go to bed now."—Philadelphia Press.

STILL HAD A LITTLE PRIDE.

"What is this man charged with?" asked the police justice. "Stealing a dog, your honor," said the officer. "Well, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?" "Your honor," answered the prisoner, drawing a grimy coat sleeve across his nose, "if you'll make it embezzlement I'll plead guilty. I may be a thief, but I've got feelings."—Chicago Tribune.

Year 1905 Sales.
The total distributive sales for 1905 exceeded

\$200,000,000.

This total is realized from the sale of fresh meats (beef, mutton and pork), provisions, produce (poultry, butter and eggs), soaps, glues, oils, bones, fertilizers, feathers, casings, hides, wools, pelts and other by-products derived from cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry.

Margin of Profit.

The industry is operated on a margin of less than 2 cents to each dollar of sales. Swift & Co. do not sell at retail. Their entire output is sold at wholesale to many thousands of dealers in various parts of the world. There are hundreds of local slaughterers throughout the United States, who buy their live stock in competition with the packer doing an interstate and international business. Likewise the packer must sell in competition with the local slaughterers. There are no secret processes in the industry, no complicated and expensive factories, and as live stock can be purchased in almost every hamlet and city, and the preparation of meats is simple in the extreme, local slaughtering will long remain a factor in the production of fresh meats and provisions.

Economic Advantages.

The large packing houses will, however, always have these advantages: Locations at the chief live stock centers, with the opportunity to buy the best live stock; manufacturing in large quantities, at the minimum of expense; utilization of all waste material; refrigeration; mechanical appliances; highly efficient business management. These advantages are reflected in the quality of the packer's output, a quality that has reached its highest development in the products bearing the name and brand of "Swift."

Purchasing Live Stock.

The principal live stock centers are Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St.

Louis, St. Joseph, St. Paul and Fort Worth. The same methods of purchasing cattle, sheep and hogs prevail at all cities. At Chicago, which is the largest market, there are about two hundred and fifty buyers, representing packers, local slaughterers in various cities, and exporters. Of this number, less than a score are employed by Swift & Company.

The farmer ships his live stock to Chicago, consigns them to a commission firm at the Union Stock Yards, who sees that they are unloaded and put in pens. Then the buyers inspect them, make their offers to the commission dealer, who accepts or rejects as his judgment dictates. All buying must be finished at 3 o'clock each day, and the buyer must pay spot cash. If the commission man has no satisfactory offers, he can hold his stock over to the next day. He gets his commission from the farmer, and naturally strives to get the highest possible price for his client.

Wholesale Distributing Houses.

A wholesale distributing house is a giant refrigerator, but instead of shelves there are trolley rails, from which are suspended hooks to hang the carcasses. Some of the houses cost as much as a hundred thousand dollars to build and equip. As a rule they are of pressed brick, the insides being lined—floor, walls and ceiling—with highly polished hardwood. The floors are covered daily with fresh sawdust and all are kept spotlessly clean. There are over three hundred of these wholesale houses in various cities of the United States, and the public is always welcome to visit them.

Packing Plants.

All the Swift & Company plants are located at the great live stock markets, in the heart of the great agricultural sections, where can be purchased the finest grades of cattle, sheep and hogs. We have seven packing plants, employing at each from two to eight thousand persons.

The following gives the locations and sizes of the different plants:

Packing Plants.

	Buildings, Acres.	Floor Space, Acres.	Land, Acres.
Chicago	44 1/2	87 1/2	47
Kansas City	7 1/2	30	19 1/2
Omaha	6	26	23
St. Louis	7 1/2	19 1/2	31 1/2
St. Joseph	6 1/2	25 1/2	19 1/2
St. Paul	5	12	16
Fort Worth	3	15	22

Employees.

The total number of persons employed in all the Swift packing plants and branch houses aggregate over 26,000 persons. Conditions for employees in the various manufacturing and operating departments is continually improving with the construction of new buildings and the installation of new and up-to-date equipment.

Sanitation and Hygiene.

The housewife makes no greater effort to keep her kitchen clean than we do to keep in sanitary and hygienic condition our abattoirs. They are thoroughly scrubbed at the close of each day's operations, and automatic appliances are used wherever possible in order to eliminate the personal handling of meats. Rigid rules governing these points are strictly enforced; laxity means dismissal.

Visitors Always Welcome.

No other industry in the world gives such a cordial welcome to visitors as Swift & Co. We keep open house the year around, and maintain a corps of specially trained guides, with special elevators and rest rooms. In one year we have entertained over a quarter of a million of men and women; in one day—Grand Army Day, 1901—we entertained 23,000. Among our visitors have been ambassadors from foreign governments, princes, noblemen and distinguished citizens from all lands and eminent folks from every State in the Union. We wish to familiarize the public with our methods, and the best way to do that is to let the public see for itself. We have no secret processes or methods in any department.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

are more widely and favorably known than any other brand. Their popularity is due to the uniform quality and flavor of the meat, and to their fine appearance when received from the dealer. Each piece is branded on the rind, "Swift's Premium U. S. Inspected," and wrapped in cheesecloth and white parchment paper.

Look for the brand, "Swift's Premium," when buying hams and bacon.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard

Is a strictly pure lard, kettle rendered, and put up in 3.5 and 10-pound sealed pails. It is America's Standard Lard, and enjoys a high reputation and an enormous sale.

Swift's Soaps.

An interesting feature of a trip through the Chicago plant is a visit to the soap factory, one of the largest and most complete in this country. There we manufacture numerous toilet and laundry soaps, and washing powders.

Among which are:

Wool Soap, widely and favorably known; for toilet and bath, and washing fine fabrics.

Crown Princess Toilet Soap, highly performed.

Swift's Pride Soap, for laundry and household use.

Swift's Pride Washing Powder, unsurpassed for all cleaning purposes.

Swift's Specialties.

Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Premium Sliced Bacon
Swift's Premium Lard
Swift's Winchester Ham
Swift's Winchester Bacon
Swift's Silver Leaf Lard
Swift's Jewel Lard Compound
Swift's Cotosuet
Swift's Jersey Butterine
Swift's Beef Extract
Swift's Beef Fluid
Swift's Premium Milk-Fed Chickens

Swift's Soaps.

Wool Soap
Scented Toilet Soaps
Swift's Pride Soap
Swift's Pride Washing Powder.

Peasant Lad Grows Rich.

Peter Larson, of Montana, is held to be the richest man in the Northwest, next to Senator W. A. Clark. He came from Denmark at the age of 20, an ordinary peasant lad, empty handed and ignorant of the language.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me this 6th day of December, A.D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Monument to a Clown.

A well-supported movement is on foot to erect a handsome monument to Joe Grimaldi, the clown, who died in 1837, and whose tombstone in the graveyard of St. James' Pentonville, London, is in a dilapidated condition. Grimaldi was the originator of the clown's slogan, "Here we are again!"

In some German cities the hands of criminals are photographed as well as their heads for the purpose of identification.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days, 50c.

The annual coal bill of the Pennsylvania Railroad system is \$18,000,000.

Verification of Scripture.

With pardonable pride Franklin recorded that he was the verification of the scriptural proverb, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." He was diligent in his business and in the public business, and he mentions that he had stood before five kings and sat down with one of them—the king of Denmark—at dinner. He was a great man to his contemporaries, and the lapse of time has not dimmed his fame.—Philadelphia Record.

More Men Than Women.

There are 1,840,280 more men than women in the United States, and the same proportion prevails in almost every other country. The only exception is in Paraguay, where there are more than twice as many women as men. This is due to the fact that some years ago, in a political revolution and a war with Brazil and the Argentine republic, the men were almost exterminated.

PRICE, 25 Cts

TO CURE THE GRIP IN ONE DAY
ANTI-GRIPINE
HAS NO EQUAL FOR HEADACHE

ANTI-GRIPINE

IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

I won't tell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DOESN'T CURE.

F. W. Diemer, M.D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

Drill for Water

Prospect for Minerals
Drill Test and Blast Holes.
We make
DRILLING MACHINES
For Horse, Steam or
Gasoline Power.
Latest
Traction Machine.
LOOMIS MACHINE CO.,
TIFFIN, OHIO.

Coal
Gas
Oil.

DROPS NEW DISCOVERY;

gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 50 Days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S 5039, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

Agents wanted—hold novelty. Not one, but a family, not \$4 an hour, but \$4 day easy sample loc. C.W. CO., 228 W. 24th St., N. Y. Dept. B.

P. N. U. 5, 1906.

48 p. book free. Highest refs. Long experience. Fitzgerald & Co., Dept. 4, Washington, D.C.

PATENTS

Lumbago and Sciatica

Nothing reaches the trouble as quickly as

ST. JACOBS OIL

PRICE, 25c. AND 50c.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster color than any other dye. One box colors all blues. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Chillicothe, Missouri.

Good Teeth & Good Temper

Are characteristic of the Atkins Saws always.

That is because they are made of the best steel in the world—Silver Steel—by men that know how.

Atkins Saws, Corn Knives, Perfection Floor Scrapers, etc., are sold by all good hardware dealers. Catalogue on request.

E. C. ATKINS & CO. Inc.

Largest Saw Manufacturers in the World

Factory and Executive Offices, Indianapolis

Branches—New York, Chicago, Minneapolis

Portland (Oregon), Seattle, San Francisco

Memphis, Atlanta and Toronto (Canada)

Accept no substitute—insist on the Atkins Brand

SOLD BY GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

That Delightful Aid to Health

Paxtine

Toilet Antiseptic

Whitens the teeth—purifies mouth and breath—cures nasal catarrh, sore throat, sore eyes, and by direct application cures all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions caused by feminine ills.

Paxtine possesses extraordinary cleansing, healing and germicidal qualities unlike anything else. At all druggists, 50 cents

LARGE TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

The R. Paxton Co., Boston, Mass.

10¢ for the worth of leading 1906 novelties in Christmas Greeting Cards, 1¢ worth of Universal Premium Coupons free with every order.

10¢ for the worth of leading 1906 novelties in Christmas Greeting Cards, 1¢ worth of Universal Premium Coupons free with every order.

That Baby of Yours

Needs Huxley's Croup Cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup or Pneumonia. It prevents a Membranous Croup and Diphtheria. 60 cents, at Druggists or mail.

A. P. HUXLEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

DEMONSTRATION IN RAISING WHEAT SUCCESSFUL.

With the assistance of Hon. A. L. Martin, deputy secretary of Agriculture and manager of farmers institutes, of Pennsylvania, and by the co-operation of nine successful wheat farmers of various sections of the county, a series of wheat raising demonstrations to increase the quantity and improve the quality of wheat, have been conducted in York county, under the direction of Prof. Franklin Menges. Only farmers who live on and farm their own farms are connected with these demonstrations, so that all that is said and done can be verified. These demonstrations have been made on the different soils of this section, not that they are regarded any better than those of other sections of the state, but that one person could easily oversee them without consuming too much time. These soils received only the regular treatment accorded all the soils on which wheat is raised by these farmers and therefore other farmers can do what these men have done.

The wheat used for seed has always been carefully selected and cleaned. The varieties here given have yielded from 25 to 40 bushels per acre for the last four years usually from 30 to 40 bushels per acre. It is the desire of Hon. A. L. Martin and Prof. Menges to assist the farmers of Pennsylvania to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the wheat raised. And for this reason would suggest that a few wheat farmers in each of the wheat raising counties where wheat is not doing as well as it might to get some seed of one or more of these varieties. The farmers who have been doing this work on wheat will thoroughly clean the seed and they will therefore ask from 15 to 25 cents a bushel more than market price. We have the following varieties: Old Lancaster red, red shale gravel and clay soils; rural New York, red, smooth, limestone clay, shaly soils; blue stem red, smooth, shaly gravel and clay soils; Turkish Romanian red, bearded, gravel and shaly clay soils. The methods of wheat raising followed by these farmers together with their names and addresses and the quantities of wheat raised this year will be published later when all have threshed and all the facts are compiled.

Cash should accompany all orders, it should be specifically stated whether the order shall be sent by freight or express, all orders will be promptly filled. All orders and communications should be addressed to Franklin Menges, York, Pa.

FROM HAMPTON

The Hampton Independent and Reading Twp. school boards have added improvements to some of their buildings of paint.

Raymond Myers and wife of Chicago, who have spent a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Myers, have returned home.

Albert Howe and son George of York Springs, spent Sunday with his father, David Howe.

We have a new enterprise in town in the shape of a laundry. Miss Carry Hantz and Hubert Hoffman being the obliging proprietors.

Fred Thorn, barber, of Gettysburg, is thinking of establishing a branch shop in this town.

Dr. G. Emanuel Spatz, the champion angler of this community, has just placed another feather in his hat by catching a 6 1/2 lb bass. Doctor says he did not weigh him but the scales on his back indicated that he would have weighed from 6 to 7 lbs.

W. F. Rosser and son, Edwin, of York, spent Sunday with Mrs. Emanuel Chronister.

Miss Fannie Williams, of York, a former resident of this place, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in and around town.

Quite a number of friends and relatives gathered at the home of R. K. Sipe and wife on Sunday, it being Mrs. Sipe's birthday.

A HUMANE APPEAL.—A human citizen of Richmond, Ind., Mr. U. D. Williams, 107 West Main St., says: "I appeal to all persons with weak lungs to take Dr. King's New Discovery, the only remedy that has helped me and fully comes up to the proprietor's recommendation." It saves more lives than all other throat and lung remedies put together. Used as a cough and cold cure the world over. Cures asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, hoarseness, and phthisis, stops hemorrhages of the lungs and builds them up. Guaranteed at A. W. Mear's drug store, 50c and \$1.00.

For no apparent reason the waters of the Yellow Breeches Creek, which passes the Williams Grove picnic grounds, which are usually of a dull yellow color, having changed to a deep red, and samples have been taken and chemists will ascertain the cause. Several days ago the creek waters changed hue and assumed a pink and later a brick color. This coloring had gradually deepened until the water now resembles the troughs of a slaughtering house.

Suit for \$10,000 damages was brought by Harry Romech and wife, of Lehigh county, against Alfred Keefe, who, they claim, broke his promise to marry their daughter, causing her to die of a "broken heart."

HEALTH IN THE CANAL ZONE.—The high wages paid make it a mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workmen needed to construct the Panama Canal. Many are restrained however by the fear of fevers and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric Bitters, who go there without this fear, well knowing they are safe from malarious influence with Electric Bitters on hand. Cures blood poison too, biliousness, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Guaranteed by E. T. Auer's druggist, 50c.

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

Have your watches, clocks, Jewelry, etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C. A. Bloemer, 7 18-1st. Center Square, Gettysburg.

IT PAYS TO READ THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS!
For three dollars and seventy-five cents The Philadelphia Press will mail without additional cost the daily edition of their interesting publication one full year a guaranteed razor made from best Sheffield steel (name not mentioned of trade arrangement) and a strop made from oiled porpoise leather and webbing, flat handle, army swivel 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 inch.
If you will figure this combination offer you get a result of \$8.00. Value, as follows: Razor \$2.00, strop \$1.00, The Daily Press one year \$3.00, all for \$3.75. Your order addressed Circulation Department, THE PRESS, Philadelphia, Pa., will receive immediate attention.

\$5,000 Reward

Will be paid to any person who can find one atom of opium, chloral, morphine, cocaine, ether, chloroform, heroin, alpha and beta eucaine, cannabis indica, or chloral hydrate or any of their derivatives, in any of Dr. Miles' Remedies. This applies to goods in original packages, unopened, and not tampered with. Certain unscrupulous persons are making false statements about these remedies.

"I have been troubled with a terrible headache for the last ten years; the doctors could do me no good. I saw Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills advertised in the Sunday magazine, so I thought I would try a sample. I did so and they helped me wonderfully. I had headache so badly I could hardly see to work, so I sent to the drug store and got a box. In a couple of hours I was all right, it was the first medicine to do me any good."
A. A. HILL, Philadelphia, Pa.
5362 Tacoma Street.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

WONDERSALVE

The Great Remedy for Family Use.

All that the name implies.

A Marvelous Remedy for all External Purposes.

Absolutely Free from all Poisonous Ingredients.

Cures Burns, Boils, Cuts, Sores, Sore Throat, Piles, Eczema, Corns, Chapped Hands, Scabs, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Felons, Carbuncles, Cancerous Sores, Barber's Itch, Blood Poison resulting from rusty nails or other causes, bites from poisonous animals or insects, and all Wounds and Skin Diseases.

AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL POSTPAID 25c. per Box. HAARER & SONS, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A HORSE KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE



between good and poor feed. Buy the best.

FARMERS' STOCK FOOD

also for Cows, Hogs, Sheep and Cattle.

Saves Hay, Corn and Oats.

A substitute for grass. A great saving to the farmer and stockman. It has double strength. Don't class this with the many worthless stock foods on the market. Guaranteed as represented. Give it a trial. Just as you have ~~some~~ **Stock Food**. Take no other. If your dealer does not handle it send direct to

D. S. RAGON STOCK FOOD CO. Evansville, Ind.

Barber Shop Removed.

GEO. F. RABINE has removed his Barber Shop from the Eagle Hotel building to a commodious room at his residence a few doors from Center Sq., on Philadelphia street, where he will be ready at all times to give all satisfaction in his line.

If you need a Watch, Clock or Jewelry, Go To

Boadenhamer's

Fountain Square, Hanover, Penn'a.



I handle the Howard, Hamilton, Elgin, Waltham, South Bend, Hampden and many other makes. Also do

Repairing.

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP, MIDDINGS, POTATOES, COARSE AND FINE SALT, &c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Shueley), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Lumber and Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr., 4-28-ly. New Oxford, Pa.

Get rid of your bad bread once for all. Use

BANNER FLOUR

You know what time and labor it requires to bake flour that is improperly milled. In the first place you have not the life in the flour to start a sponge, then you realize what you are up against. After hours of worry the outcome is a poor baking of bread. You know all that. Then why not substitute a flour that is milled with up-to-date machinery, making a sweet nutty flour, a feature contained in

THE BANNER.

J. R. HARTMAN. Proprietor of New Oxford Flouring Mills, NEW OXFORD, PA.

JULY Clearance Sale.

As you may know it, it is our invariable policy to dispose of all left overs at the end of the season at prices that barely cover actual cost. Owing to the protracted cool weather this Spring you will find here a far greater variety of styles and fabrics than offered in previous years, including the celebrated Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothing.

\$27 to \$35 Sack Suits, now \$18
\$22.50 to \$30 Sack Suits, \$15.50
\$19 to \$18 Sack Suits, \$14.50
\$17 to \$16 Sack Suits, \$13.75
\$15 to \$14 Suits, \$11.50
\$12 Suits, \$9.50
\$10 to \$9 Suits, \$8.75
\$8 to \$7 Suits, \$5.50
Odd Lots—\$2, \$3 and \$4.

SALE NOW ON.

N. B. Carver & Sons.

HANOVER PA.

No More Trouble To Get REPAIRS

FOR ANY KIND OF

Stove, Range, Heater or Furnace.

ALSO PIPE AND FIXTURES.

Just Mention Your Wants to

WEAVER MFG CO.,

Hanover St. New Oxford.

G. R. THOMPSON,

Practical Auctioneer.

Desires to inform all who intend having public sale that he is open for engagements at all times. Several years experience; satisfaction guaranteed. P.O. Address—GRANITE HILL, PA.

Sore Nipples and Chapped Hands. Are quickly cured by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Try it, it is a success. Price 25 cents.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,

Physician and Surgeon, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Calls answered night or day.



G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,

—SPECIALIST IN—

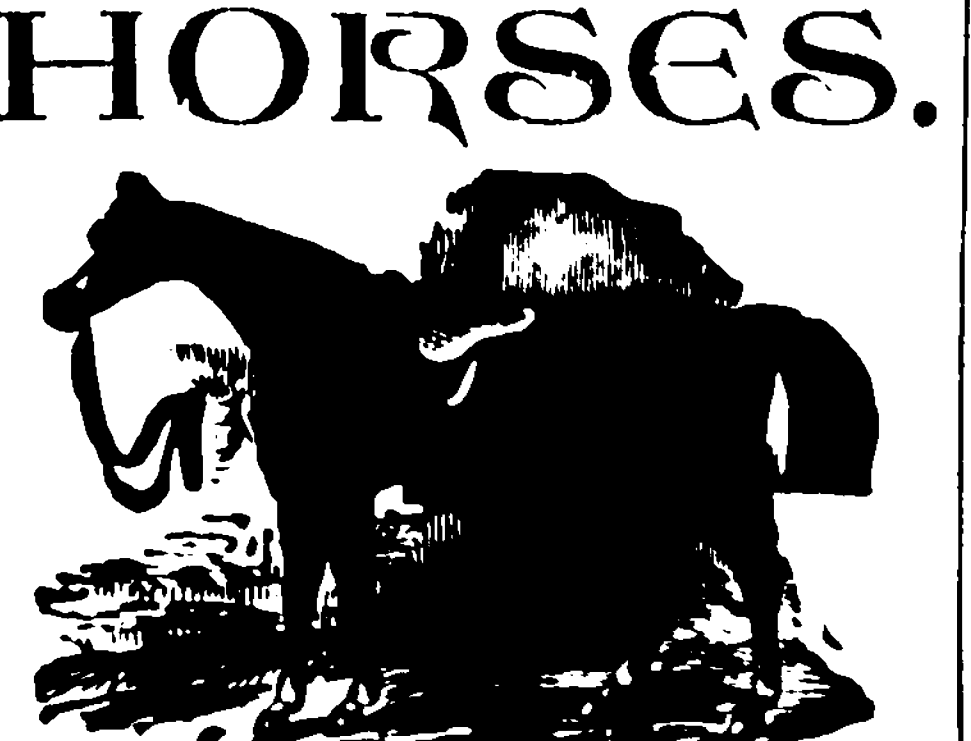
Lenses For The Eyes,

—WILL BE AT—

Eagle Hotel, New Oxford,

Tuesday, Sept. 24th.

OHIO & KENTUCKY HORSES.

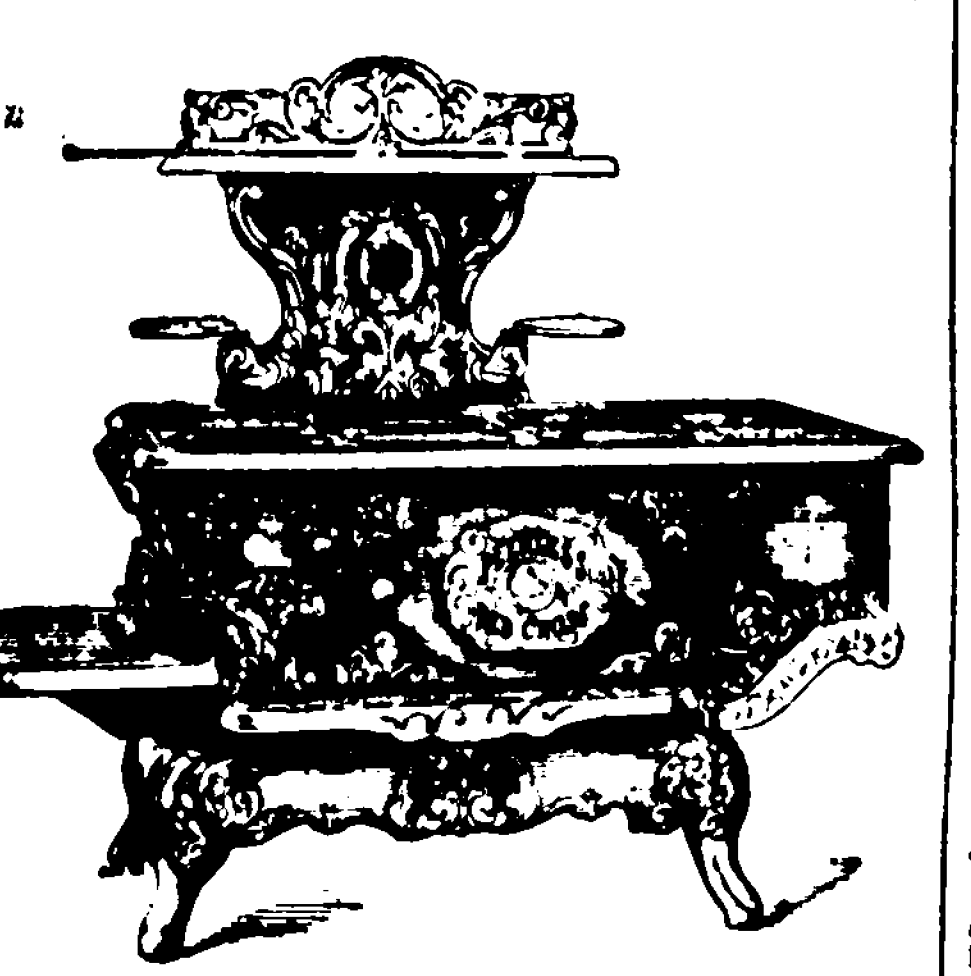


Saturday, Sept. 7th, 1907,

The undersigned will receive one carload of Ohio and Kentucky Horses—workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them.

Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern markets. H. W. PARR, Hanover.

H. B. FAIR,



—DEALER IN—

STOVES, RANGES & FURNACES,

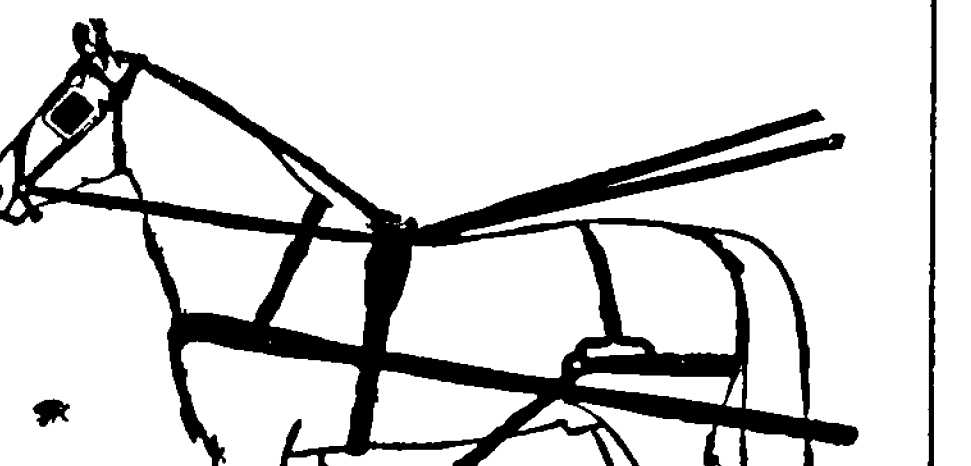
Roofing and Spouting,

Enameled and Tinware, &c.

Repairing Promptly Done.

PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD.

Mules & Horses.



The undersigned will receive at his stables in Hanover, two carloads of fine young Kentucky mules every Saturday, and one carload of Horses every other Saturday—for sale or exchange.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

Meat Market.

Fresh and

Smoked

Meats

OF ALL KINDS.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

MIDDLE ROOM, LIVINGSTON

BUILDING, CENTER SQUARE,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

B. F. Gise,

PROPRIETOR.

How About Furnishing Your House?

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of FURNITURE AND HOME FURNISHINGS but we are quoting Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty

R. J. FEISER,

Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

JOB PRINTING of every description

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Special Sale!

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